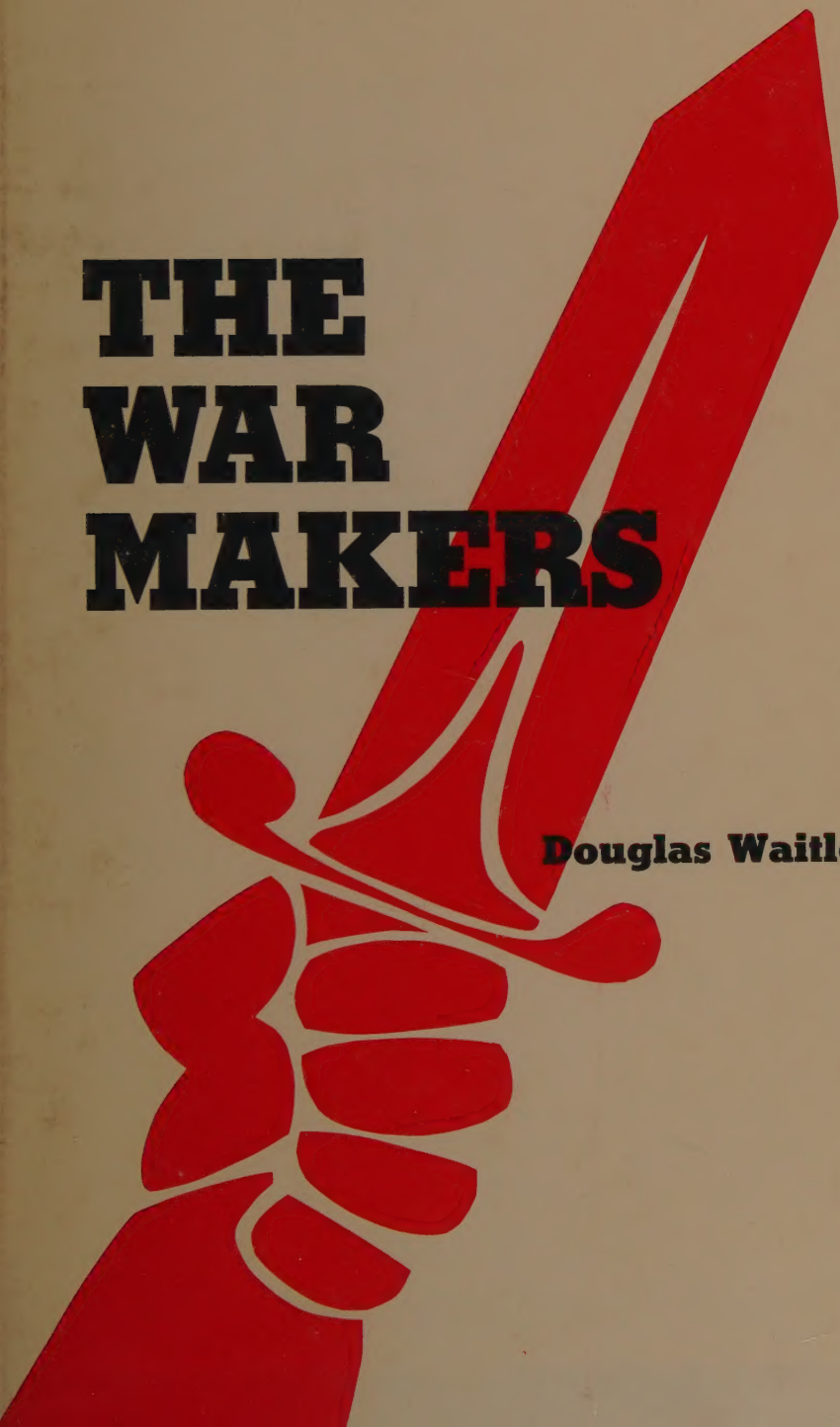


THE WAR MAKERS

Douglas Waitley



THE WAR MAKERS

by **Douglas Waitley**

The War Makers examines the motives, professed and personal, which impelled 20 heads of state to thrust their nations into the wars of the twentieth century.

These are strong men who, having fought their way to the top in their own countries, continued their lust for status and prestige on an international level.

In case after case, Douglas Waitley explores the unrealistic goals for which each nation entered war and the professed motivations which were often based on irrational concepts of "national honor" or "national humiliation."

Thus, Waitley describes Woodrow Wilson self-righteously edging the United States into the strictly European First World War; Truman astonishing the world by defending a Korea that had no value to America's defense strategy; and Johnson hurling American might into a Vietnam that was no threat to American security.

Also considered are the irresistible drives which push potential war makers toward power and the lure which makes it difficult for them to relinquish it.

Almost an extension of Konrad Lorenz' *On Aggression*, Waitley's *The War Makers* discloses biological aggressive instincts in terms of twentieth century leaders.

THE WAR MAKERS

Douglas Waitley

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Robert B. Luce, Inc. — Washington — New York

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 70-152846

To Jeff and his cousins:

Bill
Carol
David
George
Greg
Jane
Jim
Joan
Karen
Marilyn
Michael
Steven

May they and their generation
find peace

We are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Dover Beach

Matthew Arnold

Acknowledgements

This book came about, partly at least, as the result of some heated conversations concerning American purposes in Vietnam. Therefore, I should like to express my thanks to David Bennett and Richard Lawrence for their sharp (and sometimes even valid) opinions on war-making. Thanks, also, to Jack Slattery for the use of his well-stocked war-library— and it is to him that critics should address disapproval of any excessive gore that appears in this volume.

My wife, Mary, and my young son, Jeff, also deserve my gratitude, the former for putting up with a year of armies tramping through our house, and the latter for not getting too many pop-tart crumbs in my typewriter nor finger splotches on my manuscript. May they, as well as the readers of this book, live to see the day when cool reason rather than hot emotions guide the destinies of the nations.

I am grateful to the following publishers for permission to reprint from their publications:

Harper & Row for the quotations from *Roosevelt and Hopkins* by Robert Sherwood, 1947.

Holt, Rinehart and Winston for the quotations from *The Public Years* by Bernard Baruch, 1960.

Houghton Mifflin for the quotations from *The Gathering Storm* by Winston Churchill, 1948, and *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* arranged by Charles Seymour, 1926.

Alfred A. Knopf for the quotations from *Berlin Diary* by William Shirer, 1941.

Little, Brown and Co. for quotations from *Over There: The Story of America's Great Overseas Crusade* by Frank Freidel, 1964 and *All Quiet on the Western Front* by E. M. Remarque, 1929, 1958.

The Macmillan Company for quotations from *Autobiography* by William Allen White, 1946.

Prentice-Hall for quotations from *The Face of War* by Charles Jones and Eugene Jones, 1951.

Charles Scribner's Sons for quotations from *American Chronicle* by Ray Stannard Baker, 1945.

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Introduction

Who are the war-makers? Are they madmen, these leaders who take their nations into conflicts where millions are killed, even more are maimed, and countless billions of dollars of property are destroyed? Surely they are insanely obsessed with grasping ever more personal power; with a insatiable lust for world conquest.

Yet were one to form a composite of the war-makers to be discussed in the forthcoming chapters, they would appear in a far different light than that pictured above. The typical warring leader would be found to be a man of decidedly better than average intelligence—and his education would be, more often than not, superior. He would be articulate, particularly in speaking before large groups. He would impress one as being alert and reasonable—never a raving maniac (except, at times, for Hitler, and possibly Castro.) He would be one who knew his nation well: its moods, its diverse peoples, its economic needs, and, above all, its concept of itself and its destiny in world history. And, startlingly, without exception, all of them would be found to be sincere men who honestly believed in the necessity of their actions in order to either protect their nation or enable it to fulfill its destiny.

Yet there are other characteristics which detract from the abilities of potentially warring leaders to perform the very goals that they themselves have set. In order to arrive at the top of the domestic heap, they must have aggressive, often even pug-

nacious, personalities. Whether taking over by revolution, election, or appointment, the leader must have fought his way through the deadly labyrinth where other equally ambitious men hovered with daggers in dark passageways. Thus, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Truman had to have every bit as much combativeness as Stalin, Castro, Mao Tse-tung, and Ho Chi Minh.

The aggressive ambition which impells certain men toward the top carries with it other aspects. A man who believes he can fight his way to supremacy will attract others who desire to attach themselves to his rising rocket. For example, in speaking of Hitler's charisma, Albert Speer wrote: "I was carried on the wave of enthusiasm," and Joseph Tumulty describing Wilson's appeal wrote after hearing him: "Men all about me cried in a frenzy: 'Thank God, at last a leader has come!'"

But as a leader gathers followers, he must direct his actions toward sustaining their allegiance as well as toward his goal of personal advancement. He must, in effect, continually add glamor to that aura of invincibility which is his stock-in-trade. Thus the maintenance of his prestige—based on ever continuing successes—is vital.

Once a leader reaches his domestic Everest, the roar of the crowds, the adulation of his subordinates, and the pomp, splendor, and grandeur of his position on the world stage work on his already high estimation of himself. His pride, confidence, and ambition swell to meet his new preeminence. He is no longer merely private citizen Edward Grey or Hideki Tojo or Lyndon Johnson. He is the far-flung British Empire or Imperial Japan or the American colossus. His personality is, in a very real sense, expanded into that of the nation as a whole.

As this transference takes hold of the leader, he begins to lose contact with reality. The actual interests of his nation become confused with the maintenance of or expansion of his personal power. At the same time he feels that any diminution of his status in the international theater is a peril to national security. And, of course, he must go to war if necessary to protect national security. In this manner, the promotion of, or the defense of, a leader's status forms the major basis for modern wars.

While at first glance this may seem too far-fetched, it is a conclusion amply borne out in the chapters which follow. It might be objected that there is more to modern wars than an irrational interplay of status, prestige, and fear of humiliation among national leaders. However, when one makes an unbiased study of the facts, he is hard put to find other reasons of overriding importance.

For example, much has been made of economic rivalry. But in World War I, where the struggle for commercial advantage played a large part in the preliminary squabble for empire, economics actually dictated for peace. Germany was already well on her way to economic supremacy in Europe—the disruption of a war would only hinder her. For the French and British, their colonies were of debatable value when the cost of administration was balanced against the trade they could have enjoyed with no imperial costs whatsoever. In any event, a costly war for colonies was certain to bring any balance sheet deeply into the red.

As for the role of economics in other wars: it was minor in Hitler's plans for a master race, in the Russo-American confrontation which led to the Cold War, in Truman's snap decision to intervene in Korea, and in Johnson's commitment in Vietnam.

Another popular misconception concerning the genesis of wars presumes they are always fought for national security. That leaders make much of this as part of their justification for going to war is not surprising, for to them national security and their status among other world leaders have become synonymous. Yet it is astounding that intellectuals as well as military experts swallow this myth. Thus, when Roosevelt pictured the Germans, upon a victory in Europe, as invading the United States, he was postulating an absurdly huge German shipbuilding capacity as well as an ability to amass an invasion force obviously many times larger than Germany possessed. That there was no danger to national security in Korea, Cuba or Vietnam will be demonstrated in the forthcoming chapters.

Most leaders, as well as some of their most high-minded countrymen stress moral issues as the basis for war. There are certain "good" nations that must battle against the "bad" nations.

The United States, being a "good" nation of course, has a right, even an obligation, to aid other "good" nations in their struggles against evil. Yet this philosophy has obvious inconsistencies when such supposedly "good" former allies as Russia and China suddenly are discovered to be devils themselves—or when saintly France is shown in Vietnam to be an unwholesome colonial power—or when Japan and the western section of Germany become our two staunchest "good" allies in the Cold War. It is clear, therefore, that, although moral issues are often used by leaders to stir up the people, they have no actual basis for making conflicts inevitable.

As distinguished from the moral theory of wars is that which sees man as an aggressive animal who craves battle. Man enjoys killing, not only for itself but for the satisfaction which wars bring to the nation as a whole. "War is the creator of all great things," commented the otherwise perceptive historian, Oswald Spengler. "All that is meaningful in the stream of life has emerged through victory and defeat." As the war banners unfurl, nations unify; personal spite and pettiness are forgotten. "All that was best and noblest in the nation has risen to the surface," Countess von Moltke wrote from Germany in the giddy early days of World War I; "materialism, luxury and selfishness have slipped from us, and each one of us feels that we are better men and women than before."

But, while the elation of war might have affected a few, history proves that most citizens are bitterly opposed to entrance into war. Thus, before World War I British public opinion was so against hostilities that Lord Grey had to conspire in secret—not only from the general public but from many of his associates in the British cabinet as well! The Japanese militarists were forced to resort to assassinations to override the peace party. And even Hitler with all his oratorical genius could generate no war enthusiasm in Germany—"God help us if we should lose this war," muttered a shaken Hermann Goering (voicing the general dread) when France and Britain unexpectedly took action upon the invasion of Poland. Opinion in the United States was so overwhelmingly anti-war during the 1930's that Congress passed

a series of extremely strict Neutrality Acts designed to keep the nation at peace. Opposition in the Korean War helped cause the Democratic Party's downfall in 1952—as did the Vietnam War cause Johnson's sixteen years later.

Thus, it is clear that, while a good case can be made for man's pugnacious nature, the outright, large scale killing of war has no general, overwhelming appeal.

Economics, national security, morality, or an uncontrollable aggressive instinct are the main theories of war—genesis. But there is another theory much more difficult to argue against. That is the explanation inherent in the historical systems of Oswald Spengler, Arnold Toynbee, and Pitirim Sorokin. These able writers take the broadest view of history. Since mankind first formed itself into national and international groupings there have been only a few civilizations—twenty-one in Toynbee's system, which begins with the Egyptian and Ancient Chinese, continues through the Greco-Roman, Persian, and Mayan, to the current period, when just five civilizations remain (these being the Western, the Russo-Slavic, the Islamic, the Hindu, and the Chinese.) In many ways the civilizations, past as well as present, recapitulate over a period of a thousand years (according to Spengler's timetable) the life cycle of individuals. Thus there is birth, youth, middle age, and old age.

As these eminent scholars marshal their impressive array of facts, it is impossible not to agree that history does in a sense repeat itself. There is an irresistible quality about their presentations as they place all modern civilizations at or near the decline of old age. Only in the West does there remain some of the vigor that characterized the youthful days of the Renaissance. But that in itself poses a grave danger to the peace of the world—for as a civilization passes into old age it loses its youthful idealism and religious convictions, and becomes what Sorokin aptly calls a sensate culture: one in which only the goals of power or pleasure form the basis for actions. With that, we enter into the time of troubles where such leaders as Napoleon Bonaparte or Alexander the Great attempt to bring forth a universal state in order to terminate the chaos which is threatening to tear apart the civiliza-

tion. The efforts of these too-early grand emperors are foiled. But eventually the civilization will have its Supreme Ruler (an American for the West if we are to believe Amaury de Rien-court's well-thought-out *The Coming Caesars*.) Then, with explosions and bloodshed, the civilization will succumb and its era of creativity will be over.

If this theory of history is correct, the West has been in the midst of a nearly unavoidable series of wars as its leaders have tried to consolidate the component nations into the universal state—the French under Napoleon failed; as did the Germans under the Kaiser and Hitler. And, to carry Toynbee farther than he may have intended, as the ideas of Western civilization undermine and virtually destroy the philosophical being of the Russian, Chinese, Hindu, and Arabic civilizations, these regions are drawn into the Western orbit, and thereby become involved in the Western movement toward a universal state. In this view it makes little difference in the long run what type of leaders rule the nations. Struggles in Korea, Vietnam, Cuba, the Middle East, and Africa are all merely part of the urge toward a Westernized world empire seemingly demanded by history.

Meeting this theory is difficult, particularly since the resolution, if there is to be one, will possibly not occur for many years. And, indeed, it seems easier to incorporate it into my own theory than attempt to fight it. For, while it appears obvious that no modern nation has either the overwhelming manpower or technology to conquer the rest of the world, the thought of world conquest runs through the speeches and writings of modern leaders—so much so that world conquest is a catch-phrase in many ways as strong as Communism or capitalism in the thinking of war-makers or potential war-makers. Although world conquest is invariably a negative factor (for not a single one of the war-makers included in this study had seriously contemplated any military movement even approaching world conquest) the irrational concept exercised such a hold over their minds that nearly every one based a good portion of his actions on the fallacy that if he was humbled by his adversaries world conquest would eventually follow.

As for my own theory concerning wars being started by factors in the psychological make-up of the leaders a majority of historians have long stressed that much of recorded history is a relation of the struggle for dominance between a nation (or nations) and their leaders against another nation or group of nations. "This fact—'power'—has dominated the whole history of mankind," writes award-winning historian W. H. McNeill. And power, as it relates to leadership, is concerned mainly with status. As sociologist Vance Packard has so vividly brought out in *The Status Seekers*, the struggle for status concerns human beings in practically all their waking hours—from the choice of the clothes they wear, to the car they drive, to the house they live in, to the friends they keep, even to the words they use.

Although Packard does not venture into the international field, diplomats have left us some quite astounding examples of the constant concern of international figures for the matter of their status. Wiley T. Buchanan, Chief of Protocol during much of the Eisenhower administration, goes to great lengths to describe the quite minute diplomatic status divisions. Each ambassador was jealously concerned with his rank, which was accorded him by the date of his accreditation to the United States. Military men, political leaders, and even religious prelates were also concerned about their places on the long list that contained more than 27 categories. A foreign ambassador outranked the American Secretary of State—so much to the discomfort of proud Mr. Dulles that Eisenhower did not invite him to parties where he would be humiliated by the loss of ceremonial rank. Such was the preoccupation among diplomats with their position in the diplomatic pecking order that, as Dulles once warned Protocol Chief Buchanan, "years of patient work in diplomacy can be negated by one social blunder."

This concern for status postulates a drive for dominance over those lower on the scale—not necessarily a physical dominance; it is enough that people below acknowledge the superiority of the person above. That there is no rational basis for this urge is explained in the work of biologist Konrad Lorenz, who traces

it back to man's animal ancestors—even a fox, reports Lorenz, does not want to lose face when retreating from an unpleasant situation. And Robert Ardrey, Konrad's capable alter-ego in the layman's world, goes on to state that "hierarchy is an institution among all social animals, and the drive to dominate one's fellows [is] an instinct three or four hundred million years old." While neither Lorenz nor Ardrey apply their theories to modern history, the following chapters clearly demonstrate the facts that they have proven in the biological field.

But given the undeniable fact that international leaders are so deeply concerned with their status that they will move armies, navies, and bomber squadrons to defend it against any threatened loss, how is it that the inhabitants of their nations will follow them blindly toward a situation where war is inevitable? The process is usually thus:

First, the leader will use, or will create, incidents which will make the population identify their own interests with his. Poincaré had a ready-made "incident" in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine; as had Hitler with the Rhineland, Austria, the Sudetenland, and the Polish Corridor. For Wilson and Roosevelt, the creation of incidents was much more difficult. In order to have their basically pacifist countrymen plunge into war "with a whoop," as Wilson put it, they allowed American lives to be placed in positions of danger, such as on ships on the dangerous North Atlantic route—then they used the ensuing deaths to rouse the nation to war. Eisenhower used the plight of refugees to initiate his involvement in Vietnam; and Johnson used the Vietcong terrorism.

The second step of a leader heading toward war is to magnify the incidents in the radio, press, or TV. Although he shows himself as manfully resisting the unprovoked aggressions of an obviously hostile nation, he also uses the time to set himself firmly on the side of right. Hitler was a master of propaganda, convincing his countrymen that they must break out of the strangling network of European alliances in order to have "living room." Mao played on Chiang Kai-shek's warlord reputation; Ho Chi

Minh on French, then American, imperialism; and Castro on Batista's repressive excesses. Thus it is seen that the propaganda interlude is of vital importance. Possibly the fact that Johnson moved too fast in Vietnam without attempting to prove to the nation that he had more than ample provocation was the main factor that lost him national support and cost him his career.

Although at this point a leader would generally be just as happy to maintain peace if only his adversary would back down (thereby restoring, or adding to, the leader's prestige just as effectively as would a victory in battle,) this is usually impossible, since the leader on the opposite side is likewise deeply involved with the use of incidents and propaganda and therefore cannot modify his stance without losing face. So events continue to head toward the armed conflict that each leader would be happy to do without.

War preparations begin to move at a faster pace. As Wilson leads preparedness parades or Hitler calls for German rearmament, a martial spirit captures large and usually quite vocal segments of the population. There is a new thrill in the air—a new purpose in life. There is a unity between countrymen that is exhilarating—for an aggressor is about to be punished by the nation moving in righteous anger. The glory of the flag suddenly inspires people. The national anthem is played more often now—and the words excite as never before. Soon the streets thud to parades. Boys returning from training camps are already heroes. The people and their lawmakers are gripped by a frenzy of patriotism which, like an invisible energy-field, “seems to be picking us up bodily and literally forcing us to vote for this declaration of war”—so bemoaned a perceptive Congressman in 1917.

As war becomes imminent, alliances are firmed. The nation seeks and finds friends—whose sentiments toward the evil foes reinforce the conviction that war is necessary. Often pompous inter-allied conferences are held at this point—Colonel House and Lord Grey, Roosevelt and Churchill, Truman at a full-dress NATO meeting.

(Yet here it must be emphasized that not all war-makers are equally guilty for the events that culminate in hostilities. In par-

ticular, Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman can in no way be equated with Hitler, Tojo, Stalin, and the manipulators of 1914. While all were war-makers in the sense the words are used in this book, the latter group of world leaders were also war-instigators.)

And so, as the tension increases, few people remain who are not convinced that their leaders have no choice but to insist on the demands against an adversary bent on world conquest.

There is a decided feeling of relief when war finally comes.

This, then, is the setting of *The War Makers*. It is a world haunted by dark, subconscious desires, fears, and drives. It is an amoral battlefield where armies move by night, directed by leaders whose reasoning is beclouded by instincts going back to the Mesozoic age—and beyond. It is a world dominated by an international pecking order, where status is more important than saintliness. It is a sensate time of troubles where reason's only function is to justify the subconscious goals of the war-makers and their somnambulant followers.

But it is, nevertheless, a world not impossible to change. There is nothing in man's makeup which says he cannot redirect his need for status and prestige into less harmful fields than warfare—perhaps into international sports extravaganzas, which are, after all, not only more immediately satisfying but considerably less debilitating on the pocketbook. We must learn to deal with human frailties in international relations. In order to do so, we must have a knowledge of the past.

It is to this purpose that the following chapters are dedicated.

PART I. The FIRST WORLD WAR

2 *"Prussia Was Hatched From a Cannonball"* Kaiser Wilhelm and His Adversaries

The little town of Sarajevo was jammed with excited persons, for today none other than the Archduke, Franz Ferdinand, was to pay a state visit. The atmosphere was festive as throngs of Bosnian peasants in their colorful Slavic garb lined the narrow streets down which the popular Austrian was to ride.

About mid-morning on this fateful June 28th, 1914 the three cars of the Archduke's party began moving slowly toward the Town Hall, where the mayor tensely awaited them. Suddenly from out of the massed onlookers a man hurled a bomb toward the Archduke's car. As the crowd gasped, the Archduke courageously tipped the bomb out. People screamed while the bomb lurched along the pavement. With a reverberating explosion it ripped the following car, seriously injuring the Austrian Chief of Staff.

Although Franz Ferdinand was shaken, he was determined not to abandon his procession simply because one misguided Serbian plotter had managed to evade his security police and undercover agents, who were posted everywhere along the route. Thus Ferdinand continued to the Town Hall, where he upbraided the mayor: "I come to Sarajevo on a visit and get bombs thrown at me. It is outrageous!" With that he stomped back to his automobile and ordered the driver to take him to the hospital in order that he might check on the condition of his Chief of Staff.

For this reason the Archduke's car passed once more down the same streets where the Serbian underground had minutes before tried to kill him. As the car approached one particularly narrow turn, the driver slowed almost to a standstill. At this moment a second plotter leaped on the running board. Before the startled Austrian could defend himself, the Serbian leveled a pistol at pointblank range. The weapon spat and Franz Ferdinand slumped forward—dead.

The world did not know it at the moment, but the shots from that puny little pistol fired in a minor town tucked away in a virtually unheard of corner of Europe would unleash the passions of Europe and bring horrible deaths to more than ten million men in the first of the senseless series of wars which would make the twentieth century the bloodiest in history.

To the new American president, Professor Woodrow Wilson, as well as to the American public at large, the outbreak of hostilities seemed to bear out their pro-British prejudices: for after the freedom-loving patriot had assassinated the representative of tyranny, the Austrian government gave little Serbia what seemed to be an unreasonable list of ten ultimatums. Even though the helpless country bowed to all but two, Austria declared war. When Russia mobilized to aid her downtrodden sister Slavic country, the truculent German Kaiser, bent on world conquest, declared war on Russia. With Russia now subject to attack, France nobly announced she would honor her treaty commitments to Russia. Then German forces wantonly blasted into neutral Belgium on their way to humble France. This brought a horrified Britain into the war in order to put an end to German militarism.

It was clearly a case of good defending itself from evil. And should the vicious Kaiser conquer all of Europe, then he would lustfully turn his unsatiable legions against America. This Woodrow Wilson believed with all the fervor of his fierce Puritan soul.

But were the facts actually as black and white as they appeared?

An examination of history would have revealed to Wilson that it had been mainly the French, not the Germans, who had been the aggressors in the past. Since for centuries France had boasted a population many times larger than the fragmented German states, such conquerors as Louis XIV and Napoleon had little trouble cowing their eastern neighbor. Only with the rise of Prussia, a militaristic little entity all but forgotten on the Russian-Polish frontier, did Germany have a political unit around which to rally. But even then Austria, also a German power, refused to permit the Prussians control of Germany. Otto von Bismark, the Iron Chancellor, tended to the Austrians at the brilliantly fought Battle of Sadowa in 1866, thereby establishing Prussian suzerainty over northern Germany. Then, by clever diplomacy, Bismark provoked the overconfident Napoleon III into the Franco-Prussian War (a conflict, incidently, concerning which the American public was overwhelmingly on the Prussian side). Napoleon was defeated at Sedan in 1870 and early the next year William I of Prussia rode proudly to the Hall of Mirrors in the Paris suburb of Versailles where he was proclaimed the Emperor, or Kaiser, of all Germany.

Bismark had accomplished a stupendous feat. Although he was ringed by hostile and potentially hostile nations (France to the west, Austria to the south, Russia to the east, and Britain to the north) each of which singly was supposedly strong enough to liquidate little Prussia, he had brought forth the German nation. At long last the people who had given birth to Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Goethe, and Kant had a homeland! Surely it was a time to rejoice.

But in the ensuing years the German leaders did three foolish things. First, Bismark, against his better judgment, permitted the absorption into Germany of the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine (long ago they had been German). Second, Kaiser Wilhelm (impetuous son of the first Kaiser) dismissed Bismark in 1890 thus permitting negotiations with Russia concerning their so-called Reinsurance Treaty to lapse. Third, Alfred von Tirpitz, intransigent Grand Admiral and confidant of the Kaiser, was

given permission to build up the German navy to a point where it could protect the expanding overseas trade without fear of any fleet, including that of Britain. Thereby were three of the main European powers (France, Russia, and Britain) needlessly antagonized. And thus entered upon the scene a trio of Europe's most skillful manipulators: the true architects of the First World War.

Alexander Petrovitch Isvolsky was a brilliant scholar and a man of persistent character. Before becoming Foreign Minister for the Tsar in 1906, he had served as minister to Serbia, the smoldering hotspot of the Balkans. A career diplomat, Isvolsky had rejoiced when the Tsar, distrustful of the Kaiser since the failure of the Reinsurance Treaty, just three years later established a firm military alliance with France. Isvolsky's obsession was to obtain for Russia control of the Turkish Straits which connected her Black Sea ports with the world's oceans.

To secure free access to the warm-water seas had been a Russian goal ever since the days of Peter the Great, and could the ambitious Isvolsky pull it off, he would become a hero of epic proportions.

Isvolsky realized that Russia, a backward country still weakened by the Japanese defeat of 1904 and the peasant and worker revolts of the following year, could never successfully challenge Austria-Hungary (who looked at the disintegrating Turkish Empire in the Balkans as her own territorial hunting ground and Germany, her even-more powerful ally. Thus Isvolsky coolly laid plans for a general war in which France would come to her aid with the bait of Alsace-Lorraine dangled before her.

In order to further his scheme, Isvolsky secured the appointment as Ambassador to France in 1910, from where he would be able to work with Raymond Poincaré—who now enters our drama as the second conspirator.

Few men have revealed their longing for war so clearly as did this vengeful Frenchman. Poincaré grew up in Lorraine. He felt a deep, consuming hatred for the Germans who lorded it over such Francophiles as himself. Indeed, his entire life became

guided by the single goal of reuniting the small border territories of Alsace and Lorraine with France. "I could discover no other reason why my generation should go on living," he admitted in an address many years later, "except for the hope of recovering our lost provinces."

Poincaré was energetic and enthusiastic. At the age of twenty-six he was elected to the legislature, and seven years later the intense little man with the dagger-shaped goatee entered the French Cabinet. When, in 1912, Poincaré became Prime Minister, plans for the humiliation of Germany marched forward. Poincaré soon replaced a moderate Ambassador to Russia with Théophile Delcassé, a fire-consuming antagonist of Germany. Delcassé then negotiated loans to Russia which were to be used in constructing railroad facilities that had little other use than for transporting troops to the German frontier.

On the other hand, Isvolsky, working closely with Poincaré, funneled Russian funds secretly to French newspapers (including that of Georges Clemenceau who will enter our story in a succeeding chapter) to influence the dominant anti-war opinion toward favoring Russia's claims in the Balkans and Turkish straits. Although it took some high-stepping intellectual footwork to convince the French people that their blood should be shed so that they could reabsorb a pair of relatively minor provinces and Russia could expand in the Balkans, nevertheless, by the fall of 1912 a large segment of the French press had successfully redirected public opinion toward the supposedly inevitable war that Isvolsky and Poincaré were planning so carefully in smokey backrooms.

In August, 1912, Poincaré went to Russia for earnest conversations with Sergei Sazonov, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Sazonov had fallen under Isvolsky's spell and was convinced that Russia could prosper only by having the Turkish straits—with Constantinople thrown in for good measure. However, as the two men had doubts whether Russia and France could whip Germany and Austria, they felt that Great Britain must commit herself to their cause. This, therefore, became their next goal.

Now entered the third of the war-makers: Sir Edward Grey. On the surface no more unlikely candidate for the dubious honor

could be found. Grey was the essence of all that England held dear. He was a quiet, good-humored man of great personal charm. Even though he was fifty years old, he had an almost boyishly handsome face. Sir Edward loved to spend long days listening to bird calls or tramping along some secluded trout stream (he had written a popular book entitled *Fly Fishing*.) He was an athlete of considerable prowess—having captured the British tennis championship two years in a row when he was younger.

Grey's father had instilled in him a strong (although mainly subconscious) dislike of brusque Germanic personalities. Thus one of his earlier actions as Foreign Minister had been to promise the French that they might have British backing against the strutting Kaiser during the Moroccan crisis of 1906—a promise which he kept secret from the huge anti-war majority in Parliament, as well as within the Liberal cabinet itself. Then four years later Grey allowed Lord Haldane (again in utter secrecy) to pledge 160,000 British troops to serve in France should Germany launch an attack.

But with Russia Foreign Minister Grey was much cooler. Although he had permitted an Entente to be signed with that country in 1907 whereby Persia (now Iran) was conveniently carved into spheres of exploitation, he had raised such diplomatic tantrum when Isvolsky attempted to force Turkish concessions in the straits, that the Russian Foreign Minister was ultimately forced to resign and content himself with the less glamorous, but in many ways more important, position of Ambassador to France. In order to sound out Great Britain, Sergei Sazonov, Isvolsky's replacement in Foreign Affairs, during September, 1912, made a special trip to London where he heard directly from Grey the secret commitment concerning British land as well as naval forces to aid the French.

To further clarify the British position, Sir Edward sent a note to the French Ambassador, Paul Cambon, on November 22nd stating that should France be threatened, the two governments would "immediately" discuss mutual actions based on the already existing plans of their General Staffs. This Grey-Cambon Agree-

ment—while couched in diplomatic verbiage—obligated Grey personally and the British government by indirection, to a firm military pact. Later Grey used the threat of his resignation to have this Agreement honored.

Thus by the end of 1912 the coalition which was to pounce on the unsuspecting Kaiser had been firmed. But before we discuss the events by which Isvolsky, Sazonov, Poincaré and Grey brought their peace-loving peoples into an unnecessary war, we must pause to look at the Kaiser's Germany to examine the charges of militarism which were to be so effective in rousing the Allied peoples.

Napoleon once stated that Prussia "was hatched from a cannon ball," and he was largely correct—although it was conquerors such as he which made the little country, with no natural borders to aid her defense, so fierce. Prussia's earliest history concerns the invasion of Teutonic tribes into the Baltic flatlands held by a division of the Lithuanians called Preussens. The Teutons liquidated or absorbed the original inhabitants, then took their name. In 1701 the Elector of neighboring Brandenburg inherited the Prussian lands and assumed the title of King. From then on the existence and ever-so-tedious expansion of Prussia-Brandenburg was the occasion for an almost constant series of wars, particularly under Frederick the Great, who between 1756 and 1763 held his own against the combined might of Austria, Russia, and France.

Since Prussia had a population of barely six million in the eighteenth century (France alone boasted five times that number,) she could survive only by the efficiency of her army. Thus the profession of arms was highly respected. Indeed, the army, headed by the Junkers, or landed nobility, was so supreme that the Prussian Parliament had no control over it—the generals took orders only from the King.

But Prussia was not Germany. Even though the Prussian capital, Berlin, became the seat of government after Bismark

unified the nation in 1871, the original Prussian provinces comprised only a quarter of Germany's population of forty-one million. Just as influential, culturally at least, was Bavaria in the south. Here the people were gay and friendly (in distinction to the dour, heel-clicking Prussians.) They were Catholic, too, and had their own king who disliked the Protestant Prussians. So deep was the cleavage between Bavaria and Prussia that the Bavarians and other southerners actually fought on the side of the Austrians against Bismark.

After unification, the Prussian military caste began to lose some of its influence and prerogatives as the Reichstag gained control of military funds. The army then came in for searching criticism, the Reichstag being particularly unhappy with the overwhelming predominance of Junkers in the officer corps. To avoid the wrath of powerful Reichstag politicians, the army reluctantly opened its upper positions. Thus, whereas in Bismark's day 80% of the generals and colonels were from the nobility, by 1913 this figure had fallen to 52%.

The relative size of the army had dropped too. Frederick, the Great, had approximately 25% of his male population of military age in the army. Kaiser Wilhelm, even with the tremendous armed forces increase of 1914, had only 13%. Although Poincaré spoke passionately about German military preparations, the French had a higher proportion of men under arms.

Actually, the military statistics of 1914 reveal that, far from being an armed camp, Germany was woefully lacking in soldiers. Estimates place German strength at 806,000, which when added to the 370,000 of her Austrian ally, gave the Central Powers 1,176,000 men. Opposed to this were 818,000 French soldiers, 250,000 British, and 1,300,000 Russian—for a total of 2,368,000. So, far from directing a military force capable of conquering the world, the Kaiser was almost criminally negligent of his army.

But the Kaiser created the illusion of a truculent militarist. After young Wilhelm ascended the throne in 1888, he loved to parade about in crisp gaudy uniforms. He was loud, cocky, and outspoken. He boasted of Germany's greatness and warned that the other powers must make room for him at their imperialistic

feasts. Yet he was beneath all his childish bluster a genuinely humane man, who (as Wilson's emissary, Colonel Edward House, was to report) honestly desired peace in the world.

Had the Kaiser been bent on war, he could have had it in 1905—at the time when France was having trouble digesting Morocco. Some of his advisors urged him to attack France at this time, since Russia, her only firm ally, was in the throws of revolution and despair due to the unheard of defeat of a white power by yellow Japan. But Wilhelm appealed to Theodore Roosevelt, head of the only neutral power Germany could trust, to call a conference. Roosevelt, with characteristic modesty, later wrote: "It looked like war, as I took active hold of the matter . . . and got things temporarily straightened up."

Still, the Kaiser felt Germany had a right to her place in the colonial structure of Europe's world. "All the long years of my reign," he complained to the King of Italy, "my colleagues, the monarchs of Europe, have paid no attention to what I have to say. Soon, with my great Navy to endorse my words, they will be more respectful."

These words, accompanied by the German building program, had a most ominous ring to British ears. As an island, Britain was absolutely dependent on supremacy of the seas, particularly in time of war. She watched uneasily while German naval appropriations rocketed from \$23,000,000 in 1890 to \$112,000,000 by 1914—a "splendid increase" Grand Admiral von Tirpitz crowed. The alarmed British sent Viscount Haldane to Berlin to try to persuade the Germans to tone down their naval plans. This the Germans agreed to do if the British would promise to remain neutral in any war Germany became involved in which was not provoked by her. When Poincaré and Isvolsky learned of this alarming development, they conveyed their feelings of extreme displeasure to Edward Grey. "Poincaré expressed himself most emphatically against any such undertaking," Isvolsky wrote at the time. "He pointed out to the British Government that the

signing by Great Britain of such a treaty with Germany would, with one blow, put an end to the present Franco-British relations." By this and other threats, the German treaty, which would have kept Britain peaceful (and thereby destroyed French and Russian plans for war,) was tossed aside.

Yet with Great Britain flirting with neutrality, the French and Russian diplomats saw that war must come soon—or it might not come at all. On December 8, 1913 Sazonov prepared the Tzar to accept the inevitability of hostilities, for the Foreign Minister had decided upon Serbia, an ever-rumbling volcano of Pan-Slavism, as the logical point for the spark to be ignited.

In February, 1914, Serbia's Premier, Nikola Pashitch, received a most gratifying reception by the Tsar. At this time Sazonov promised the Serb all the gold and arms he needed. Although the Tsar was not as committed to war as his Minister, the Tsar ended the conversation with the statement: "For Serbia we shall do all"—certainly as much a blank check as that which the Kaiser was to be criticized for offering Austria under very much more tense circumstances four months later.

It is not known the degree to which the Tsar, Sazonov, or Isvolsky were directly implicated in the Serbian plot to murder the Austrian heir-apparent, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, but Harry Elmer Barnes, in his detailed and capable book, *The Genesis of the World War*, reports that the Chief of the Intelligence Division of the Serbian General Staff worked closely with the Russian military attaché in Belgrade in laying out the assassination plans. From their letters and conversations, Barnes believes it extremely likely that both Sazonov and Isvolsky knew of the Serbian plot.

Serbia had chosen the Archduke for reasons of her own. Because of his far-sighted, liberal plan to bring the Slavic subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire into the government, the Serbian dream of uniting the Southern Slavs into a new nation (a Yugoslavia) were endangered. The Serbian Intelligence Chief and his group, which included a confidant of Premier Pashitch, furnished the assassins with automatic pistols, ammunition, and bombs direct from the Serbian arsenal. Government agents then smug-

gled the men into Bosnia, where six fanatics stationed themselves at strategic intervals along the Archduke's announced route.

Once the deed was done, the gears of the opposing alliance systems began grinding. Hot-heads in Austria-Hungary called for a lightning invasion of Serbia. But cooler minds prevailed—unfortunately, since an instant invasion and the probable swift capitulation of Serbia might have prevented the larger war. World opinion was initially on the side of the Austrians—and even Sir Edward Grey confessed the brazen murder justified a Serbian chastisement.

But Count Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, desired two things before he approved military action. The first was the firm promise of German support. The second was a careful investigation to establish before the world Serbian responsibility for the killing. The Kaiser, who had considered the Archduke a warm personal friend, could not believe that other monarchs, including the King of England, and, more particularly, the Russian Tsar, would not have the same shock and revulsion as he at the senseless murder of the likable, conscientious Austrian. Therefore, even though within the past two years he had twice forbid the Austrians and Hungarians from attacking Serbia, on July 6th he directed his peacefully-inclined Prime Minister, Theobold von Bethmann-Hollweg, to promise the Austrian Emperor that Germany would stand faithfully beside him in virtually any action he took. This was the famous and foolish blank check—which the Kaiser himself later in July admitted was a grave mistake.

The second of Tisza's desires was encompassed in the ultimatum which he sent to Serbia on July 23rd. (This delay of two and a half weeks after the blank check was caused by Tisza's hope to avoid a general war by waiting for Poincaré, then in Russia shoring up the Tsar's indecision, to be heading back to France, where he would be of less harm.) The most vital parts of the ten point ultimatum were two items which insisted on a joint Austro-Serbian investigation into the assassination, and, in addition, the use of Austrian forces to aid the Serbs in the suppres-

sion of subversive forces operating against the Empire out of Serbia. If the ultimatum was overly harsh, as Bethmann-Hollweg believed, there was more than ample provocation, for Franz Ferdinand was one of the heroes of the nation—it was as if Theodore Roosevelt had been assassinated in Arizona by Mexican revolutionaries trying to win back the Southwest.

As soon as the ultimatum arrived in Belgrade, the wires between Serbia and Russia and France began to hum. The Russians advised the Serbs to make so conciliatory a response that the Austrians would appear before the world as the aggressors. The French took an even more active part. Philippe Berthelot, Poincaré's protégé, actually outlined the reply which the Serbs appear to have used. This reply was couched in language of utmost humility, but, nevertheless, refused the two most important demands. That fact notwithstanding, the Kaiser announced "this is more than one could have expected! A great moral victory for Vienna . . . with it every reason for war drops away . . ."

But the Kaiser was now called upon to honor his blank check. On July 28th the Austrians, aware that Serbia was bent on destroying her influence over the southern Slavs—which would destroy the Empire—declared war on Serbia. The next day the Tsar, yielding to pressure from Sazonov, ordered Russian mobilization. On the other hand Bethmann began to apply strong pressure on Austria to enter into direct peace talks with Russia ("we must urgently and impressively suggest . . . mediation," went Bethmann's telegram of the 30th.) And the Kaiser himself dispatched a special communique directly to the Tsar in which he not only pledged that the Austrians would make no territorial demands on Serbia, but also offered himself as mediator. The following day the Kaiser made another desperate appeal to the Tsar, saying "Nobody is threatening the honor or power of Russia, who can well afford to await the result of my mediation. My friendship for you and your Empire, transmitted to me by my grandfather on his deathbed, has always been sacred to me . . ." But it was too late, for, although Wilhelm's telegrams so deeply affected the wavering Tsar that he momentarily stopped the mo-

bilization, Sazonov had the weak-willed monarch under his thumb and by the 30th war preparations were too far advanced to permit their cancellation a second time without chaos resulting.

On July 31st the Germans sent a 12 hour ultimatum to Russia demanding mobilization cessation. When twice the time limit had passed with no reply, Germany declared war on Russia.

Although the French people had no vital interests in the Balkans, Poincaré, with the aid of Isvolsky's gold, had well prepared them to expect war. Yet, even so, Poincaré was not so sure of French public opinion as he would like. For this reason he refused to permit the obligations of the Russian Alliance to be debated in the Chamber of Deputies. And to further obscure his own aggressive policies, he cleverly ordered a withdrawal of French troops six miles back from the border, thus giving the impression he was striving mightily to avoid hostilities. Then Poincaré sat back and confidently waited for the Kaiser to make the first move.

Although Poincaré and Sazonov had long committed their nations to war, it was not so with Great Britain. Anglo-German relations had been steadily improving. An editorial in the influential Manchester "Guardian" on July 28th and again on the 30th stated what was undoubtedly the convictions of not only the man-on-the street, but of Parliament and the Cabinet, too. "We have not seen a shred of reason for thinking that the triumph of Germany in a European war in which we had been neutral would injure a single British interest, however small, whereas the triumph of Russia would create a situation for us really formidable . . ."

Edward Grey, however, had seriously compromised himself in the secret Grey-Cambon Agreement of 1912. Yet Grey, realizing that thousands (actually nearly three million) of British boys would have to validate his decision in wounds or death, made some eleventh hour attempts to mediate. Between July 20th and the 26th he offered a series of suggestions which he believed would calm the situation. First, he called on Austria and Russia to hold meetings between themselves. Germany was already urging this on Austria, but Poincaré rejected the move. Four days later

Grey, upon learning the terms of the Austrian ultimatum, pressed for a meeting of representatives from Britain, Germany, France, and Italy in Vienna and St. Petersburg to decide on a fair solution to the problem of Serbia. Again the Kaiser agreed, but now Sazonov refused. Then Grey called for a council of ambassadors in London to talk out the difficulties. To this Wilhelm refused, since his Austrian ally objected to being subjected to an international tribunal at which the Central Powers could be out voted.

Grey in his memoirs makes a major point of this German rejection as more reprehensible even than the harsh Austrian ultimatum. Yet it was hardly sufficient an excuse for him to draw England into the war—particularly since both France and Russia had rejected earlier proposals. Actually most observers agree that Grey himself could have prevented the war even at this late date by stating unequivocally whether or not England would enter the war if Germany attacked France. But this he would not do.

While Grey was vacillating, Winston Churchill, bellicose First Lord of the Admiralty, had on July 26th ordered the fleet, then about to disperse from mock-war maneuvers, to continue at full mobilization. When this information was given the newspapers, the public got the first inkling that certain members of the government were seriously considering hostilities with Germany. Then, two days later, Churchill had the fleet move up to Scapa Flow, where it would be in a position to intercept any German warships coming out of the Baltic. Now certain rightist newspapers—in particular Northcliffe's powerful presses (from which the United States received most of its European news)—began blazing scare-headlines about German militarism and the need to meet it with guns, the only language it understood.

Even with all this growing pressure Grey still did not dare inform members of Parliament the degree to which he had obligated England to fight with France. In a tense Cabinet meeting on July 31st, Grey threatened to resign if his colleagues did not promise to aid the French. But, although one member wrote they sat for several moments in "breathless silence," they were not ready to fall in behind their over-extended Foreign Minister. And this strong opposition continued on to the next day when,

with a German declaration of war against Russia only hours away, twelve out of eighteen Cabinet members announced their refusal of unconditional support of France—an event which left the French Ambassador, Paul Cambon, so shaken that when a journalist asked him what he was going to do he replied: “I am going to wait to learn if the word ‘honor’ should be erased from the English dictionary.”

But while the British edged back from the precipice, the Germans did the one thing that could have brought them in. They attacked France though neutral Belgium.

The Germans had been caught in their own Prussian-style of military efficiency. Many years earlier Count Alfred von Schlieffen had worked out a detailed and most ingenious plan for quick victory in case of a simultaneous war with France and Russia on two fronts. He would leave the weakest possible army to face Russia and smash first into France with $\frac{7}{8}$ ths of his best troops. But the daring plan had more. Of the 72 divisions on the western front only 9 would face the French in the Lorraine sector—where the French would undoubtedly launch their most determined attack. Of the rest, 10 would pivot around the fortress of Verdun and the remaining 53 would wheel through Belgium and circle between Paris and the sea. The French, concentrated in the Lorraine sector, would have to double back to protect their capital. It would be a very difficult maneuver and one certain to cause tremendous confusion. Before the French could reorganize, Paris would have fallen, the French supply system would have been cut up, and Germany would have won. It should only take six weeks if all went according to von Schlieffen’s highly detailed schedule—certainly quick enough to prevent Russia from becoming effective on the exposed eastern front.

But, to succeed, the German High Command, now under the unsure hand of cello-playing Helmuth von Moltke, must have its troops on the move before French intelligence fathomed the plan. And so on August 1st, even as the British Cabinet was causing Paul Cambon undue anguish, Moltke, nervously putting Phase

One of the von Schlieffen plan into effect, was rushing his troops toward Belgium.

But at five that evening the German Ambassador telegraphed Berlin that Grey had told him (or so he believed) that if Germany did not attack France, England would not only remain neutral but would also act to guarantee French neutrality. As soon as the Kaiser learned this momentous news, he dispatched a siren-screaming car to fetch Moltke. When the Chief of Staff appeared moments later, the Kaiser announced enthusiastically that the war in the west was off and the German army should be turned toward the east.

With the future of Europe trembling in the balance, Moltke shook his head. Did the Kaiser realize what it took to transport an army? For a single corps—of which there were 40—he required 6010 railroad cars grouped in 140 trains. He needed an equal number for supplies. And there was the need to correlate the movement of the ammunition and food trains with the troop trains—to say nothing of establishing the communications systems and arranging for the doctors, medical supplies, and hospital facilities. Turn them all around and officers would arrive at one place on the Russian front, their men at another, and their artillery and provisions someplace else. It was absolutely impossible, Moltke insisted. Eight hours ago—perhaps. But now—no. And so the horde sped on toward Belgium.

On August 2nd Moltke's units were poised on the border. Now the Kaiser and his staff had to decide between the von Schieffen Plan and the danger of British entry. But with Grey still non-committal about England's intentions, the Kaiser, swayed by the urgency of knocking out France before Russia could gather her monstrous army, decided on the Belgian sweep.

On August 3rd, as Germany declared war on France, the British learned that an invasion of Belgium was imminent. At three that afternoon Edward Grey spoke before Parliament. His speech was one of dazzling brilliance. He used all the right catch-phrases. Referring to innocent Belgium (conveniently forgetting that Britain had invaded innocent countries from Africa to China,) he cried out: "Could this country stand by and witness

the direst crime that ever stained the pages of history . . ." It was clearly a matter of "British honor and British obligations." Then he added the capstone, proclaiming that England, herself bloated with a score of captive nations, must take her stand "against the unmeasured aggrandizement of any power whatsoever." If the nation refused war, "we should, I believe, sacrifice our respect and good name and reputation before the world . . ."

The British people were thrilled and inspired, and when Moltke invaded Belgium the next day a united British Parliament declared war on Germany.

Poincaré, Isvolsky, and Gray had their war.

Woodrow Wilson and False Neutrality

While bugles crescendoed across the Europe, Woodrow Wilson sounded his own clarion for Americans to follow him toward what he told them would be the serene blufftop of impartial neutrality. There was about the President a charismatic essence that made people trust him. Although associates often found him grim and humorless, with the stern glint of Calvinistic disapproval souring his sharply-chiseled features, when Wilson ascended the speakers podium, his entire personality altered . . . expanded . . . overwhelmed.

One of the earliest persons to be charmed was an intense young Irishman named Joseph Tumulty, who eventually became Wilson's personal secretary. Tumulty left us with this vivid description of his first encounter with the leader (then running for New Jersey governor) whose eloquence and hardshelled moral certitude would enable him to herd the United States into the strictly European war:

"The personal magnetism of the man, his winning smile, so frank and so sincere, the light of his gray eyes, the fine poise of his well-shaped head, the beautiful rhythm of his vigorous sentences, held the men in the Convention breathless under their mystic spell. Men all about me cried in a frenzy: "Thank God, at last, a leader has come!"

. . . Around me there is a swirling mass of men whose hearts had been touched by the great speech which is just at an end.

Men stood about me with tears streaming from their eyes. Realizing that they had just stood in the presence of greatness . . .”

During the ensuing campaign, others, too, were to feel the compelling intensity of Woodrow Wilson. One was Ray Stannard Baker, a popular journalist who would one day be Wilson's official biographer. For him it was “not only an unforgettable, but a truly determinative experience. No other speaker I had ever heard made an impression quite so vivid and so clear-cut as he. I felt that here was the kind of thinking statesman the country needed and could trust.”

But Wilson was not actually the man he appeared to be on the platform. He was basically shy; always self-conscious of his eyeglasses and his physically weak body. For many years he had been psychologically dependent on his father, a prominent minister of the aristocratic First Presbyterian Church of Augusta, Georgia. Woodrow was a deeply sensitive boy who had a craving for love and social approval: “There surely never lived a man with whom love was a more critical matter than it is with me,” he later wrote. Yet this urge to be loved could not be realized in a small group of intimate friends—for he had difficulty losing his reserve when face to face. He could let himself go only when he was commanding large audiences. Then, while still remaining aloof, he could bring them into spiritual contact through his speaking ability. “I have a sense of power in dealing with men collectively which I do not feel always in dealing with them singly,” he confessed when he was twenty-eight.

This combination of attraction toward large groups combined with Wilson's high intelligence and the aura of righteousness which extruded from him as a result of his early religious upbringing had raised Wilson above his peers in the academic field. From history professor to president of Princeton—by the time he was forty-six he had reached the top of his chosen field.

Yet Wilson, in addition to seeking the stimulation and response of guiding students, was a crusader—a battler for good

over evil; and he sought wider arenas in which to expand his influence (and opportunities for crowd love). Thus he began making speeches outside Princeton. And he wrote books and well-turned, progressive-oriented articles that gradually brought him to the eyes of those mysterious princemakers who control precinct politics. Seeking a candidate who would take the Democratic party out of the doldrums, the politicians secured Wilson the nomination for the Governorship of New Jersey.

Wilson won the election, broke with the machine, and established such a fine administrative record that by 1912 his name was humming through Democratic corridors throughout the United States. As the time neared for the national nominating convention, a self-styled Southern Colonel named Edward House brought the Governor to the attention of William Jennings Bryan, who, having been defeated three times for the presidency, was at long last convinced that someone else should carry the tattered Democratic standard. Bryan liked Wilson's liberal views and nabbed him the nomination—although it took 46 hard-fought ballots to overcome the supporters of Champ Clark and other formidable candidates.

Even so Wilson was far from being elected, for the Democrats were then the minority party. However the Republicans had split into two irreconcilable factions: the regulars plodding after President Taft, and the progressives spurred on by Theodore Roosevelt, that turbulent, ungovernable Rough Rider. The result was a combined Republican vote of 7,600,000 against the Democrat vote of 6,300,000. But the fractured totals gave the presidency to Wilson.

In just two years: from Princeton to the presidency. It had been a dizzy success.

At first Wilson's main interest was in domestic matters. "No president in the memory of living men," exulted Ray Baker, "will enter the White House under more favorable conditions, or with greater opportunities for achievement. . . ." And Wilson made every effort to live up to his ideals. Under his New Freedom Program some of the greatest reforms in American history became

law. The tariff was cut nearly in half; the Federal Reserve Act gave the government a much needed control over the money supply; the Clayton Anti-trust Act put a rein on the monopolistic tendencies of Big Business; the Federal Trade Commission was established to further regulate the trend toward oligarchy; and a much-needed graduated income tax forced the rich to finally pay their share of government.

But by the spring of 1914 it became increasingly clear that Europe was heading toward a war that might have serious effects on the United States. In order to familiarize himself with the situation, Wilson sent Colonel House, his deft, slight-of-build "alter ego", on a voyage that the Texan called the Great Adventure.

The American Ambassador in Berlin was Judge "Jimmy" Gerard who, though he had been given the post partly as a patronage gift to Tammany Hall, soon revealed himself as one of the finest officers in the diplomatic service. Through Gerard Colonel House had a long talk with Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz. Tirpitz voiced the military view that the only way his nation could survive was by maintaining such armed forces that she would put fear into the hearts of her numerous enemies. This House could understand, for, as he wrote Wilson, "whenever England consents, France and Russia will close in on Germany and Austria"—a most significant statement that Wilson seems to have forgotten when he sought to establish who had started the war.

The high point of House's stay in Germany was a party at the Kaiser's Potsdam palace. It was festival time, with military parades and impressive decoration ceremonies. Afterward, Ambassador Gerard and House were driven across the expansive park ground to the famous Shell Hall, where they were seated at a huge crescent-shaped table directly opposite the Kaiser and his wife. The sumptuous meal over, House was informed that Kaiser Wilhelm would see him out on the terrace.

House found Wilhelm a charming man who used good English—which was not surprising since his mother had been of the British royal family. Although Wilhelm spoke with vehemence, he was first and foremost a gentleman.

"At first I thought I would never get his Majesty past his hobbies [House wrote], but finally I drew him to the subject I had come to discuss. . . . I found him much less prejudiced and much less belligerent than von Tirpitz. He declared he wanted peace because it seemed to Germany's interest, Germany had been poor, she was now growing rich, and a few more years of peace would make her so. She was menaced on every side. The bayonets of Europe were directed at her, and much more of this he gave me. Of England, he spoke kindly and admiringly. England, America, and Germany were kindred peoples and should draw closer together."

The Kaiser agreed heartily with House's assertion that Tsarist Russia was England's greatest menace and that Germany was valuable as a barrier between the Slavs and the rest of Europe. But when House reminded him that England's greatest concern was in Germany's growing navy, the Kaiser retorted that his nation needed a large navy not only to protect her overseas commerce, but to counter-balance the warships of France and Russia.

From Germany House went to Paris, where Poincaré, having been elected to the presidency with the aid of Isvolsky's Russian gold, was in a cabinet crisis. The time being unpropitious, House continued to London. Arriving there on June 9, 1914 at the height of the social season, he first lunched with Ambassador Walter Hines Page, then entered into the party whirl. It wasn't until a week later that Page could arrange a lunch with the beguiling Edward Grey.

Although we have seen that the British Foreign Secretary had already committed his country to France by means of the note he gave Pierre Cambon a year and a half earlier, Sir Edward obligingly agreed with House that the "French statesmen had given up all idea of revenge and of the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine." In addition, he "was very fair concerning the necessity for Germany to maintain a navy commensurate with her commerce, and sufficient to protect herself from Russia and France."

So close did Grey's ideas seem to parallel the Kaiser's that even at this late date House earnestly believed war could be

averted. Indeed, the Archduke's assassination did not dampen his conviction, for about that time he wrote the Kaiser a most friendly letter informing him of the favorable climate for peace in England as well as France!

Colonel House arrived back in America on July 29, 1914, the same day Sazonov had the Tsar announce general mobilization. Three days later the Germans declared war on Russia and House's work disintegrated in a flash of gunpowder.

Although in his well-received Neutrality Proclamation Wilson insisted that every American "will act and speak in . . . the true spirit of impartiality and fairness and friendliness to all concerned," this was impossible—particularly for Wilson himself. From the very beginning Wilson was strongly prejudiced in favor of an Allied (or, more particularly, a British) victory.

The reasons were many. Even in his earliest childhood Wilson had been deeply influenced by his Scotch father, who taught the boy to nearly worship his British cultural heritage. All his heroes were British. And in this he was not too different from the mass of his fellow Americans—who thus bore an oftentimes unconscious predisposition to view British war actions in more a favorable light than comparable acts of the Germans.

Wilson, similar again to many of his compatriots, had a confused idea of the identity of American interests with those of the British. He had been taught in school to identify historically with the British. British culture was what made the colonies superior to the Spanish of South and Central America. American and British interests were likewise threatened by the French and the Indians. And there was, in addition, the unity of the English language on both sides of the Atlantic—a unity which ordained that nearly all the literature Wilson read in school—from Shakespeare to reports on the splendor of the British empire—should come with British bias.

Wilson was even more dependent on the British than other scholars, for, with his bent toward political history, he payed homage to England for our democratic institutions: the ideal of

individual freedom, of a trial-by-jury court system, of a broad voting franchise. Thus, long before the war began Wilson was firmly bound to a most un-neutral attitude.

America, also, had subconscious bonds with Great Britain. When the Germans tried to harm England, our psychological motherland, we imagined she was trying to injure ourselves—and we allowed the British to font impossible fabrications to justify our prejudice. For example, as early as October 1914 when Ambassador Page protested to Edward Grey about British harassment of American shipping, Grey blithely told him: "Of course, many of the restrictions we have laid down and which seriously interfere with your trade are unreasonable. But America must remember that we are fighting her fight, as well as our own, to *save the civilization of the world.*" [Author's italics.] Not only did Page meekly believe him, but when Wilson learned of the conversation, he turned to Tumulty and said Grey was right!

With such a strong prejudice in favor of Great Britain, Wilson had little choice except to shove the United States along a path which led, almost irretrievably, from moral encouragement, to massive economic aid, to outright military participation. It took him two and a half years, but he finally overcame all pacifistic convictions in the public mind. There were five main steps along the road to war.

The first step involved the question of loans to the Allies. One of the few objective men in the Cabinet was William Jennings Bryan, who Wilson had made Secretary of State mainly as a reward for his essential aid in securing him the Democratic nomination. Even though Bryan had a son-in-law in the British army, he could find no reason why American lives should be spent trying to satisfy French vengeance or Russian dominance in the Balkans. Bryan saw clearly the course that Wilson's "true spirit of neutrality" must take. The war had hardly begun when Bryan dispatched a firm note to J. P. Morgan & Co. in which he advised against any loan to the Allies—since such loans "violated the spirit of neutrality."

Had Wilson been willing to follow his own guideline of "impartiality and fairness and friendliness to all concerned," he would have backed up his Secretary of State. But instead he allowed Morgan to float the first of the gigantic Allied war loans during the next year. But this means not only were the munitions manufacturers tied to the Allied cause (since the British spent most of the loans on war material) but so too were the wealthy, influential investors. Count von Bernsdorff, the likable German Ambassador, found that he and his wife were no longer invited to the gatherings of society, for "the so-called 'Four Hundred' departed in a body into the enemy camp."

Wilson took the second step toward war early in 1915. Great Britain had declared the North Sea (Germany's only supply link with the United States) to be a mined area into which neutral ships could venture at their own risk. Although there was no universally agreed upon body of international law covering blockades, it was usually deemed illegal to interfere with neutral shipping on the high seas—blockade could only be established at the entrance to the enemy's ports. In addition, there were certain items, such as food, which were accepted as non-contraband, and which, therefore, could be taken through any blockade to feed the civilian population. But beginning January 26, 1915 the British not only prohibited food shipments to Germany, but soon adopted the universally condemned policy of forcing neutral ships into British ports where they could be searched at leisure.

Similar British interference with American shipping had helped bring on the War of 1812—as Wilson, being an historian, was painfully aware. But Wilson had already accepted the validity of Grey's nebulous "*save the civilization of the world*" campaign, so Wilson's protests to the British were quite mild compared to those which he sent to the Germans when they retaliated in February with a war zone around the British Isles. Wilson could have made this zone off-limits to American shippers and travelers—a reasonable precaution for a nation who wished to remain truly

neutral. Instead he replied with a blistering note which threatened the Germans with "strict accountability" for American lives or property lost through torpedoing.

Did this mean that Wilson was prepared to go to war with the Germans if they sunk ships which cost American lives? No—not yet—for Wilson realized the American public would never permit blood to be shed for such a weak cause—weren't Americans in the war zone at their own risk? Yet, on the other hand, the "strict accountability" had a long term purpose. Just as Grey had used Belgium to make the British public view the Germans as brutal aggressors, so was Wilson preparing to use submarine warfare for the same purpose in America. He needed an issue which would rile the public. He wanted the nation to go into the war with a whoop—as this speech, which he delivered after the war had begun, revealed:

"I remember, not once, but often, that while sitting at the Cabinet table in Washington I asked my colleagues what their impression was of the opinion of the country before we went into the war, and I remember one day one of my colleagues said to me: 'Mr. President, I think the people of the country would take your advice and do what you suggested.' 'Why,' I said, 'that is not what I am waiting for; that is not enough. If they cannot go in with a whoop, there is no use of their going in at all.'"

"In with a whoop"—no phrase better describes the careful groundwork laid by Wilson between the outbreak of the war in August 1914, when America was overwhelmingly opposed to participation, and in April 1917, when the nation was so converted to Wilson's war policy, that it did, indeed, "go in with a whoop."

Yet Wilson was never entirely committed to outright war. He would just as soon have the Allies win at the conference table. And so early in 1915 he sent Colonel House on another mission to Europe.

Supposedly the time was right for an attempt at negotiations.

The German offensive had fizzled when the British and French held at the Battle of the Marne on the virtual outskirts of Paris. As early as November 15th, barely three and a half months after Germany launched her invasion, von Tirpitz was recording that the British blockade was causing the Germans to be short of such essentials as gunpowder and motor-tires, also that "the Kaiser's mood and that of his entourage [are] very depressed." By the 6th of January, 1915, Tirpitz confided that munitions were in such short supply that "we are losing men every day and can't shoot back." Food, too, had become crucial. Thus eleven days later Tirpitz wrote: "I can hardly imagine that the corn question is so serious, and I am unable to think of anything else." Germany had gambled on the Von Schlieffen Plan and had failed. The Kaiser knew it. Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg knew it. Even Tirpitz, the most rabid of the military, knew it.

But this did not mean that the German war machine was defeated. Far from it. Allied counter attacks could not dislodge the Germans from their deeply entrenched positions in northern France; and so the stalemate made peace an obvious move on both sides.

However the Allies would accept no compromise. Edward Grey told House that France still insisted on Alsace-Lorraine and Russia on Constantinople. Moreover, he stated that Poincaré's Foreign Minister, Theophile Delcassé, would not even begin negotiations until he had sufficient military successes to insure dealing with the Germans from strength. As for England, the public had been so aroused by the invasion of Belgium that Grey must stand for terms which not only threw the Germans out of that little country but forced her to pay a stiff indemnity to Belgium for the wrong done.

House in Germany learned the Kaiser's government would not, and could not, give in to these Allied terms. He was informed that, since the campaign in Belgium had cost Germany "an infinite sacrifice of human lives," to pay an indemnity "would cause the most bitter feeling among our people"—and therefore such a payment was out of the question.

Clearly the diplomats had lost control of the situation—a

typical occurrence in wars. For now public opinion called the tune. The masses could not be trifled with. The sacrifice of literally millions of lives must result in some clearcut military accomplishment. The German government, for example, could not tell its citizens that it was sorry, as von Tippitz remarked, that "we had the game in our hands and played it wrong." Nor could the Allies say to their people that the Germans had admitted they couldn't checkmate Paris so it was time for each army to trot back home and wait for the next installment of the diplomatic sweepstakes—which, illogical as it may have sounded, would have been the most sensible course of action.

It was exactly as Colonel House put in a cable he sent to Wilson from Berlin on March 20, 1915:

The people in both Germany and England have been led to expect much more than is possible of realization. Neither government can fulfill these expectations. If they attempted to make peace upon a different basis from that which the people have been led to believe will ultimately come about, there is a possibility that the governments would be overthrown. That is the real trouble now. Just how it can be overcome, is the question.

The purpose of House's trip had been to start peace proceedings along lines favorable to the Allies. Now it was obvious to Wilson that he must continue along the line of victory through military conquest. The torpedoing of the British liner, *Lusitania*, on May 7, 1915 gave him an excellent opportunity to thrust forward.

The thought of war came instantly when Wilson learned of the sinking. "In God's name," he exclaimed to Tumulty when they learned 128 Americans were among the 1200 dead men, women, and children, "how could any nation calling itself civilized purpose so horrible a thing?" Yet when he thought about sending a war message to Congress, he reconsidered. He had seen something of the effects of war while growing up in the South after Sherman had come through, and he knew that the people must be solidly

behind a leader in order to sustain them through the difficult times that war occasioned. "I am not sure whether the present emotionalism of the country would last long enough," he confessed to Tumulty.

And it was well that Wilson hesitated, for not only did a hurried analysis of a thousand newspaper editorials indicate that less than one percent were for war, but Democratic leaders reported to Wilson that he could probably not obtain passage of a declaration even if he had been so bold as to push for one. In addition, Secretary Bryan quickly discovered that the *Lusitania* had carried 4200 cases of cartridges and ammunition valued at \$152,000. "Germany has a right," Bryan announced, "to prevent contraband going to the Allies." Furthermore, "a ship carrying contraband should not rely upon passengers to protect her from attack—it would be like putting women and children in front of an army."

For these reasons Wilson was forced to content himself with pursuing the line established with his "strict accountability" doctrine. With this in mind, he sent a note to the German government virtually demanding it end its attacks on unarmed merchantmen. When the German answer was evasive, he prepared a second note which, in its original draft, was so strong that Secretary of State Bryan resigned rather than sign it. A third note followed, and then the Kaiser caved in. On August 26, 1915, while Tirpitz fumed "it is hard to credit that we shall eat humble-pie," Wilhelm ordered the total abandonment of unrestricted submarine operations against passenger vessels.

To those who did not know the President's fierce predisposition toward Great Britain, his policy of avoiding war over the *Lusitania* seemed weak, if not downright cowardly. But about this time a British editorial appeared which Wilson saved to show Tumulty several years later. The writer, Wilson stressed, "seemed, without consulting me or ever conferring with me, to know just what I am driving at."

Mr. Wilson's patience, [went the editorial] now derided and criticized, will inevitably be the means by which he will lead his

people by easy stages to the side of the Allies. By his methods of patience and apparent subservience to Germany, he will convince the whole American people that no other course save war is possible.

Here again was the President nudging his nation forward so it could go "in with a whoop."

On October 17, 1915 Wilson took his third, and one of his longest, steps toward eventual war. While the Kaiser was doing everything in his power to bend before Wilson's very un-neutral demands, the American president was encouraging Colonel House in a plan that would hold its own against any of Europe's most Machiavellian deals. House dispatched a remarkable letter to Edward Grey in which he suggested that the time had come for the United States to assume a forceful role in bringing a general peace—carefully qualifying the word "peace" to conform to "the lines you and I have so often discussed"—or, in other words, a peace advantageous to the Allies. With America in this manner secretly committed to the Allied cause, House would go to Berlin and inform the Germans that "it was the President's purpose to intervene and stop this destructive war." Should either Germany or the Allies refuse this attempt at mediation, the United States would "probably" enter the war on the other side.

Edward Grey was quick to see that this amateur bit of diplomatic trickery would not fool the Germans into believing Wilson had the slightest intention in coming in on their side should the Allies refuse his mediation. Therefore Grey held off his reply, instead regarding what became known as the House-Grey Memorandum to be as firm a commitment to eventual war as was his own note to Cambon. This commitment was to color British dealings with Wilson from that time forward.

By early 1916 Germany was suffering acutely from lack of supplies. It was as the British Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill, said: "Germany is like a man throttled with a heavy gag." Thus, desperate to make England writhe in a similar stranglehold, on February 10th the Kaiser announced his U-Boats

would intensify their actions against armed merchant ships—neutral as well as British.

Had Wilson been determined on a peaceful course, he would have issued a stern warning for all Americans to keep off armed merchant ships bound for the war zone. Not only did he refuse to do this, but, through his new Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, he announced that Germany would still be held strictly accountable for whatever catastrophies ensued.

This unreasonable attitude irked members of Wilson's own party. One of the most vocal of these was Thomas Gore, a blind senator from Oklahoma. Gore could not stomach the fact that any irresponsible American venturing into an obviously dangerous area could "plunge this Republic into the European carnival of slaughter." Furthermore, said Gore in the Senate on March 2, 1916, "I believe that the 100,000,000 American citizens have a right to be protected against such recklessness . . ." Thus Gore aided by Jeff McLemore in the House, introduced a resolution to deny passports to Americans bent on travelling into the war zone.

Wilson took his fourth step toward war when he chose to fight the Gore-McLemore Resolution.

Wilson put his entire prestige on the line to combat what Tumulty referred to as the "sinister purpose on the part of German sympathizers in this country to give Germany full sway on the high seas in order that she might be permitted to carry on her unlawful and inhuman submarine warfare." (Actually the use of submarine was far less lethal than the vicious weapons used on the Western front.)

Wilson's lieutenants began working on the Congressmen—and it was an uphill battle, for Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, estimated that Congress was at that time for the resolution by a two to one margin. Yet Wilson's firm pressure, as well as a highly publicized open letter he sent to the Chairman of the powerful Senate Committee on Foreign Relations (in which he stressed that politically sacred cause, the "honour and self-respect of the nation,") enabled him to have the important resolution disposed of to his satisfaction.

Wilson's belligerent attitude caused Germany to back down a second time—although the German Foreign Office stated that the submarine campaign would remain checked only on the condition that England would likewise “observe the rules of international law”—particularly with regards to food shipments. Wilson accepted the German action, but did not use the gigantic American economic power to bring the Allies around (Britain and France were greatly dependent on America for supplies, and just the serious threat of an arms embargo or even a restriction on credit would have given them serious thoughts about continuing the war.) But the Allies could afford to ignore Wilson's moralistic preachings about the sacred rights of neutrals on the high seas—for the House-Grey Memorandum had given them definite proof that the American government was firmly committed to an Allied victory.

Wilson's fifth and most obvious step toward war was taken at this time when he endorsed the preparedness campaign that had been manifesting itself by an increasing number of large scale parades and demonstrations across the country. He called for a huge expansion in both the army and navy—and, against the fervent opposition of Bryan and an important segment of the Democratic Party, he obtained passage of the National Defense Act in June 1916. In order to secure reelection, however, he permitted his party to brandish the misleading slogan: “He kept us out of war”—misleading in that it distinctly, and quite falsely, intimated to the peace-loving majority that Wilson intended to keep them permanently out of the war.

Had the country known how deeply Wilson's policies had involved America in the Allied cause, there is not the slightest chance he could have defeated the Republican candidate, Charles Evans Hughes, highly respected Supreme Court justice. Even as it was Hughes went to bed believing he was the new President.

By the time the November 1916 election was over, the situation in Germany was at a crisis stage, for the British blockade was inexorably strangling her. Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg had

been begging Wilson to propose some sort of peace parley ever since May. Wilson had indicated he would do this after the elections, but at that very moment British public opinion, inflamed by the powerful Northcliffe press against the supposedly lackadaisical prosecution of the war, had forced the retirement of Prime Minister Asquith, who took with him Sir Edward Grey. David Lloyd George was the new head of government, and, since he was a fiery advocate of the "knockout blow," it was clear to Wilson that Britain would not tolerate any peace offer except a complete German surrender. Therefore Wilson weakly abandoned his plan.

Bethmann, however, did not. Although the Allies claimed they were fighting German militarism, the civilians were still in control—von Tirpitz had even been forced out of the government! But, with Germany's home front frantic either for peace or an all out offensive to end the fighting, Bethmann knew that if he did not obtain at least the first step toward a full-fledged peace meeting, the Kaiser would have no choice except to turn the war over to the hotspurs. So on December 12, 1916 Bethmann made a major bid for peace.

But the Chancellor's offer was scornfully rejected by the Allies. "Any man or set of men," Lloyd George stormed, "who abandoned the struggle without achieving the high purpose [?] for which they entered the war would be guilty of the costliest act of foolery ever perpetrated by any statesman." Thereby did the British Prime Minister insure not only the forthcoming death of hundreds of thousands more men, but of the rise of Hitler and a second and even more gruesome war.

A few days later Wilson belatedly came out with his own offer. "The objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same," he announced with a momentary bit of clear-headedness. But Wilson had long lost any leverage with the British. They had seen him moving toward war—with his approval of Allied loans, his hard "strict accountability" submarine line, his endorsement of the House-Grey Memorandum, his defeat of the Gore Resolution, and his passage of the National Defense Act. The peace offer went unheeded.

In truth Wilson had boxed his country up. Skillfully (and with the aid of the British Northcliffe press, from which America obtained nearly all its accounts of the war,) he had made the torpedo seem to be a menace to the very existence of his nation. It represented the unquenchable lust for world domination of the barbaric Hun.

But what would have been the results of the German victory that so terrorized Wilson? From a letter by Ambassador von Bernstorff to Colonel House on January 31, 1917 and a telegram by Ambassador Gerard to Secretary of State Lansing four days later, we learn that Germany, should she win, would want commercial control over Belgium, the retention of Alsace-Lorraine, colonies "adequate to her population and economic interest," a navy large enough to free her from potential British strangulation, and the payment of indemnities "for the German business concerns and private persons who suffered by the war."

None of these seem to be out of line. Germany with her highly efficient and expanding economy would have gained economic control of Belgium anyway. As for Alsace-Lorraine, Germany had as much right as France to the small territory, and, besides, exactly who owned it would have had little if any effect on American security. Germany could not be chastised for wanting colonies, for it was an imperialistic age. Britain was fat with colonies in Africa, India, Asia—and unhappy Ireland, too, where toasts were drunk to "God Save the Kaiser." France had Algeria, a huge band in central Africa, as well as Indochina, (now Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.) But within a generation imperialism was on the way out, and eventually Germany would have seen that it was wiser, both economically and militarily, to leave the new nations to themselves. As for indemnities, they were certainly justified, since, as we have seen, the war was forced upon Germany by the deliberate plans of France and Russia.

A German victory would have left her dominant on the continent. But would this have been such a catastrophe? Certainly Britain's old policy of maintaining an ever-struggling balance of power among many contending states was not conducive to stable or peaceful international relations. The Germans may have tended

to lord it over her neighbors, but no more so than other world leaders had done: Great Britain, for example, in India, and the United States in Latin America. Even so, with only 67,000,000 population, Germany would have been in no position to extend the mailed fist indefinitely over a British, French, Russian, Italian, Scandinavian, etc. population which outnumbered her many times over—to say nothing of seriously challenging the United States in a land war in the Western Hemisphere.

But Wilson, flooding the Allies with lifesaving supplies, forced a desperate Germany to declare unrestricted submarine warfare on February 1, 1917—her only hope being to sink Britain before American intervention could become effective.

In five well chosen steps Wilson had, therefore, manipulated events to the point where Germany would be the aggressor. And so when American lives began to be lost at sea early in 1917, it was natural for the nation to rise up in anger.

There was now no doubt for most citizens that America had a right to defend herself to the utmost. "The national conscience is clear," proclaimed a New York editorial. "In all the records of history there will be found no other example of a great and powerful nation exerting such effort and making such sacrifices to keep the peace . . ." In the Cabinet Secretary of the Interior, Franklin Lane, said, "We can stand Germany's insolence and murderous policy no longer." And Elihu Root, prominent Republican, roared, "It is either war or it is submission to oppression."

At last Wilson found a clamor and a whoop for war. Did Germany dare insult our honor and expect no retaliation? Hearing the belligerent outcry at last, Wilson confided to Tumulty "from the very beginning I saw the end of this horrible thing."

Wilson's war message to Congress was a magnificent speech. "In all my experience," Secretary Lansing said, "there was no incident so thrilling, so intense, so profoundly moving." Wilson stood before the jam-packed joint houses and proclaimed: "We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy . . . liberties of small nations . . . universal dominion of right . . . make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

It was stirring—as war speeches generally are. As Wilson ended, the hall rang with applause. He was loved at last.

But when Wilson was back in his chambers, he realized what he had done. He, the idealist whose greatest desire was to aid his fellow men, had almost single handedly led his people into a war where thousands of human beings would die—some most horribly. As Tumulty watched, "the President drew his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped away great tears that stood in his eyes, and then laying his head on the Cabinet table, sobbed as if he had been a child."

The Glamour and the Reality of Battle

Both Houses of Congress were charged with emotion as debate began on Wilson's war message. Many Congressmen felt the lust for righteous battle. "This war is a war, as I see it, against barbarism," Senator Henry Cabot Lodge thundered from the Republican side of the floor. "We enter this war to unite with those who are fighting the common foe in order to preserve human freedom, democracy, and modern civilization." And Senator William E. Borah, liberal Republican, ranted: "Our commerce has been destroyed; our ships have been driven from the ocean; our people have been drowned or left to perish upon the midnight sea . . . our own national security, our own national honor . . . justify me in voting for a declaration of war."

But there were others who tamed their emotions. They saw the conflict in a manner that was detached from the rousing yet meaningless platitude of national honor. "No invasion [of the United States] is threatened," reasoned Democrat Claude Kitchin, respected House Majority Leader. "Not a foot of our territory is demanded or coveted. No essential honor is required to be sacrificed." Although he admitted submarine warfare was "ruthless and brutal," he insisted it "is not aimed directly at us. . . . The whole aim and purpose and effort are directed at a powerful enemy with which [Germany] is in a life and death struggle. . . ." All we had to do to keep out of the war with Germany, Kitchin continued, with simple accuracy, was prohibit our ships and

citizens from venturing into the hostile zone. The real reason for the war with Germany, said the Congressional leader, was to extract some sort of primitive vengeance on her for the deaths of those few foolish Americans who had exposed themselves unnecessarily to danger.

Just as vocal was Fred A. Britten, Illinois Republican. "Will anyone in the House seriously say that we have been neutral?" he queried. "We ourselves are largely responsible for being drawn into this war. Our lack of firmness and failure to deal with England, Italy, France, and Japan just as we would deal with Austria and Germany has brought about the condition of today." Britten seriously questioned whether the Congressmens' constituents actually wanted them to vote for war: "The truth of the matter is that 90 per cent of your people and mine do not want this declaration . . ."

Yet there was a vast ground swell impelling Congress toward war—a quiet hysteria, if you will. To vote against the declaration would, in the words of Senator Lodge, show a lamentable "national cowardice." Patriotism! . . . the Call to the Colors! . . . the War to End Wars!—were catch-phrases which made spines tingle. America would show the Kaiser what it meant to provoke a peace-loving nation!

The fervent clamor to defend the motherland carried all before it. "There is something in the air, gentlemen," Fred Britten warned, ". . . something stronger than you and I can realize or resist, that seems to be picking us up bodily and literally forcing us to vote for this declaration of war when away down deep in our hearts we are just as opposed to it as are our people back home. . . ."

But on April 4th, 1917 the Senate decided for war, 82 to 6. And, when two days later, the House confirmed the declaration 373 to 50, America's entry into a conflict about which she neither understood nor had anything to gain was a fact.

At first there was a deluding glamour about it. Americans pictured themselves as a kind of fresh football team being rushed

in to save the game. "Over there, over there," went the rousing song, "Send the word, send the word, over there. That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming. Their drums hum-drumming everywhere!"

With America now the acknowledged Savior, a martial feeling spread over the nation. Wilson rammed a Selective Service Act through Congress, although Speaker Champ Clark, who but for Bryan's politicizing might have been President himself, grumbled that "there is precious little difference between a conscript and a convict." And, while Senator James Reed, remembering the Civil War draft riots, predicted that the streets would run red with blood on June 5th, registration day, the creation of a mass army proceeded with order and alacrity. Nearly 700,000 young men were called up in the first draft—to be added to the 400,000 already in the armed forces. But even before this impressive array of manhood was trained and equipped, the first contingents of the regular army were disembarking in France.

It was June 13, 1917—barely two months after Congress had declared war—that American newspaper readers were reveling vivid dispatches, such as one which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and described the landing of American troops at Boulogne, France. "Military bands, massed on the quay, blared out the American National Anthem as the ship was wharfed alongside the dock. Other ships in the busy harbour began blowing whistles and ringing bells; loaded troop and hospital ships lying nearby burst forth in cheering."

As General John J. Pershing, the American chief, proceeded to Paris, he was accorded a triumphant entry. Crowds packed the sidewalks, and from every balcony grateful women and children disbursed cascades of flowers and bits of colored paper. America was the savior of Western civilization! Frenchmen cried for joy, American readers learned, and those of the crowd who spoke English yelled out "Come on, you Yanks!" or "Now let's get 'em!" or "Eat 'em up, Uncle Sam!"

Ah, the glory of war! General Pershing's motorcade stopped at the Hotel Crillon, but soon the General appeared on the balcony. With the throng shouting deliriously below, Pershing caught a

French flag that was fluttering close by and pressed it to his lips. The cheering and shrieking were such that the *Tribune* correspondent called it a most "tremendous, unforgettable incident."

But even this was not the highlight of America's dramatic entry into European wars. Several days later Pershing went to the Picpus cemetery just outside Paris. He walked to a tomb and placed upon one of the marble slabs a great wreath of pink and white roses. After that he stepped back and removed his cap. Bright sunlight dazzled down on his smartly brushed grey hair. He looked solemnly at the grave while newsmen hovered close by. Then, with supreme dignity and deep feeling, he uttered four all-meaning words: "Lafayette, we are here."

For all the rhetoric John Pershing and his paltry 14,500 men were not enough to make the Germans tremble, for they were on the verge of complete victory. The reason was that the Russians after losing a million men due to an ill-planned offensive in 1916, had utterly fallen apart. Sazonov had resigned in disgrace and revolution had broken out. In March of the next year the Tsar was forced to abdicate and by late autumn, 1917, Nikolai Lenin and his Bolsheviks were in control. Lenin begged England and France to conclude an armistice on the basis of no territorial annexations and no indemnities—but they refused. The Bolsheviks then arranged a separate armistice with Germany which, on March 3, 1918 resulted in the vindictive Treaty of Brest-Litovsk—whereby Russia lost the vast Ukraine, her richest province. With Russia out of the way, Germany at last was free to concentrate all her troops in France. At nearly the same time, the Germans decided to break England by unrestricted submarine warfare.

The Kaiser had been misled by his naval advisors, particularly von Tirpitz, into believing that the torpedo could starve England into submission before America was able to turn the tide. While at first the U-boats were sinking ships at such a rate that Ambassador Page in London cabled Wilson: "There is food enough here to last the civil population only not more than six weeks or two months," the convoy system and the laying of a mine reef across the submarine route through the North Sea (both pushed by Wilson) resulted in such a dramatic drop in the

submarines' effectiveness that not only was Britain saved but not a single American troop transport was sunk on the slow eastward voyage.

Pershing had demanded a million American soldiers in France by May, 1918, and although inevitable foul-ups on the home front had hindered mobilization, it was clear to the German High Command that by mid-summer at least sufficient Yanks would be in France to permanently alter the situation.

Therefore General Erich Ludendorff, the severe and solitary genius who now guided the German war machine, hurriedly marshaled 192 divisions against 173 Allied divisions and launched his do-or-die offensive on March 21, 1918. The point chosen was the hinge between the British operating in the north and the French in the south and east.

The Germans battered 40 miles through the British and only a little more pressure might have resulted in a catastrophe for the Allies. But, with the timely aid of French reserves, the British managed to hold.

This caused Ludendorff to adopt a new plan. In order to draw off the French reserves preparatory for a death blow at the British, Ludendorff hit French positions around Soissons. Using smoke to screen his actions, Ludendorff took the French by surprise and by June 1st his troopers were nearly at Chateau-Thierry, a picturesque town on the Marne only 50 miles from Paris. At this point the Americans made their first important move.

A fleet of French cabs rushed the Americans to the front. On their way they saw the true face of Wilson's war in the pathetic people streaming around them. "One line was going away from the front," wrote Marine Joseph Feingold, "homeless, hungry, and exhausted. French soldiers were also going back, broken in health and wounded. Not soldiers like our men, young and healthy, but old veterans of the war; old men, for the young ones were at the front or dead."

On June 4th the Americans faced the Germans, who were deeply entrenched in a small copse called Belleau Wood. The German High Command had decided to make this a testing ground, hoping to defeat the green troops and thereby lower the morale

of all the Americans. The Americans, on the other hand, were eager to prove their mettle. And so the order went out to attack:

Brother "Billy" and I were of the first 1,250 to go "over the top" [wrote doughboy Joyce Lewis]. Eight hundred of these were either killed or wounded almost before we got started. I saw Major Berry killed, and shortly thereafter "Billy" went down. . . . The first bullet hit him in the top of the head and others lower down as he fell.

In the charge, I got within fifty feet of the German machine-gun nests when a bullet plowed through the top of my skull. It was a bad wound, by no means healed today, five months later. As I lay there I could plainly see the German gunners and hear them talking. They could see I was not dead and I watched them as they prepared to finish me. They reloaded their gun and turned it on me. The first three bullets went through my legs and hip and the rest splashed up dust and dirt around my head and body.

Fortunately for the writer, a buddy braved the machine guns and carried the wounded man part way back to the American lines. But the Germans, spotting them, opened fire again. The two Yanks, however, threw up a gruesome barricade of dead comrades, and later made it to safety.

They were dying everywhere at Belleau Wood. Ray Baker, on special assignment from the State Department, found a "fine-looking young fellow" with both legs nearly shot off lying on grimy cobblestones. "He looked around at me once—wistfully. Then he was dead." It was an unnerving experience for Baker, who "could not get the sight or the thought of that boy out of my mind, indeed out of my very soul."

However, Belleau Wood was an American victory. The ground was also covered with dead Germans, and one Yank writing home complained that he felt "somewhat nauseated from the odor of decayed bodies." A captured copy of a German intelligence report confirmed the fact that the Americans had fought with courage and vigor, and that the blistering defense by some of the Kaiser's best troops had left "the nerves of the Americans . . . still unshaken . . ."

Although the American role in stopping Ludendorff's great offensive was minor, it showed the Germans the shape of things to come. French ports were jammed with troop transports, and soon the boast that "the Yanks are coming, their drums hum-drumming," was made good. By the first of July, 1918, the millionth American had disembarked, an astounding feat which completely destroyed Ludendorff's (and behind him the towering figure of Paul Von Hindenburg, Chief of Staff) hope of victory. "The race is now between von Hindenburg and Wilson," Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, had said when the German offensive was begun. To which Tumulty now proudly replied: "And Wilson won."

By August the Allies were taking the offensive. One of the first counter-thrusts was directed against the St. Mihiel salient. Here 550,000 Americans assembled to launch an attack which—irony of ironies—would help France recover Lorraine. On the chilly night of September 11th, the forward trenches filled with soldiers. They were grim and silent as they waited the word to go over the top. "Those rows of cold, shivering men", wrote an observer, "equipped with grenades and with bayonets fixed, crouching in the mud of the trenches and waiting for the crucial moment, is another sight we shall never forget. . . ."

The attack was so eminently successful that not only did the Americans take 15,000 prisoners while suffering a mere 9,000 casualties, but a young hotshot general named Douglas MacArthur out scouting on the night of the 13th actually walked right through the shattered German lines and into the outskirts of Metz, Lorraine's enemy-held capital!

On September 26th General Ferdinand Foch, Supreme Allied Commander, unleashed the Americans on the Argonne sector of the line—while at approximately the same time, the British attacked at Ypres, Belgium, in what was planned as a grand pincer movement.

Although 1,200,000 American troops were involved in the greatest array of power this nation had ever put on one field,

the going was slow, for, as General Pershing described it, the Argonne Forest was a "vast network of uncut barbwire. . . deep ravines, dense woods, [and] myriads of shell craters. . ." The Germans had had four years to entrench themselves, and, in addition, some steep, knobby hills which flanked the rugged Argonne uplands on the east formed natural fortifications which had to be scaled and taken before the Americans could continue their advance.

Nonetheless the attack inched forward. At night the men found themselves in miserable three foot holes they dug from the soggy earth: "We lived in those holes without fire . . . and with nothing over our heads . . . and it rained nearly half the time while the thermometer ranged from forty to sixty degrees. . ."

But not only the Allies were suffering. A dark-haired corporal named Adolph Hitler, fighting with a Bavarian regiment, was wounded once—then had a second brush with death: "We had come under a drum fire of gas shells," he later wrote, "lasting several hours, which continued more or less violently throughout the entire night. Towards midnight a part of us passed out, some of our comrades forever. Towards morning I, too, was seized with pains which grew worse with every quarter hour, and at seven o'clock in the morning I stumbled and tottered rearwards with burning eyes. . . a few hours later the eyes had turned into burning coals; it had become dark around me."

Even more vivid than the account of the half-blinded corporal were the remembrances of Erich Remarque, who related his experiences in one of the greatest war stories of all time, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Here we see war stripped of the bands and yodeling heroics:

Our lines are falling back. There are too many fresh English and American regiments. . . We are emaciated and starved. Our food is so bad and mixed up with so much substitute stuff that it makes us ill . . . dysentery dissolves our bowels . . . the people at home ought to be shown these grey, yellow, miserable, wasted faces here, these bent figures from whose bodies the colic wrings out the blood. . .

Shells, gas clouds, and flotillas of tanks—shattering, starvation, death.

Dysentery, influenza, typhus—murder, burning, death.

Trenches, hospitals, the common grave—there are no other possibilities.

Generals Ludendorff and Hindenburg saw the hopelessness of the situation. On September 29th they informed the Kaiser that there must be an “immediate forwarding of the offer of peace to our enemies.” Thus on October 5th the new Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, sent a note to President Wilson (not, be it noted, to either Lloyd George or Clemenceau) in which he agreed to a cessation of hostilities on the basis of the widely heralded Fourteen Points which Wilson had announced nine months earlier in an effort to transform the war into something more than a senseless squabble for territory and prestige.

Certain of the Fourteen Points, nonetheless, were devastating, for the Central Powers. The Turkish and Austro-Hungarian Empires were to be broken up. An independent Poland was to be established out of German and Russian lands. Germany would be allowed no foothold in Belgium but instead would have to compensate both that country and France for war damage. And Alsace-Lorraine, with its rich coal mines, would become French.

But there were other stipulations which both raised the war to a higher plane and antagonized the Allies. Freedom of the seas in wartime as well as peacetime was a direct challenge to Great Britain. Both Britain and France were offended by the call for a review of the colonial system. In addition, other Points forbade the victors to absorb any portions of dismembered Austria or Turkey; instead the former captive nationalities should be free to form countries of their own. And lastly, there was no mention of German guilt for the war. Instead, Germany should be able to join in a general association of nations which would thereafter end forever the threat of war.

After a rather lengthy exchange of notes with the Germans and detailed discussions with leaders in England and France

(during which time the Kaiser abdicated and fled to the Netherlands) Wilson informed the Germans that Marshal Foch would receive their representatives in the railroad car which was his movable headquarters. And there, at 5:15 on the morning of November 11th, 1918, the Armistice was signed.

The armies had known that serious negotiations were going on. But the fighting had continued and when the end finally came the soldiers' reaction was one of confusion. They found it almost impossible to comprehend that the terrible conflict for which they had been schooled to give their lives was actually over. Eleven o'clock that same morning was the hour at which the firing was officially to cease. Many men who found themselves behind the lines went to the front to observe his long-heralded time when the guns which had hurled terror and devastation for more than four years would at last stop. One of these men was Colonel Thomas R. Gowenlock, who later wrote a fitting finale to the War to End Wars. As eleven o'clock came the shelling grew even more violent: "It seemed to me that every battery in the world was trying to burn up its guns." Gradually, however, the firing stopped. Then an eerie quiet settled over the front. "As night came, the quietness, unearthly in its penetration, began to eat into their souls. . . . All were bewildered by the sudden meaninglessness of their existence. . . . the future was inconceivable."

Wilson's Idealism Breaks on the Reefs of Versailles

December 14, 1918 was mild and misty, and a huge crowd began to assemble along the Champs-Elysees. There was a festive tang to the air as mounted honor guards clattered down the street. Police and soldiers lined the curbs, yet they let some Parisians through to hang huge banners across the route of march. "Vive Wilson" one read—and another: "Honor to Wilson the Just."

Ray Baker, standing with the masses, looked far up the Champs-Elysees toward the impressive Arc de Triomphe. He saw people everywhere, even in the trees and on the rooftops. At ten o'clock a large gun near him boomed and soon the advance cavalry thundered past. Then came Woodrow Wilson in the first carriage—with President Raymond Poincaré smiling at his side. Everyone cheered wildly as Wilson, his face ruddy and vigorous, passed by. Flowers were thrown—so many in fact that the President's carriage was nearly covered with blossoms.

American flags fluttered in uncountable thousands of hands. "Vive Wilson!" rang through the air. "Vive l'Amerique!"

Wilson's popularity was nearly unbelievable among the discouraged, war-weary inhabitants of Europe. Surely, they reasoned, such death, destruction, and suffering could not have been caused merely so France could recover Alsace-Lorraine or British merchants could control the sea lanes. Not even the squelching of "Prussian militarism" could comfort the families of the dead. Truly the losses had been staggering. Great Britain had suffered

three million men killed or wounded. France had been far more heavily hit, with four and a half million. And fierce little Serbia had paid for her nationalistic orgy with a loss of a third of her population! Altogether thirty million Europeans had died or been shot during the shocking affair.

For this reason the ordinary European adopted a passionate belief in Wilson's high-minded goals. At last a Messiah had come—a Messiah who would enable them to end forever the senseless blood-letting that had been Europe's unhappy lot for a thousand or more years. Ray Baker had found an all-but-mystical ardor around Wilson's name as he talked to the people or glanced at the innumerable portraits of Wilson appearing in shop windows. And in Italy, Baker was informed, such was Wilson's identification with the diety that holy candles were even kept burning beneath his picture in private homes!

European leaders, as well as the masses, were impressed with the power that Wilson held at this magical moment of destiny. "When President Wilson left Washington," wrote John Maynard Keynes, Britain's astute economist, "he enjoyed a prestige and a moral influence throughout the world unequaled in history." Moreover, Keynes continued, with the people believing in Wilson with a fanatic faith, with American armies at the height of their power, and with Europe dependent on America for food, "never had a philosopher held such weapons therewith to bind the princes of this world."

But Wilson had been caught in his own mythological lotus land. Reason and good would conquer, he believed, if only given a chance. He had no realization of the force that nationalism exerted—a force that altered reason and good to fit into national goals. Wilson was beguiled by his conviction that the nations could sit calmly around a conference table in a post-war League of Nations and reach amicable agreements that would forever abolish war. Yet he had been warned beforehand what to expect. "The men who are in control both in France and England," Ray Baker had cautioned him, "... distrust the whole idea of a true League of Nations. They are far more interested in trade preferences and enlarged territory after the war; they believe in disarm-

ment for other nations but not for themselves; what they really want is a new world domination with themselves and ourselves dominating . . .”

Although Wilson in Paris had with him such knowledgeable men as Ray Baker himself, Colonel House, John Foster Dulles, and Bernard Baruch, he was in the end unable to cope with the blistering horde of nationalists which descended upon him. “Every nation and every nationality was represented by petitioners in Paris,” Baruch wrote. “All of them were scheming and squabbling, seeking their own advantage at the expense of the principles upon which Wilson hoped to create a peace.” With the breakup of the Austro-Hungarian, Turkish, and Russian empires and the wild talk of a reparations bonanza from Germany, the treaty conference was constantly disrupted by Poles, Czechs, Serbs, Armenians, Ukrainians, Syrians, and many other formerly down-trodden groups seeking national recognition on the basis of Wilson’s Fourteen Points. Such was the clamor that leaders of the Big Three countries—the United States, Great Britain, and France—had virtually no alternative except to meet secretly in order to discuss matters in a calmer atmosphere.

The place chosen was Wilson’s residence. Here, as they sat in a semicircle before the great fireplace, Wilson did battle with the Tiger: Georges Clemenceau, the French Premier.

Clemenceau had always been a fiery individual. In his youth he had spent a term in prison for his revolutionary tendencies and later he terrorized his social peers with his reckless delight in duelling. He had gained fame through his newspaper and had served a long term in the Senate. In 1917, with the French war effort faltering, President Poincaré summoned the tough journalist-politician to the Premiership. Clemenceau ran the office to suit himself, much to Poincaré’s dismay. But he was able to marshal public opinion to support the war with such well-turned, chauvinistic utterances as: “The day will come when from Paris to the smallest village in France storms of cheers will welcome our victorious colors tattered by shell-fire and drenched with blood and tears—the glorious memorials of our great dead.” He rode roughshod over the Chamber of Deputies, for to every questioning

of his actions, he retorted with the blunt, unanswerable explanation: "Je fais la guerre."—"I make war."

Wilson was no match for the dogged Tiger. The short, squat little Frenchman with his hands always encased in gray gloves insisted that Wilson, with his brittle theories, did not understand the give and take of international politics—as indeed he didn't. "There is only one thing [the Germans] know—this is force," Clemenceau insisted, according to Baruch. The League amused him. "Do you imagine that the formula of a League of Nations is going to solve everything?" he had asked idealists in the Chamber of Deputies earlier. As for Wilson's high-minded war aims, Clemenceau is supposed to have chuckled: "God gave us His Ten Commandments and we broke them. Wilson gave us his Fourteen Points—We shall see!"

Although David Lloyd George, the other member of the Big Three, did not fight Wilson with Clemenceau's tenacity, he was in his own genial, slippery manner just as dead an adversary. Lloyd George was a politician from the tips of his shiny black shoes to the top of his long Welch hair. Before the war he had been opposed to Britain's becoming embroiled in a bloody battle to help the French and Russians sate their lust for territory. But when the political pendulum swung in the opposite direction, he adjusted his beliefs to fit the new popular temper.

Even members of the British delegation could not stomach Lloyd George's flip-flops. John Maynard Keynes claimed that Lloyd George's irresponsible promises to the British voters during an election he unwisely called just before the Paris meetings were responsible for the disastrous treaty which followed. Sliding between his conscience and his election promises, Lloyd George reminded many of "a greased marble spinning on a glass table top." And Ray Baker complained the British Prime Minister was for any cause that was popular at the moment. "He rides exuberantly upon the crest of every wave. He has no yesterday and no tomorrow."

With Clemenceau constantly butting forward and Lloyd George slipping around him, Wilson began giving way. Whereas the Fourteen Points seemed so firm in the abstract, when sub-

mitted to the corrosive reagents of actuality, they melted like sugar. Point One, open covenants, had already been negated by the secret conferences of the Big Three. Point Two, freedom of the seas, was summarily rejected by Britain, to whom an ocean blockade was the mainstay of her defense. Point Three, removal of most tariffs, was a dead matter—as was Point Four, a guaranteed reduction of armaments for all.

Points Five through Thirteen dealt mainly with territories. Whereas Wilson had stated that Russia, then in the throes of a Communist revolution, should have the right to determine her own future, he joined in an invasion of her Pacific provinces along with Japan, Britain, France, and Italy. Although he had stated that the non-Turkish portions of the old Ottoman Empire should have autonomous development, he permitted Britain and France to further their imperialistic designs by snatching “mandates” over Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, and Iraq. And although the peoples of the Austro-Hungarian Empire were also to be permitted autonomous development, when Austria evidenced a strong desire to be united with Germany, Wilson ignored the economic necessity for this rump state to merge with a larger, more stable entity and agreed to Clemenceau’s denial of this request.

In other respects, too, the ideal of national self-determination was not followed. Italy was to have a frontier “along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.” But for defensive purposes a great section of the Tyrol was lopped off—whereby 200,000 Germans were shoved into Italy against their wishes. The same thing happened in Poland, which dominated the supposedly free city of Danzig, wherein were 300,000 more unwilling Germans.

But worst of all was the Big Three’s final interpretation of the clauses which called for the restoration of the devastated portions of France and Belgium. Wilson had later amplified restoration to mean compensation by Germany for “all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and to their property”—furthermore there should be absolutely “no punitive damages.” It was on this basis that the German government had accepted the armistice.

Soon, however, the politicians began using reparations to cover a fantastic amount of damages. Lloyd George had gone along with his party, one of whose members had roared he would strip Germany of all her gold and silver, her jewels, and the contents of her picture-galleries and libraries in order to sell the proceeds to help pay for the war. "I will squeeze her until you can hear the pips squeak," the rabble-rouser had bellowed; and soon Lloyd George was publicly committed to the policy.

Clemenceau, too, was hostage to political pressure. The Chamber of Deputies refused to vote for taxes to cover the gigantic war debt—insisting the Germans should cough up the entire amount. Plaques began appearing on the walls of Paris buildings proclaiming "Let Germany Pay First." And when segments of the French populace thought their Premier was weakening, not only did they demonstrate against him, but an actual assassination was attempted—the result of which left the seventy-seven year old Tiger subject to hard coughing fits.

It was true, however, that reparations were a legitimate spoil of victory. After the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans had forced the equivalent of \$2.5 billion from the defeated French. In the vastly more destructive World War Keynes estimated that a fair reparation would be \$10 billion—a figure which Baruch, his opposite number on the American Economic Council, raised mentally to between \$12 and \$15 billion. However, the Allied politicians were greedy, as well as fearful of their own futures, and more than actual damages, everything was thrown in, including pensions to veterans! The figure soared so high that one British official suggested the fantastic figure of \$120 billion—at which point Baruch quipped "Let us all take a trip to the moon."

The problem of securing reparation payments from the defeated nation was complicated by the fact that the Allies had determined to make her economically impotent. Thus when Germany lost Alsace-Lorraine, she gave up 75% of her iron ore supply and 25% of her steel foundries. When Upper Silesia with its German majority was partitioned so that Poland received nearly all the coal mines, Germany lost a quarter of this fuel so vital for her industry. In addition, the important coal mines of

the Saar were ceded outright to the French. When these facts were combined with the demand that Germany had to give to the Allies her entire merchant fleet, also 5000 locomotives, and in addition pay for the cost of maintaining the occupying armies, it would seem clear to all that the Allies would be lucky to receive any reparations at all. Indeed, Keynes, storming out of the conference in disgust, hurriedly published his classic *Economic Consequences of the Peace* in which he boldly stated that "Germany, so far from having a surplus wherewith to make a foreign payment, would be not nearly self-supporting."

The economists' arguments, however, carried no weight with Clemenceau, whose only concern was to protect his country by utterly crushing Germany. The final draft of the Treaty included a Reparations Commission which was to determine the final figure after further investigation—a sum which was ultimately set at an impossibly high \$34.5 billion. And, in order to justify the reparations, Germany was forced to admit to the sole responsibility for starting the conflict—the infamous "war guilt clause."

As stories began to leak out concerning Wilson's backsliding, he started to lose popularity. Joseph Tumulty, minding the shop in Washington, was dismayed to see the opposition gaining strength. Whereas on the last day of 1918 he could wire Wilson: "Country ready to back you up when you ask for its support. Everything fine here", by January 6th he was warning: "Lodge and leading Republicans constantly attacking." On January 16th Tumulty advised that the "newspapers [are] filled with stories this morning of critical character . . ." And two months later he cautioned: "There is great danger to you in the present situation."

Wilson was fighting as best he could. But with his idealistic view of the glorious purpose of the American participation in the war, Wilson found it difficult to transfer his thoughts to the nitty-gritty problems at hand. To make matters even more difficult, he had a serious sickness which at the time was thought to be influenza—but which is now deemed to have been a thrombosis—a clotting of blood in the brain. He had indigestion, nausea,

profuse diarrhea, and a convulsive cough. He couldn't sleep. His left eye fluttered out of control. "Situation serious," his physician, Dr. Cary Grayson, wired Tumulty on April 4, 1919. And although the President recovered, unbeknown to his associates his brain had been permanently damaged. He was thenceforth irritable and suspicious, and his entire physical appearance began to decay.

Nevertheless, the Conference had to continue. Wilson before coming to Paris had confided to Tumulty that his trip to Europe would "either be the greatest success or the supreme tragedy in all history," and now, as he saw disaster stalking him, he resolved to place all his hopes for the future, not on the whole Treaty, but on the League of Nations, which was included at his insistence. Any unfairness about the Treaty could then be adjusted in the League. In addition, the League would insure that there would be no more big wars—thus vindicating the President—for Article X obligated the members to guarantee the territorial integrity and political independence of all other members. And so, with his faith in the League blinding him to all the other defects, Wilson signed the harsh Treaty.

"When the Treaty of Versailles was printed," wrote Lincoln Steffens, popular journalist who was in Paris at the invitation of Colonel House, "the world was shocked. Nobody expected it to be so bad as it was." There was considerable doubt that the German delegation would even sign what Keynes was referring to as the "Carthaginian Peace." But the Germans had no choice. The British blockade had been maintained with such effectiveness that large numbers of German men, women, and children were actually starving.

Thus, in the words of Bernard Baruch, "on June 28th, the last act in the great drama was played in the crowded Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. In the center of that magnificent chamber, at a horseshoe table, sat Clemenceau, flanked by Wilson and Lloyd George. On a table nearby rested the document on which so much labor had been expended. I stood in the hushed audience as the sound of bugles ushered in the two German plenipotentiaries. They signed the Treaty."

However, it was one thing for Wilson to put his name to the Treaty and another to have the United States Senate ratify it. Leading the opposition was Henry Cabot Lodge, the strong-willed Republican Majority Leader from Massachusetts. During the war Lodge and Wilson had had stiff differences of opinion. Once the President had even refused to sit on the same platform with the Senator. Lodge had said he never expected to hate anyone as much as he hated the President.

But Lodge's objection to the League was not all a personal vendetta against Wilson. In a speech before the Senate on August 12, 1919 Lodge voiced some quite pertinent objections to Article X, which called on the League members to enforce the peace. With the Treaty containing so many questionable divisions of territory, "American troops and American ships," warned Lodge, "may be ordered to any part of the world by nations other than the United States" with the sole purpose of protecting the land-grabs of Poland and the newly enlarged territories of the British and French empires. As Lodge saw it: "Whatever may be said, it is not a league of peace; it is an alliance, dominated at the present moment by [three] great powers . . ." And in this he was correct, for France and Britain valued the League primarily as a means of keeping the United States actively in support of their questionable foreign policies.

For these reasons a large number of senators were not willing to accept the League without Lodge's reservations as to American commitments. But Wilson was blinded both by his hatred for Lodge and his fervent conviction that America had a holy mission to lead the world—a myopic vision shared by many other American presidents. Our destiny, Wilson proclaimed "has come about by no plan of our conceiving, but by the hand of God. . . . America shall in truth show the way. The light streams upon the path ahead, and nowhere else." He would accept no compromise whatsoever!

With advisors warning him that he did not have the numerical strength to ram the Treaty through the Senate without accepting the Lodge reservations, Wilson, pinning all on his oratorical abilities, decided to carry his message over the senators' heads to

the people themselves in a barnstorming campaign through the West and Midwest.

When Tumulty tried to dissuade him from the trip (for it was obvious the President had not recovered from his ordeal in Paris,) Wilson retorted that "even though, in my condition, it might mean the giving up of my life, I will gladly make the sacrifice to save the Treaty." But Wilson had more in mind than the Treaty. With his brain possibly deranged from his thrombosis, he wished to lash out and destroy the forces of evil which challenged him. It was as Tumulty said: he was "grimmer and grimmer in his determination, like an old warrior, to fight to the end."

His second wife Edith accompanied him, although, as she later commented, the trip was "one long nightmare." They set out on the evening of September 3, 1919 in a seven car train—the President's blue-painted car the last in line. By noon the next day they were in Columbus, Ohio, where after two hours of hand-shaking and speech-making, they were back on the train for Indianapolis. There, before an unruly crowd attending the Indiana State Fair, Wilson shouted out another pro-League speech. Then on the train once more to reach St. Louis the next morning, where Wilson rode in a triumphant motorcade to the Hotel Statler, there to give another speech in a hall so filled with cigar smoke that the headache he had had all day grew more intense.

The next day he was in Kansas City. The intense Great Plains heat caused his headache to increase. His voice grew hoarse as he roared: "I have come to fight a cause, and that cause is greater than the United States Senate!" Three minutes shaking hands in St. Joseph, then off to Des Moines, where that evening he spoke before ten thousand persons in the Coliseum. The next day was Sunday: no speeches but greetings to the crowd milling outside the Central Presbyterian Church. At midnight they were off for Omaha.

And so the hectic schedule went. Sioux Falls . . . St. Paul . . . Bismark . . . Billings. His headache was always with him now. And he had serious asthma attacks. Helena . . . Spokane . . . Tacoma . . . Seattle. Speeches, hand-shaking, more speeches. People

constantly surged about him. And there was the jarring clatter of the train, and the acrid coal fumes from its engine. Portland . . . for a drive around the race track where thousands cheered. San Francisco . . . with the weather steamy and the crowds insistent. "They mean so well—but they are killing me," Wilson sighed. Nonetheless he couldn't give up—not with Senator Borah and other of Lodge's lieutenants calling out against the League as they trailed him.

Los Angeles . . . and at last back toward the East. Reno. A speech in Salt Lake City . . . where, along with fifteen thousand persons, he sweated in the torrid, unventilated Mormon Tabernacle. Here a heckler tossed barbs at him, and the President lost both his temper and his audience. Cheyenne . . . Denver . . . Pueblo.

At Pueblo the event that his private physician, Dr. Grayson, had feared happened. About four in the morning of September 26th Grayson roused Tumulty to inform him that the President was gravely ill.

Tumulty hurried to Wilson's car. The President was dressed but he was deathly pale and the left side of his face had fallen so that he could hardly talk. When Tumulty and Grayson insisted that the campaign must be canceled, great tears ran down Wilson's face. "Don't you see," the sick man mumbled, "that if you cancel this trip Senator Lodge and his friends will say that I am a quitter and that the Western trip was a failure, and the Treaty will be lost." But it was obvious that Wilson could not continue, so the train sped toward Washington.

Back in the White House the President continued to deteriorate. Soon his entire left side was paralyzed by the thrombosis. For days he teetered on the brink of death. Slowly, however, his condition improved slightly. By November he could dictate, although with great difficulty, three or four short letters a day. But he was still incapable of guiding the government—nor even of signing the acts of Congress, which became laws without his signature. Finally he regained a minimum of control over the muscles of his left side and learned to stagger about with the help of a cane.

But his brain had been permanently affected. Cabinet mem-

bers, coming to his chambers, were distressed by his lack of rationality. For no apparent reason he would burst out with uncontrollable emotion. Yet in his more somber moments he confided to Grayson: "It would probably have been better if I had died last fall."

Nevertheless, Wilson still held a certain amount of influence among the Democratic senators. Thus when the vote on the Treaty of Versailles with the Lodge reservations was taken on November 19, 1919, the forty-three Wilsonians together with that third of the Republicans who were irreconcilable to the Treaty in any form were able to defeat it 55 to 39. And then when the Treaty was resubmitted on the same day without any amendments at all, the 44 Reservationists joined with the hardcore Irreconcilables to defeat it 53 to 38! Thus, while it is clear that a substantial majority of the senators wished to accept the Treaty and the League in some form, Wilson's intransigent attitude prevented any coalition.

Wilson believed that the people would vindicate him in the 1920 Presidential elections. But this was not to be. With Warren Harding, the handsome, if slightly dense, senator from Ohio bearing the Republican standard, the nation turned overwhelmingly away from Wilson's shattered idealism. Democrat James Cox and his running mate, Franklin Roosevelt, were defeated by the largest electoral margin since the Monroe landslide of 1820.

Shortly after the shattering election, Ray Baker was invited to the White House for a movie party. He describes this meeting with the defeated lame duck President in what is certainly one of the most poignant passages in American literature:

. . . the President came shuffling slowly with a cane upon the smooth marble flags of the floor. He swung along heavily, his left arm inert, his left side drooping. . . . We passed down the hall into the great ballroom of the White House. That grand room with its faded glories was now wholly bare and empty except for half a dozen chairs placed in the middle of the floor. It was almost unlighted and resounded to our steps. The President took his seat in the first of the chairs, Mrs. Wilson next, then a niece

of Mrs. Wilson, Admiral Grayson, and I.

The moving picture machine behind us began to click and sputter and a picture flashed upon a screen at the far end of the room. I had been told that it was the initial exhibition of the film record of President's expedition to Europe.

With the first brilliantly lighted episode we were in another world; a resplendent world, full of wonderful and glorious events. There we were, sailing grandly into the harbor at Brest, the ships beflagged, the soldiers marshalled upon the quay, and planes skimming through the air. There was the President himself, smiling upon the bridge, very erect, very tall, lifting his hat to shouting crowds. . . .

The show was over, the film had run its course. It was only a film. All that glory had faded away with a click and a splutter. . . . We drew long breaths, and turned to see sitting there, quite immobile, quite silent, the stooped figure of the President.

Out of the surrounding darkness someone came and placed his foot against the President's foot, so that he would not slip as he rose from his chair. He turned slowly and shuffled out of the doorway alone, without looking aside and without speaking.

Soon Wilson was gone and a new, more cynical generation appeared. No longer did the ringing phrases with which Wilson led the nation into an unnecessary and tragic war have any appeal. Instead there was H. L. Mencken, "guru" of the 1920's, wondering what it had all been about. "The important thing," Mencken sneered, "is not that [Wilson] should have uttered such vaporous and preposterous phrases, but that they should have been gravely received for weary years by a whole race of men, some of them intelligent."

PART II. The SECOND WORLD WAR

Hitler and the Reemergence of Germany

The 1934 annual gathering of Nazi workers and leaders at Nuremberg was a stupendous spectacle. Thousands upon thousands of swastika flags hung from the facades of the quaint Gothic buildings that lined the crowded streets. It seemed as if nearly everyone was in uniform, for during the day enthusiastic party members had been arriving by train and car. The air constantly vibrated to their chants: "Everything for Germany! Everything for Germany! Heil Hitler!"

But as the afternoon wore on, a hush of anticipation settled upon the city—for Adolph Hitler was about to arrive. William Shirer, a young American journalist, was in the midst of the throng at that moment. "Like a Roman emperor," Shirer wrote in his diary, "Hitler rode into this medieval town at sundown today past solid phalanxes of wildly cheering Nazis who packed the narrow streets . . ."

Shirer continued to circulate among the Nazis and "about ten o'clock," he continued, "I got caught in a mob of ten thousand hysterics who jammed the moat in front of Hitler's hotel shouting: 'We want our Fuhrer.' I was a little shocked at the faces. . . . They looked up at [Hitler] as if he were a Messiah, their faces transformed into something positively inhuman."

The rally went on for nearly a week, and Shirer witnessed the climax where "two hundred thousand party officials [gathered]. . . with their twenty-one thousand flags unfurled in the searchlights like a forest of weird trees. 'We are strong and will get stronger,' Hitler shouted at them through the microphone. . . And there in the flood-lit night . . . the little men of Germany who have made Nazism possible achieved the highest state of being the Germanic man knows: the shedding of their individual souls and minds . . . until under the mystic lights and at the sound of the magic words . . . they were merged completely in the Germanic herd."

But Hitler's rise to the pinnacle upon which William Shirer found him in September 1934 had been long, hard, and dangerous. Adolph had been born in 1889 to a minor customs official, who, although he was Bavarian by blood, had run away as a youth to Austria. Young Adolph, living amid the German-Slav conflicts of the Austrian Empire, was horrified at the in-roads which the Slavs were making. "The poison of foreign nationalities eroded the body of our own nationality," he was later to write. As a transplanted German, he grew to glory in stories of Bismark's brilliant victories. While still in his early teens, he stumbled upon a book in his father's library which described the Franco-Prussian War. "Before long that great heroic campaign had become my greatest spiritual experience," he reminisced.

The formal education of this frail but ardent youth ended at thirteen when Adolph's father died. Then, two years later, his mother, whom he adored, also died, leaving the boy an orphan. With almost no money he set out for Vienna. The four years he spent there he recalled as the "most miserable time of my life." Withdrawn and unsure of himself, the teenager lived a more or less solitary existence. Sleeping in skid-row, getting handouts of food at a monastery, he barely kept alive. His only income came from menial odd jobs or from peddling some of his water-color paintings.

In his despair, the proud, sensitive youth tried to discover

the causes of his misery. Even though he was barely earning enough to stay alive, he somehow found sufficient funds to purchase a few books: "I read endlessly. . . . I learned as I had never learned before," he wrote of the period. And as he read, he began formulating the philosophy which was later to find fruition in *Mein Kampf*, the Nazi Bible.

Young Hitler saw the world in polarized terms. On the side of good was the German race, in constant struggle to protect itself from the lesser races that surrounded it. Hitler viewed the Germans as the modern day descendants of the ancient Aryans, whose organizing genius brought forth the civilizations of Greece and Rome. "What we see before us of human culture today, the results of art, science, and techniques, is almost exclusively the creative products of the Aryan," he noted in *Mein Kampf*.

Besides the Aryans (who he called the culture-founders,) the rest of humanity was composed of two types. The culture-bearers: inferior races, such as the Slavs, whose mission was to work under the guidance of the superior Aryans; and the culture-destroyers: the Jews, who Hitler denounced as the "eternal fission-fungus of mankind."

While Hitler was still formulating his philosophy, World War I began. Ablaze with patriotism, he joined a Bavarian regiment. He rose only to the rank of corporal—but he fought well and was once decorated for bravery. On October 13, 1918, however, he was gassed by the British and spent the next few weeks almost blinded in a hospital.

While he was hospitalized, revolutions broke out in Germany. When he learned of the Kaiser's abdication and the subsequent signing of the Armistice, he was prostrate with grief. Suddenly all the glories of race were snuffed out. He threw himself onto his cot, buried his head in his pillow, and wept convulsively. "All had been in vain," he groaned (according to his later writing.) "In vain all the sacrifices and deprivations [of army life]; in vain the hunger and thirst of endless months; in vain the hours during which, gripped by the fear of death, we nevertheless did our duty; and in vain the death of two millions who died thereby."

It was at this moment that Hitler vowed to exert all his

energy to helping his nation back to its proper, proud position as world leader.

The Germany in which Hitler found himself when he left the hospital was far different from the confident land he had known. The soldiers were returning from the front, and their appearance must have depressed him the same way it did Alfred Rosenberg (later an ideological mainspring of the Nazi movement) who left us a description of the troops returning home, shoulders hunched, heads hung. With frozen features they sat on their gun carriages. From almost all the balconies and windows women and children watched silently. There were "a few almost inaudible shouts of welcome—[for] all of them knew what an entrance like this meant. At that moment the great sorrow of the German people came upon me."

But while the soldiers were ragged, weary, and discouraged, they had not been beaten. The Armistice was not a surrender, merely an invitation to negotiation—or so they thought. Many soldiers insisted it was not the enemy at the front, but the revolutions at home which had forced their leaders to agree to Allied terms of the Armistice. They had been stabbed in the back by their own people—such was their way of thinking. Hitler, among millions of others, believed this erroneous theory.

Everywhere in Germany there was wrathful indignation at the conduct of the Allies. What was Wilson's senseless reason for refusing to deal with the Kaiser? His action had led to the Kaiser's overthrow and the foisting on Germany of the Weimar Republic with its undistinguished elected President and its Reichstag composed of a score of feuding, irresponsible minority parties. A wiser policy (and here even many non-Germans, including Winston Churchill, agreed) would have been to allow a constitutional monarch to rule—keeping the Kaiser, or perhaps his grandson, to provide the kind of leadership the Germans were used to. Certainly a weak President, such as Socialist Friedrich Ebert, left a gaping void in German political loyalties.

Just as disastrous were the economic clauses of the Treaty.

Indeed, so unfair were the stipulations that Germany lose the resources and industry of Silesia and the Saar, and in addition be forced to pay exorbitant reparations, that Churchill, certainly no Germanophile, warned that these clauses were "malignant."

The political clauses of Versailles, too, made Germans burn for redress. Why should Austria not have union with Germany when both countries desired it? And why should East Prussia be cut off from the rest of Germany by the hated Polish Corridor? It was absolutely unacceptable to be denied land communication with a section which had been Germany's historical seedbed. Even many western statesmen admitted the Germans had a strong case; and Churchill himself later confessed "I did not at any time close my mind to an attempt to give Germany greater satisfaction on her eastern frontier."

As grotesquely unfair as the Treaty of Versailles and the imposition of the Weimar Republic was the insistence that the Germans admit to sole responsibility for starting the war. "The moral stigma of the war guilt clause weighed more heavily than any material tribute we were called upon to pay," wrote one time Chancellor Franz von Papen in his *Memoirs*. How could western statesmen discount the murder at Sarajevo, Russia's unwillingness to countermand her mobilization, or the Kaiser's frantic agreement to two of Grey's eleventh hour peace meeting proposals? War guilt was an insult to all the German boys who gave their lives defending what Colonel House, Wilson's own fact-finder, had seen was obvious Allied encirclement.

This bitterness was apparent everywhere to Hitler as he left the hospital to rejoin the army.

Hitler, now a man of 30, went with his unit which ruttled out a ruling clique that had turned Bavaria into an independent Communist Republic. After the revolutionary government was liquidated, Hitler was selected to help check upon other radical gatherings in Munich, Bavaria's capital, at which new revolts might be spawned.

And so one day in September, 1919, Hitler went to a tiny meeting in a drab beer cellar. It was a boring confab, but as Hitler was about to leave, Anton Drexler, the timid, colorless

leader, shoved a party booklet into his hand. The booklet caught the young army man's imagination and, after some hesitation, he joined the feeble little group as member number seven.

It was an extremely chancy undertaking, for the party seemed to have no future. "The picture was, God knows, really a depressing one," Hitler wrote. "There existed nothing, really nothing at all." They were just a half dozen men, unknown, with no following, completely ignored. "If one had only laughed at us, we would have been happy," Hitler confessed.

But Adolph Hitler had a passion and an explosive confidence that attracted others. Slowly the Party's attendance rose into the low hundreds. Now Hitler found he gloried in the cheers, the applause, and the shouting of massed voices—the political platform had an intoxication. And so in February 1920 Hitler made his big move. Against the advice of many, he rented a huge hall for the party's first mass meeting. Then he deluged Munich with bright red leaflets. Amid rumours that the Communists would dynamite the gathering, Hitler went ahead. Yet as the fateful day drew near he was consumed with anxiety. What would happen if the hall were hardly filled? Would the party reject him?

"At 7:30 the opening was to take place," Hitler wrote. "At 7:15 I entered the banquet hall of the Hofbrauhaus at the Platzl in Munich, and my heart nearly burst with joy. The enormous room, for then it appeared to me like that, was overfilled with people, shoulder to shoulder, a mass numbering almost two thousand." Hitler spoke for four hours, his shrill, emotional voice rising above the sporadic clashes of his supporters with Communists and other Leftists who sought to break up the meeting. He roared out against the vindictive, humiliating Treaty of Versailles. He shrieked that there must be a union of all Germans, whether they were in separatist Bavaria or in Germanic Austria. He ranted against Communism, that diversive force that was splitting the sacred fatherland into feuding, self-defeating segments. He insisted Germany must be centralized and it must be strong! Let the crowd follow him and a new Germany would be resurrected from the ashes of the old!

When the masterful harangue was over, the people, caught

up in Hitler's cascade of oratory, roared their approval. He had imbued them with (to use his own words) "a new conviction, a new faith, a new will." And as the audience filed out, Hitler knew he was on his way. Germany would be vindicated. "I sensed that there walked [with me] the goddess of inexorable revenge . . ."

But Hitler and the Nazi Party had a long way to go after that momentous meeting in 1920. For a while it was all the Nazis could do just to keep from getting physically mauled by the Communists and other leftist groups. To maintain order at their meetings, Hitler organized some of his more violence-prone followers into brownshirted Storm Troopers. The Storm Troopers, under the leadership of a bull-necked, scarfaced tough named Ernst Roehm, grew so strong that they not only kept the Communists from disrupting their meetings, but were soon breaking heads at Communist gatherings. Indeed, the Brownshirts eventually worried even Hitler himself, so that he formed a small counter force for his own personal protection: the vaunted Black-shirts, or S.S. ("Schutzstaffel")—of which ironwilled Heinrich Himmler was eventually given charge.

Nevertheless, the Brownshirts provided the Nazis with one of their major selling points, for they demonstrated to the ordinary German citizen (who was deeply disturbed by the quite serious series of Communist uprisings in Bavaria, the Ruhr, Saxony, Hamburg, and Berlin itself) that Hitler, of all the leaders, was best able to meet the revolutionaries with the force that they understood. By the end of the decade the Storm Troopers and the S.S. numbered more than 100,000 men—larger than the Reichswehr itself!

As the Nazi government gradually gained momentum in Bavaria, the national government, on the other hand, found itself in growing difficulties. The problem was with reparation payments. In 1921 the Allies handed the Weimar Republic an ultimatum: either begin remitting the fantastically high reparations or face the occupation of the Ruhr, German's industrial heartland. Presi-

dent Ebert, limited by treaty to the tiniest of armies, was completely helpless. He agreed to begin payments, but herein lay another knotty problem. The Allies would not accept German manufactured goods, for such imports would injure their own industries producing the same goods. Therefore, the Allies demanded gold. But, since the only way Germany could obtain gold was either by an excess of exports over imports (and this impossible in her weakened condition) or by purchasing it with German marks on the open market, Weimar set the printing presses rolling to buy gold.

As the market was flooded by more and more marks, their value plunged downward. By May, 1921, the mark had sunk from a normal 4.2 to the dollar to 60. Although the Allies granted the obviously unworkable system of reparations a partial moratorium in January, 1922, Raymond Poincaré was determined to carry his vendetta against the Germans as far as possible. Thus, after waiting one year longer for the Germans to stabilize the economy which he himself had helped wreck, Poincaré ordered the French army into the Ruhr—this despite strong British opposition.

Poincaré's plan was to hold German industry as hostage until the Weimar Government came up with a satisfactory plan for non-inflationary reparations payments.

German public opinion was incensed with the humiliating Ruhr occupation. Although the Germans had no force with which to oppose the foreigners, they adopted passive resistance. Ruhr citizens refused to cooperate in any way with the invaders. Railroading, mining, and industrial activity ground to a halt. Violence, too, flared up—with 86 Allied soldiers either killed or wounded. Poincaré retaliated in a most brutal fashion. Not only did he cut off all but the barest minimum of food into the area, but he expelled nearly 150,000 of the more unruly Ruhr citizens.

The Weimar government, already perilously close to bankruptcy, had to provide relief not only for this huge number of displaced persons, but for the tremendous mass of unemployed Ruhr inhabitants who refused to work for French wages. With no resources to draw upon, the printing presses were once more

sent spewing forth an increasing torrent of paper marks. This set off the most catastrophic inflation in modern history. By the middle of June, 1923, the mark had plunged to 100,000 to the dollar. Only a month later it had sunk to 200,000. And by early August it had dropped to the unbelievable depth of 5,000,000.

Such an inflation had devastating effects. Insurance policies were worthless—as were pensions for the aged and for injured war veterans. Countless other persons were made destitute as the savings of a lifetime were wiped out. Prices for food, clothing, and other necessities reached Himalayan heights, for eventually the mark was discounted to two and a half trillion to the dollar and a quart of milk cost 250,000,000 marks!

The Weimar Republic was completely discredited. As the irate citizens searched for statesmen who could lead them out of the morass, President Ebert formed a new cabinet under Gustav Stresemann. Stresemann gained some confidence from the people as he negotiated with Charles G. Dawes, an American banker, heading a committee which adjusted the annual reparations payments to start at \$250,000,000 and thereafter be tied to an index of German prosperity—rising or falling as German production fluctuated. In addition, to help the prostrate nation toward a viable economy, Stresemann was able to obtain a \$200,000,000 foreign loan, mostly American, written into the agreement. The constant influx of more loans enabled the German economy to move toward some sort of minor prosperity. Thus did Stresemann forestall Weimar's day of doom.

While Weimar was reeling, despite the Stresemann medications, Adolph Hitler decided it was a propitious time to make his move. Aiming at taking over Munich, and with it Bavaria, Hitler led an ill-planned and poorly executed putsch which resulted in his missing death by sheer luck when the Munich police fired into the marching Nazis.

But the putsch was a blessing in disguise for the Nazis, since they were still merely a local party with no national following and a seizure of power would certainly have revealed their weakness when it was put down by the Reichswehr. As it was, the revolt was so minor that Hitler was let off with a light prison

sentence. Indeed, his sojourn in jail, where he was treated more as a guest than a prisoner, allowed him leisure to write the voluminous treatise he called *Mein Kampf*, or "My Battle." This book proved of inestimable value to the Nazis in the years which followed. Not only did it serve to unify the many diverse elements of the party and to provide Nazi rabble-rousers and Jew-baiters with a wealth of ringing mass appeals, but it found its way into millions of German homes where Hitler's thoughts concerning Germany's historic mission and the need for the nation to regain predominance and self-respect in Europe attracted many sincere citizens.

For in truth, if one excepts the unscientific expoundings of Aryan superiority and the quite false indictments of the Jews, there is a grain of historical accuracy in *Mein Kampf*. The Germans did seem to have a mission to dominate western Europe, for they had been on an upward spiral of national development ever since Bismark had united them in 1871. Whether measured by industrial potential, scientific achievement, or population growth, the Germans were clearly preeminent in the west. And militarily, too, they had proven themselves more than an equal to the combined might of England, France, and Russia.

To achieve undisputed predominance in Europe, Hitler confided that he would have to "wage war in order to arrive at pacifism." To war for peace was not such a contradictory concept, however, for Hitler reminded his readers that "this and nothing else was what the American world-redeemer Wilson wanted to have done."

But Hitler, while idealizing the nobility of war, had no quarrel with England—indeed, she (along with Holland and the Scandinavian countries) was a sister Aryan nation who deserved to share in the new regime he was envisioning. In reviewing the Kaiser's ruinous international policy, Hitler stated that England should have been an ally—as she nearly was. "To gain England's favor, no sacrifice should have been too great," he commented.

Instead, Hitler's conquests would be more selective. Let France tremble behind the Maginot Line, he did not want Alsace-Lorraine. No, his dream was far broader than Poincaré's. What

he coveted was the bountiful Russian Ukraine—the continent's richest breadbasket. Thus his war of conquest would not only defeat Communism once and for all, but would give the vast Ukrainian farmland to the Germans for colonization. Here the German farmers would increase until they numbered in the hundreds of millions! This sort of land empire was where Germany's destiny lay, Hitler believed.

In the meantime, while *Mein Kampf* aided his popularity, Hitler built up his organization. Alfred Rosenberg was put in charge of the propaganda sheet which soon began carrying Nazi ideas throughout south Germany. In the north dynamic Gregor Strasser, and his crippled, though capable secretary, Paul Goebbels, had a newspaper and news letter circulating from Prussia to the Rhineland. The result was that in 1928 the Nazi's managed to squeeze their first 12 deputies into the 491 man Reichstag. Then Hitler chose as his Parliamentary general, Hermann Goering, a famous wartime air ace whose contacts with such barons of industry as Fritz Thyssen attracted both money and respectability to the Party.

As the fateful decade of the twenties drew to a close, Hitler and his cohorts waited impatiently for the moment of their play for national supremacy.

Two events occurred in 1929 which paved the way for Hitler's rise to power. The first was the death of Gustav Stresemann, whose firm hand was removed from the complicated machinery of the insecure Weimar government. The second was the Great Depression, which began with the wild drop in the inflated American stock market. The disruption of the American economy was reflected by a sudden decline in European imports. Quickly European trading companies laid off workers, then, as the psychological effects radiated outward, other manufacturers, anxious to conserve their finances, cut production.

The result was that in 1929 German unemployment leaped upward to 11% of the total work force. By 1930 this figure had rocketed to 16%. A year later 25% of the German workers

were walking the streets. And by 1932 an ominous third of the work force was loitering about without anything to do. Soon Communist agitators were ranting about the evils of the capitalistic system that allowed such a calamity to occur.

In a later effort to explain Hitler's appeal, Franz von Papen wrote what is a fair, though partial, explanation: "The Germans are blamed for failing to recognize where Hitler's ideas would lead them. It is easy to forget that Communism was regarded as the principal enemy, and that many people saw in Hitler's movement the best, and probably the only, defense."

Actually the Weimar government itself helped lay much of the groundwork for Hitler not only through its inept handling of the unemployment problem but as a result of the interminable political wrangling that left it split when it should have been united. Thus in 1930, after President Hindenburg (who had replaced Ebert when he died five years earlier) appointed Heinrich Bruening Chancellor, party squabbles within the Reichstag were so intense that Bruening could not even get approval of his budget—and this at a time of severe crisis! With that Hindenburg dissolved the Reichstag, called for new elections, and in the meantime permitted Bruening to rule by dictatorial decree under the emergency clause of the constitution.

Even so, the Chancellor had no positive program to meet unemployment and when the election results came through, the Nazi's—with their vocal leadership, a Twenty-five Point program to remedy Germany's ills, and forceful Brownshirt control of the Communists—had jumped from a mere 12 members to a formidable 108! They were now the second largest party in the Reichstag.

Chancellor Bruening, who belonged to the slightly smaller Catholic Center, could get no cooperation either from the left or the right. The situation was so confused by inter-party back-biting that von Papen referred to it as a period of "political anarchy."

It was about this time that Hindenburg's seven year term expired. Hitler, flushed with the successful parliamentary elections, decided to challenge the former Grand Marshall. In the

voting of April 10, 1932 Hindenburg, dotting in his 85th year, gained the Presidency as expected. But Hitler obtained an endorsement by a thumping 36.8% of the electorate. It was, as von Papen stated, "not only a striking increase in the strength of the Nazis, but also astonishing evidence that more than a third of the population was prepared to see Hitler appointed as Chief of State."

Shortly after the presidential election Bruening resigned and von Papen was appointed Chancellor. In order to test the public temper, von Papen unwisely dissolved the Reichstag and called for another election. On July 31, 1932 the results poured in. Millions of new, young voters flocked to the polls to cast their ballot for what they felt was the only party that had a positive program for getting their nation back on the road to prosperity. The Nazi totals more than doubled. And so with 230 members, the Nazis became the dominant party in the Reichstag and genial, unscrupulous Hermann Goering was elected its presiding officer.

Even though Chancellor von Papen was able to secure belated Allied approval for termination of the hated reparations, his position was made impossible by the refusal of the Nazis to enter his coalition government. Von Papen therefore called for yet another general election in November of the same year. Although the Nazis lost some seats while the Communists gained a few, Hitler's was still the largest of the nine parties in the Reichstag. Therefore on January 30, 1933, with chaos approaching and Hindenburg verging on senility, the President reluctantly appointed Hitler Chancellor.

Hitler found the rest easy. New elections were called for March 3rd. Just five days before the nation went to the polls a fire nearly destroyed the Reichstag building. It was a Communist plot, Hitler screamed—and duly produced a half-witted Dutch Red who was supposed to have committed the nefarious deed. Next Hitler arrested hundreds of Communist leaders and thereby instigated a crisis-hysteria which swept the nation. As a result the Nazis accumulated 288 seats in the elections. This, with the addition of the closely-allied Nationalist Party, gave the Nazis an absolute majority.

Having come this far, the Nazis introduced an Enabling Bill which would give Hitler dictatorial powers for four years to deal with the economic emergency. Since Bruening and von Papen had already governed briefly without the Reichstag, this was not so radical a bill as it might seem. Furthermore, the nation had just endorsed Hitler and it was obvious the bickering parliamentary politicians could only interfere with any recovery effort, as they had done with those of the other chancellors. The two thirds necessary votes were secured when the Center Party, possibly as a result of Hitler's promise to conclude a concordat with the Papacy, swung into his camp.

Thus, on March 24, 1933 Hitler assumed the dictatorial mantle. It was neat. It was decisive. And it was completely legal.

Hitler now set out on a deliberate, well-executed course toward reclaiming Germany's position in Europe. First, in order to make the nation internally strong, he tackled unemployment. Vast public works, such as reforestation and public building, were begun. Simultaneously Hitler embarked on an extensive housing program, which resulted in the erection of over three hundred thousand dwellings. He sent Germans out to drain the swamps and to construct a magnificent system of expressways which were the best in the world. Everywhere men were working again. Employment, too, was provided for needy musicians, artists, actors, and writers through the Chamber of Culture—over which the Nazi Propaganda Minister, smiling Paul Goebbels, extended his skillful sway. Hitler even initiated plans to create an inexpensive car which would bring motor transportation for the first time to the working class—but, despite much ballyhoo, mass production of the vaunted Volkswagen had to wait for a later day.

With Germany's economy improving, Hitler could turn more of his attention to foreign relations. Here he moved in a bold style which not only knocked the French off balance but terrified the German generals, who knew the weakness of their army which

they had just begun rebuilding after Hitler repudiated the one-sided disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty. On March 7, 1936 Hitler sent his troops into the German Rhineland. The officers had strict orders to hotfoot home at the first sign of French counter-invasion. But the French did not dispatch their then-overwhelming army against the feeble German force, for they had been warned by the British that they did not disapprove of the Germans taking military possession of land unrightfully denied her by Versailles. "After all, they are only going into their own backgarden," accurately said Lord Lothian, an influential British statesman.

It was much the same with the absorption of Austria in March, 1938. Although Versailles had prohibited it, the Austrians, both by cultural heritage as well as economic distress, favored such a union. But Hitler's plan was extremely perilous, and his brazen courage barely made up for the unprepared state of the untrained German army, which was in such a disorganized condition that fully 70% of its vehicles broke down on the road to the Austrian frontier. Had even the rabble that blustery Mussolini called his army put up a show of force (for Italy regarded Austria as an important buffer state,) Hitler would have suffered a humiliation that might well have caused his overthrow. But the Italians, as well as the French and British, called up no counter-show of strength. And when Hitler, having secured the country, held a plebiscite to demonstrate the enthusiasm of the Austrians for the union, even such an anti-Nazi observer as William Shirer reported it took place "in a weird sort of holiday atmosphere." The results: 99.08% in favor!

Hitler's next goal was to reclaim the Germans living in Czechoslovakia, an artificial, hybrid state created amid the confusion of Versailles. The Czechs, a brilliant, vocal, and tenacious people, dominated the country. But out of the fifteen million inhabitants only about seven million were Czechs. Most of the remainder were either Slovaks (three million) or Germans (three and a half million). The Slovaks, in the east, bore a great ill-will against the dominant Czechs (who have kept them in economic and political bondage even to this very day). And

the Germans, located in the western Sudeten uplands, were restless to be united with their compatriots nearby. To repress the nationalistic yearnings of the Sudeten Germans the Czechs took stern measures of questionable constitutionality.

Hitler, fresh from his success in Austria (which the Western press insisted on falsely calling the "Rape of Austria"), decided to solidify his none too secure hold over the German military as well as the people as a whole by answering the appeals of the Sudeten population. However, this was not as easy as with Austria, for Czechoslovakia had a firm position in the treaty system with which France had encircled Germany. The original French-Czech treaty of 1925 had, in addition, been immeasurably bolstered by the adherence of the Soviet Union in 1935. The only catch was that the Russians' treaty stipulated that they would not come to the Czechs' assistance until the French had first committed themselves. And Hitler knew the French would not move until the British also took the plunge. Here was his loophole.

The result was the diplomatic masterpiece that went under the name of Munich. Mussolini, playing the role of the supposed peace-making middleman, urged that Neville Chamberlain, British Prime Minister, and Edouard Daladier, French Premier, permit Hitler, whose movements of troops toward the Czech frontier had already sent war chills throughout Europe, to occupy the Sudetenland in five stages between October 1 and 10, 1938. This the two men did. Hitler assured them he had no more territorial ambitions and Chamberlain, arriving back in London a hero, proclaimed he had secured the British "peace in our time."

Munich was a most amazing agreement. In the first place, France gave up without a struggle the cornerstone of her eastern defensive system, for the loss of the Sudetenland deprived the strong Czech army of nearly all its fortifications. Secondly, the agreement was made without either the consent of the Czechs, who were kept waiting anxiously in the anteroom, or of the Russians, who were not even invited. And thirdly, it is probable that the German military, conscious of the potentially overpowering forces arrayed against them, would not have permitted an invasion of Czechoslovakia had Hitler ordered it—at least accord-

ing to later testimony of Marshal Keitel, Chief of Staff.

But Hitler pulled it off. The General Staff was brought to heel and the German people were shown that their Fuehrer had the magic touch to avenge the Ruhr occupation, the military restrictions of Versailles, and the loss of territory that was undeniably German. "Thus," stated Winston Churchill, "did Hitler finally become the undisputed master of Germany."

Now, however, Hitler made the greatest mistake of his career. The ease with which he had hoodwinked Britain and France, led him to discount their determination to resist German expansion. Early in March of the next year (1939) he encouraged Slovakia to break away from the Czech state. Then he compelled the Czech President to sign a treaty which turned the truncated little nation into a German protectorate. Accordingly, the Nazi army strutted triumphantly into Prague and Hitler thereby flaunted that portion of the Munich agreement which had guaranteed the integrity of Czechoslovakia.

Because of Hitler's quite unnecessary bravado in Prague, when he turned toward Germany's legitimate grievances in Poland, neither Chamberlain nor Daladier could see in the issue anything more than another German scheme to humiliate them personally. For this reason, on March 30, Chamberlain gave Poland the same sort of ill-advised blank cheque that the Kaiser had offered Austria-Hungary twenty-five years earlier—pledging both England and France to render "all the support in their power" whenever the Polish government felt its independence threatened. This guarantee had a most serious consequence in that it not only hardened the intransigency of the Polish ruling clique to the valid German demands concerning the Corridor, but also made the Polish rulers spurn all efforts of the Russians, who had the only sizable army in the vicinity, to conclude a mutual assistance pact.

Chamberlain's guarantee (which Churchill called "ill-considered" and "unnecessary") would bring Britain and France into a war which in all probability they might well have remained out of. Hitler's writings, speeches, and private conversations repeatedly revealed his admiration for Great Britain and his determination to expand eastward rather than into France. Even as

late as March 25, 1939 he had told General Brauchitsch he did "not want war with Britain." He appears to have meant it, too, for he made the Poles a fair, two-pronged offer: the return to Germany of Danzig with its overwhelming German population, and a plebiscite in the Corridor to determine its fate. When, late in August, 1939, the Poles, banking on British and French military assistance, foolishly refused to negotiate, Hitler, bound to a timetable and fearful that his generals would reject him should he be forced to admit his misjudgement of the international situation, reluctantly ordered his army into Poland. Hoping against hope that Britain and France would remain quiet, Hitler was dismayed and stunned when the Allies declared war on September 3, 1939. Here, in the words of Hitler's official interpreter, Dr. Paul Schmidt, was the scene as the British action was made known:

When I entered the next room, Hitler was sitting at his desk and [Foreign Minister] Ribbentrop stood by the window. . . . I stopped at some distance from Hitler's desk, and then slowly translated the British ultimatum. When I finished there was complete silence.

Hitler sat immobile, gazing before him . . . After an interval which seemed an age, he turned to Ribbentrop, who had remained standing by the window. "What now?" asked Hitler with a savage look, as though implying his Foreign Minister had misled him about England's probable reaction. . . .

And the response was the same among other high Nazis:

Goering turned to me and said: "If we lose this war, then God have mercy on us!"

Goebbels stood in a corner by himself, downcast and self-absorbed. Everywhere in the room I saw looks of grave concern.

Had the British and French leaders (especially Prime Minister Chamberlain, who was as much responsible for the immediate incidents leading to Allied involvement in World War II as Hitler) taken cool, reasonable looks at the Polish problem and tried to disengage it from their loss of face at Munich, they

might have recognized that Hitler had only exercised normal German rights in Austria, the Sudetenland, and Danzig. Although he had taken the Czech homeland and sent his army into Poland with the obvious intent of ending her brief independent existence, this was simply a fact of Big Power politics, for Poland, as a member of a hostile alliance, was a potential menace to German security. Certainly neither Britain nor France with their worldwide domination of colonial peoples had any right to protest the inviolability of weak nations.

Viewed realistically, it would have been in the Allied interest to permit Germany to continue her eastward expansion. Let Germany take over Poland—and then go on to Rumania, Yugoslavia, and the other Balkan nations, as she did anyway in 1940 and 41. Would Germany get any greater advantage out of these nations from forced production (which would be balanced by a massive, non-productive occupation force) than she was already receiving from peaceful economic domination?

Hitler's main goal, as he had often emphasized, was the Russian Ukraine. "What India was for England," he boasted to his colleagues, "the territories of Russia will be for us." Yet what would have happened if Germany, with a population of only 75 million, and already attempting to dominate the 97 million inhabitants of Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia, had tried to subdue 150 million Russians?

Assuming Great Britain and France remained at peace, Germany would have conquered a vast chunk of the Soviet Union—probably the whole European block up to the Ural Mountains. However, to conquer is one matter and to hold permanently is quite another. The bulk of the Russian army would have retired into the vastness of Siberia where Hitler could never have trapped it. Then, after the German army was distributed in isolated occupation garrisons throughout the thousands of miles of European Russia, Stalin would have resumed the offensive. At the same time guerrilla warfare would become rampant inside the occupied countries—where, if the American experience in Vietnam can be used as an example, it would have taken two or three German soldiers to combat one night-operating partizan. But, since Ger-

many, far from having a numerical superiority, would actually have been grossly outnumbered, to maintain such an empire in the East would have been obviously impossible.

Still, one might protest, wouldn't France and Britain have had a moral obligation to come to the aid of the rest of Europe during Hitler's rampage? The answer is that moral obligations are grandiloquent presumptions that nations must do without—for the primary obligation of any nation is to be true to its own needs. Poland illustrated this when she did not raise a bayonet to aid Czechoslovakia, her neighbor and sister Slav nation. Russia illustrated this when she signed a Non-Aggression Pact with Germany which allowed the two partners to carve up Poland three weeks hence. (And later Yugoslavia and Rumania illustrated this when they remained quiescent while Germany blitzkrieged France into oblivion and bombed London into rubble.) No, the Slavic nations believed they could avoid Hitler's fury without any moral obligation to aid the Western powers. So why should France and Britain have felt any compunction to aid the Slavs if it was not advantageous to the Allies—which it was not. Self interest is a cruel but true fact of international power politics.

But national pride would not permit the two nations to back down concerning Poland as they had for the Rhineland, Austria, and particularly Czechoslovakia.

On the same day that war was declared, Chamberlain offered Winston Churchill his old job back as head of the British Navy. "So it was that I came again to the room I had quitted in pain and sorrow almost exactly a quarter of a century before," Churchill wrote. Continuing, he trotted out the rousing platitudes that have rung down the war-pocked ages: "Still mortal peril threatened us. . . . Once again we must fight for life and honour against all the might and fury of [a] . . . ruthless . . . race. Once again! So be it."

The Rise of Japan

The rise of Japan was every bit as rapid, astonishing, and (to the have-nations) distressing as the rise of Germany. In 1853, when Commodore Matthew Perry's four American warships forced their way through Japan's barricade of isolation, the Japanese were so backward they thought Perry's frigates (their smokestacks glinting sparks) had volcanos in their holds. The imperial Shogun, whose family had usurped power from the Emperor two hundred and fifty years earlier, was terrified at the approach of the Westerners. Because, under the corrupt and inefficient Shogunate, central rule had withered into near-anarchy, the supposed head of state had virtually no military force at his command. Even the once-mighty samurai warrior caste, which formerly upheld the Shogun, had become so degraded that many samurai had pawned their swords in order to obtain money to pursue lives of pleasure.

With Tokyo at the mercy of Perry's guns, the Commodore informed the Shogun's trembling emissaries that he would return with an even more powerful fleet in half a year, and that if Japan did not at that time bow to his demands to open herself to foreign commerce. . . . The threat was implied rather than stated, but it was clear nonetheless.

The Japanese were faced with a truly soul-jarring decision, for the history of the white man's operations in Asia made frightful

telling. The Dutch had been among the first to gouge out an empire. By 1819 they were dominant in the area now known as Indonesia. Although the natives fought persistently, the Dutch, far better organized, and armed with guns the natives could not withstand, put down the revolts with great severity. Soon Dutch merchants had fastened themselves upon the Indonesian economy to such an extent that the peasants were forced to abandon their rice culture and replace it with such commercial products as sugar and coffee, which, while they greatly enriched the Dutch landlords, left the masses close to starvation.

The British were just as ruthless in India. Through a nearly endless series of local wars, in which the British hired Indian mercenaries to battle their own countrymen, foreign rule was extended throughout the most important Indian states. Much of India became a fief of the British East India Company, whose abuses culminated in the bloody Sepoy Mutiny of 1857. After the revolt was crushed, many of the leaders were strapped over the mouths of cannons and blown to bits. And, just to make certain the Indians knew who ran their country, one of the most powerful local potentates was unceremoniously deposed and his sons and grandson, guilty or not, were taken away and shot.

Meanwhile China, the colossus of the East, was experiencing her own difficulties. The Manchu Emperor could not realize his day of Asian hegemony had come to an abrupt end. Even as Western ships, their hulls bristling with cannons, hovered off his coast, the Emperor kept calling himself the Ruler of All Men—accepting tribute and/or suzerainty of lands from mountainous Nepal overlooking the lush plains of India to the chilly Amur watershed—where Russian encroachments were just beginning to be noticed.

The profit-hungry directors of the East India Company, however, had their eyes on China. At first they pursued legitimate trade, importing raw cotton produced on their Indian plantations. Then they hit upon a far more lucrative scheme: the smuggling in of opium, cheaply grown in India. The pernicious drug was delivered by private shippers, who dropped it anywhere on the long China coast. Although the British government cancelled the

Company's monopoly of the China trade in 1833, the importance of the opium trade had been irretrievably established.

The Chinese protested, and sent a fleet wallowing off to blockade the British at their Hong Kong headquarters. However a pair of British frigates shot up the proud Emperor's ships—and the Opium War had begun. The world, and particularly the Chinese themselves, were astonished at the ease with which the British brought the Manchu Empire to its knees. Sixteen British warships armed with explosive shells and four troop transports carrying four thousand well-equipped men brushed aside all Chinese resistance as they steamed up the vital Yangtze River. The troopers captured the city of Chinkiang, whose defenders tried to fight modern weaponry with bows and spears. With this the British straddled the Grand Canal, the artery upon which Peking's rice supply depended. In late August, 1841, the once-mighty Manchus admitted defeat and signed the Treaty of Nanking, ceding Britain Hong Kong and opening Canton, as well as Shanghai and four more ports to foreign merchants.

Although Japan, under the Exclusion Edict of 1637, had managed to keep most foreigners off her shores, the Japanese had long been subjected to some Western influence. Mainly through the Dutch traders, whose single yearly ship docked at the one port of entry, Nagasaki, certain Western items found their way into the Japanese economy. Sugar, oranges, and Irish potatoes, for example, were introduced—and the added food supply enabled Japan to support three times the population of contemporary England. Indeed, Tokyo, the Shogun's capital, became the largest metropolis in the world. Smallpox vaccination was begun, and electrical and chemical studies began appearing in Japanese universities. Western publications circulated with increasing frequency among Japanese scholars. And models of new machines occupied the wondering minds of a burgeoning number of scientists.

Yet for all of this, the more far-seeing Japanese knew their nation was desperately behind the Western powers—so far behind, in fact, that her very existence as an independent country might be threatened. So great was their fear of the West, that when the Shogun took the unprecedented step of asking for the

opinions of fifty-nine of his vassal lords concerning what to do at Perry's return, an overwhelming majority were either for bowing to all the American demands or for giving in at least enough to avoid war. Thus when the black hulls of Perry's squadron, now augmented to ten ships-of-the-line, again smudged Tokyo Bay, the Shogun was ready to accede. The treaty forcing Japan into the modern world was signed on March 31, 1854.

But the Shogun had failed to anticipate the reaction of many of his subjects, who had not dreamed their Generalissimo had permitted their nation to become so weak. Soon rabid nationalists thronged the streets, shouting "Expel the Barbarians!" The Shogun's army could make little headway against them, and in 1868, when the Shogun died, his successor abdicated—thus restoring power to the Emperor. But although the Shogunate vanished, its flag, the red sun on a white field, and its ideal of a military government remained.

The new leaders of Japan knew their nation must make up for centuries of slumber with unheard of speed—the penalty for failure being European domination and ruination—much as was going on at that very moment in China and India. Therefore in 1871 Prince Iwakura, accompanied by a panel of experts, took a tour of the United States and Europe. Everything from technology to politics came under their unblinking gaze. One result of the Iwakura Mission was that a conscription law was passed in 1872. On the Western model, it did not restrict service to the limited samurai nobility, but brought the entire nation into possible service.

The influence of the military was further increased when the new constitution was adopted. Drawn up mainly by Prince Ito, who had been with the Iwakura Mission, the constitution was based on that of Germany, whose institutions Ito felt were closer to those of Japan than any other country he had studied. According to the constitution, the army and navy could force their will on the cabinet merely by threatening to withdraw from that body, which would result in its automatic dissolution. In addition, the power to declare war and the supreme command of the armed forces was entrusted to the Emperor, whose closest advisors were to be four top army and navy officials. Then, too, the Diet had little control of military expenditures, for should it fail

to approve the submitted budget, that of the previous year would automatically carry over. All this, however, was in the tradition of centuries of military rule. Thus the Japanese people found little to complain about.

The new army began to take shape at once. Based quite frankly on Bismarck's model, it attracted the common citizen (such as the father of Hideki Tojo) who was proud to carry weapons in as much as they had once been the symbol of a samurai. Six military districts were set up, each garrisoned by seventeen thousand men backed by artillery. By the early 1880's the Japanese home guard was rated as equal to a similar European force. No longer was the island in danger. Japan had done what no other Asian country was capable of—she had fended off the Westerners' advance. It was an accomplishment of which to be proud.

At the same time Japan feverishly built up her navy. British advisors were called in to organize a training school, and those graduates who showed the most promise were shipped off to England for further study of naval tactics under the world's foremost imperialists. In 1875 Japan launched her first iron warship. Twenty years later the Emperor's navy boasted twenty-eight major vessels, with expertly trained crews manning them.

In 1894 Japan collided with China in Korea, the domination of which Japan regarded as necessary for her security (even though that country was more than a hundred choppy sea-miles distant)! Westerners scoffed at Japan's pretensions, for it was thought the Chinese superiority in manpower would carry the day. They were soon undeceived. The Japanese army quickly shoved the Chinese out of Seoul and barely six weeks later had taken vital Pyongyang, thereby opening the way to Manchuria. Next the Chinese fleet was devastated at the mouth of the Yalu. Then the Japanese landed at Port Arthur, from where they stabbed up the Liaotung Peninsula and across southern Manchuria toward Peking. With that the Chinese sued for peace. Prince Ito dictated the Treaty of Shimonoseki in which China renounced her claim to Korea and ceded Formosa and the Liaotung Peninsula to Japan.

The Japanese were elated with the glories war had brought,

since they now not only had possessions like the European big boys, but also an indemnity from China which had more than paid for the easily-won war. The elation, however, turned sour when Russia, Germany, and France refused to allow the Liaotung cession. The Russians, in particular, having themselves greedy eyes on Liaotung and northern China, would fight if the demand was not met. Japan, not ready to battle a European coalition, swallowed her pride and gave up the territory.

With Russia threatening their newly-won presence on the mainland, the Japanese found another power looming on their flank. This was the United States, which had suddenly taken the imperialistic road herself. In 1898 President William McKinley declared war on Spain. Although the conflict was supposedly over the harsh treatment the Spanish authorities meted out to their volatile Cuban subjects, McKinley was more than happy to free the Filipinos too. But when the unequal war was over, the Americans, just as the Japanese, found the heady draughts of international power to their liking and decided to extend American rule to the violently protesting Filipinos. This left the Americans ensconced in the islands, although they were over seven thousand miles from the American coast and had absolutely no value to American security.

In a desperate search for allies, Prince Ito sailed to the United States, where he received an honorary degree at Yale University but little else. Then he went to Russia, where he proposed that Russia and Japan divide Manchuria into spheres of influence. The Tsar saw no reason to give to the little yellow people that which his generals could take for themselves—so the offer was refused. Great Britain, however, jealous of Russia, favored the Japanese with an alliance. This was a key factor in events which followed, for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, signed in 1902, obligated England to come to Japan's assistance (and vice versa) if she was attacked by a second power while fighting a first. In subtle terms it meant that England would prevent her ally, France, from siding with the Russians. Thus, the Japanese were now free to settle accounts in Manchuria.

To Japanese expansionists Manchuria, with its resources of

iron needed for Japan's blossoming steel industry, was a logical zone for conquest and exploitation. But the Russians, moving eastward over the just-finished Trans-Siberian Railroad, had sent 150,000 troops into the country. Therefore on January 13, 1904 Premier Katsura sent the Tsar an ultimatum to stop meddling in Manchuria. Then, having received no satisfactory answer, the Japanese struck three weeks later.

Realizing quite properly that wars are not pretty little jousts to be played by antiquated rules designed for knightly events, the Japanese did not issue the obvious "on guard" through a formal declaration of war. Instead they sent a squadron of torpedo boats charging through night-darkened Port Arthur waters at Russian warships anchored there. The attack and the follow-up were so successful that within two days nearly half the Russian Far Eastern Fleet had become the haunt of sharks and seaweed.

The world was thrilled by this David versus Goliath victory. American public opinion was overwhelmingly for the pluckily little island nation: "By the successful attack [at Port Arthur] . . . [went an exuberant "New York Times" editorial] the numerical superiority is shifted in favor of Japan . . . this prompt, enterprising, and gallant feat . . . will be memorable. It seems hardly to become the dignity of the ruler of a great nation to complain that he was struck before he was quite ready [a chillingly prophetic sentence when read in the context of Pearl Harbor]."

On land, too, the Japanese proved more than a match for the Russians. The Japanese took Mukden, Manchuria's principal city, in a massive, sustained attack during which more ammunition was exploded than during the entire Franco-Prussian War. And when a second Russian fleet, having chugged half way around the world, was utterly smashed in the Korean Strait, the Tsar, as the Manchu Emperor before him, had to admit the Japanese had once more fought their way to a glorious victory.

Peace negotiations were handled by President Theodore Roosevelt, who took this clever means to let both parties know the United States wanted a finger or two in the Far Eastern pie—and, indeed, by this time American businessmen were already moderately influential in Manchuria. At the Treaty of Portsmouth,

Russia conceded to Japan not only the rights she had lost in the Liaotung Peninsula, but also an important segment of the South Manchurian Railroad (the province's vital line of commerce).

Since it was apparent to Japanese nationalists that their country was destined for great things in the Orient, they launched on a vast naval construction program designed to more than double their tonnage in five years. At the same time the Japanese obtained from the Americans a recognition that they had legitimate interests in Asia, not only from similarity in race, but also from sheer proximity to the areas involved. The Root-Takahira Agreement (which the dynamic Theodore Roosevelt put into effect without bothering for Senate approval) attempted to codify political realities. Japan might have predominance in Manchuria and dominion in Korea, and the United States a free hand in the Philippines.

During the years immediately prior to the First World War Japan had a phenomenal development—comparable to that of the two other expansionist nations: Germany and the United States. Her population shot up from the 30,000,000 of the Shogunate period of over 50,000,000. Although Japan was forced for the first time to import food, this was no great problem, for her exports doubled and then redoubled—particularly in cotton products, of which she was soon supplying a full quarter of the world's import market. Japan commenced the construction of her own merchant fleet, no longer caring to be dependent on foreign ships. Thus, whereas in 1893 only seven percent of Japan's exports were carried in her own boats, by 1913 this figure had leaped to fifty-two percent.

This was a time of great excitement in Japan, for she alone of the Asian nations, was on the move. Students from all over Asia flocked to Japanese universities. On the other hand, Japanese businessmen were traveling throughout the world, reveling in the new respect, even awe, with which the hitherto haughty Europeans and Americans greeted them.

There were two grave weaknesses, however, in the Japanese position. The first lay in her exploding population, which had already exceeded the domestic food supply. The second was her

precarious dependence on foreign nations to supply her with the raw materials she needed to maintain her manufacturing.

The Japanese were most deficient in iron ore (she had to import eighty-seven percent of her requirements) and of coal—resources found abundantly in Manchuria and North China. She also needed oil from the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia.) And her essential cotton trade was uncomfortably tied to supplies from British India. With easy logic, the Japanese reasoned they had a right, even an obligation to their motherland, to insure themselves permanent sources of supplies—by conquest if necessary, since this was the most permanent method, as well as the one customarily used by the imperialistic nations she was copying.

The First World War provided the ideal opportunity. With the Europeans busy butchering one another, the Japanese submitted their since-famous Twenty One Demands to the Chinese government, then temporarily controlled by Yuan Shih-k'ai, who had overthrown the decrepit Manchu Dynasty several years earlier. While a few of these Demands aimed at minor political control, they were mainly concerned with economic matters (and in this respect were no different from Britain's treaty ending the Opium War). One group, for example, would enable Japan to assume railroad-building activities in the province of Shantung, which her troops had taken from the otherwise occupied Germans. Another group would give Japan exclusive rights to the coal, iron, and other mines of both South Manchuria and eastern Inner Mongolia. A ninety-nine year lease of the South Manchurian Railway was also included. And a third group would give the Japanese predominance in the Hanyehp'ing Company, central China's greatest coal and iron operation.

At the same time that Japan was pressuring Yuan to accept the Demands, Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan sent a note to the Japanese ambassador at Washington in which, although he voiced disapproval of the Demands, he admitted that in regards to Shantung, South Manchuria, and eastern Inner Mongolia "territorial contiguity creates special relations between Japan and these districts." This continued to be Wilson's official stance, for in 1917 Bryan's successor, Robert Lansing, exchanged notes

with Viscount Ishii, on special mission to Washington, in which they agreed that Japan's proximity to China gave her "special interests" in that nation.

After the war, America continued its realistic appraisal of the Far East and the rise of Japan. At the Washington Conference of 1922 Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes signed, along with the world's other naval powers, an agreement which, by allowing Japan a naval tonnage ratio of 3 compared with the U.S. and Britain's 5 (but they each had to maintain two-ocean navies) automatically gave Japan superiority in the Far East. This, the negotiators agreed, was only a recognition of what would soon become a fact anyway.

Japan's miraculous rebirth—from a scoffed at, militarily insignificant non-entity to a respected equal of the mightiest—gave rise to a pardonable nationalistic fervor. Scores of groups sprung up which proclaimed not only their pride in Japan's amazing accomplishments, but unbounded confidence in her future. One of these groups was the Greater Japan National Essence Society, which eventually enlisted a million enthusiastic followers. Another was the National Foundation Society, whose membership included nearly every prominent politician, admiral, general, or businessman. On the local level there were Young Men's and Young Women's Associations, whose organizations were found disbursing patriotic leaflets in even the smallest Japanese village. Ultra-nationalist groups also took root in the army—the Cherry Society being the vehicle of the ardent younger officers.

The ultra-nationalists were not content with the slow economic penetration that the Twenty One Demands envisioned. Nor were they happy with the Nine Power Pact, part of the Washington Conference, whereby Japan promised to respect the independence of China. Soon potential war-makers were bringing out treatises justifying hostilities, as in this 1927 Memorial attributed to Prime Minister Tanaka, a rabid expansionist:

The very existence of our country is endangered [by clauses of the Nine Power Pact]. Unless these obstacles are removed, our national existence will be insecure and our national strength will

not develop. . . . Final success belongs to the country having raw materials; the full growth of national strength belongs to the country having extensive territory. If we pursue a positive policy to enlarge our rights in Manchuria and China, all these prerequisites of a powerful nation will constitute no problem. . . . [To do otherwise is] a policy of national suicide.

Thus the fervor of an expansive nation for glory and booty was shifted to a higher, supposedly more noble plane. Japan must send soldiers into China in order to protect her very existence (although after World War II it became clear that such was not the case—that trade rather than war would bring the hard-working Japanese all the material treasures they needed).

In September, 1931, the Japanese army in Manchuria, controlled by ultra-nationalists, manufactured a bomb incident which they used as an excuse to begin the military conquest of that huge area. The home government, under the threat not only of dissolution by the army and navy ministers, but of actual assassination (which had disposed of more than one Prime Minister) had no choice except to go along with its generals on their Manchurian escapade.

And so the big adventure was on. The road ahead might lead to conflict with America. But the Japanese jingoes were not afraid. They had never lost a war.

Roosevelt, Tojo and the Road to War

The American public had believed another war could never come to them. The reaction against Versailles, with its brazen territory grabbing and callous unconcern for the rights of either the conquered or the liberated, had filled Americans with a sharp revulsion for war. Not even the rise of militarists in Japan and Germany could convince Americans that they had any mission to give their lives for another round of fighting:

Ten million men were killed and many more maimed, fifty billion dollars' worth of property destroyed, the world saddled with debts [wrote William Allen White in a famous editorial of November 11, 1933]. And for what? Would it have been any worse if Germany had won? Ask yourself honestly. No one knows.

. . . . The boys who died, just went out and died. To their own souls' glory, of course—but what else? Yet the next war will see the same hurrah and the same bowwow of the big dogs to get the little dogs to go out and follow the blood scent and get their entrails tangled in the barbed wire.

Americans in both parties and in all walks of life were determined that the United States should have no more barking "big dogs" like Wilson; that she should isolate herself from the senseless and bloody squabbles of nations far from her shores. Distinguished historians took solemn, intellectual looks at the "War to End Wars" and decided it had been a grave mistake

for the United States to have participated. Certain senators began investigating the causes for America's entry, and one of them, Gerald P. Nye, demonstrated (although to a grossly exaggerated degree) the important role of the munition-makers and international bankers. High school and college students were vocal in their determination to avoid overseas conflicts, their main vehicle of protest being the Veterans of Future Wars organization. Another peace group, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, proclaimed that its members would refuse to fight if America's big dogs again forced the country into a foreign war.

And these groups were representative of the public at large. Nearly two-thirds of the population believed Wilson's involvement in World War I had been a tragic mistake—so revealed a Gallup poll in 1937.

But among the minority unwilling to see the United States adopt a policy of aloofness was Franklin Roosevelt, who had bounced back both from his overwhelming defeat as Democratic Vice Presidential candidate in 1920 and a long bout with polio (which left his legs virtually useless for the remainder of his life) to become chief executive in 1933—the same year Hitler took over Germany.

"Roosevelt was a shrewd, practical, and pragmatic politician," wrote Bernard Baruch, who knew him intimately. Roosevelt was by nature a warmly gregarious man who loved people nearly as much as he loved the limelight. He had a good deal of Wilson's idealism, but he was not hampered by the moral corset which made Wilson so inflexible. He was a doer, rather than a thinker. Facts and figures stuck to his mind like flies on flypaper—such was the observation of Rexford Tugwell, one of his early associates. Roosevelt's jaunty yet friendly cockiness inspired such confidence that the nation would elect him president for a tradition-shattering four terms. Yet he was not well-read, and he lacked a contemplative side, which led Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes to remark that he had "a second-class intellect, but a first-class temperament."

Franklin Roosevelt came from a wealthy family whose mansion overlooking the Hudson at Hyde Park, New York has now

become something of a national shrine. The only son of a fiercely indulgent mother, young Franklin lived a carefree existence. Eight times before adolescence he was shipped off on gay European holidays. He had a pony, a fine twenty-one foot sailboat, and companions strictly from the pedigreed set. Seeking a challenge in his too-mellow life, he became a confirmed do-gooder. At Harvard he wrote fervid exhortations about the necessity of more school spirit. A lover of crusades, one of his college missions was to organize a relief drive for the South African Boers—then being beaten into submission by the empire-hungry British.

Yet his crusades were patrician affairs administered from above with never-soiled hands. He deigned not to descend to the grubby rough-and-tumble arena; nor could he ever understand men like Hitler or Stalin who had. While Roosevelt was undoubtedly sincere in his beliefs, he had few bedrock convictions beyond an ardent "noblesse oblige" which found its greatest outpouring in the New Deal: his potpourri of sedatives to be spoon-fed to the Depression-smitten economy.

At first Roosevelt had little thought about venturing into the international jungle. Though Churchill, then out of power, might rant about the danger of a Germany-on-the-march, Roosevelt had no firm conviction that he must help the Allies put Hitler into a net. Thus, when Senator Key Pittman pushed through the first neutrality legislation in 1935 (whereby the President was forbidden to allow arms or munitions to be shipped to any warring nation, friend or potential foe,) the President, although with some misgivings, approved the act. However, as Hitler began his territorial orgy in Europe and the Japanese continued slicing up Manchuria, Roosevelt, combining his urge to play Galahad with his hankering to be international big dog, began to channel American actions toward a point from which war was virtually inevitable.

In 1937 Congress, firmly isolationist and fearful that the free-wheeling President might be tempted to tread Wilson's trail, passed the Second Neutrality Act which not only reaffirmed the prohibition on arms exports but decreed that belligerents desiring non-military goods had to pay for them with cash and had to

carry them away in their own ships. Had such "cash and carry" legislation been on the books during Wilson's administration, Congressmen reasoned, the United States would have remained out of the First World War.

But Roosevelt was not initially hampered by this piece of what he and his hard-ribbed Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, regarded as Congressional infringement of presidential prerogative. When the Japanese militarists exploded into North China two months later, Roosevelt, happy to take the Japanese at their word when they called the operation an "incident" rather than a war, refused to apply the Neutrality Act embargoes to China. Instead, he began sending military supplies to Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the Nationalist forces. In addition, he not only dispatched 1,200 Marines to Shanghai to reinforce the 2,200 American troops already there, but ordered United States gunboats to patrol Chinese waterways. When the Japanese sunk one of these vessels, the "Panay," a situation was created which could have led to a crisis had not the Japanese apologized and paid a \$2,214,000 indemnity.

Since Roosevelt's evasion of the Neutrality Act brought no massive criticism, he decided to move further along. In order to test public opinion, on October 5, 1937, he went to Chicago, deep in the anti-involvement heartland, to deliver an important address. "Innocent peoples, innocent nations, are being cruelly sacrificed to a greed for power and supremacy," he proclaimed quite accurately. "... If those things come to pass in other parts of the world, let no one imagine that America will escape ... that this Western Hemisphere will not be attacked ..." Making this point, he continued to the climax of the speech. It seems to be apparently true that "the epidemic of world lawlessness is spreading. When an epidemic of physical disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in a quarantine of the patients in order to protect the health of the community against the spread of the disease. ..." The nations instigating war, the President warned, are also spreading an epidemic; and they, for similar reasons, should also be quarantined—which, although he did not amplify further, was taken to mean that the United States should

push for a world-wide economic embargo against Germany and Japan.

Roosevelt's "Quarantine Speech" created considerable stir. His words were emblazoned in newspaper headlines not only across the nation, but in foreign capitals as well. Was Roosevelt preparing for a confrontation with the aggressors? A large segment of the nation was deeply disturbed, and even members of Roosevelt's own cabinet, including Cordell Hull himself, registered unofficial disapproval.

But Roosevelt, like Wilson before him, had no intention of shoving America into a war until he could be assured that she would again go in with a whoop. Therefore, when a survey showed Congress disapproved of sanctions against Japan by a two to one margin, Roosevelt backpeddled to such an extent that he even torpedoed an international conference called in November for this purpose.

But tension continued to build. On March 26, 1938 Japan passed the National Mobilization Act, which all but put the island empire on a war footing. With Japanese bombers already killing Chinese women and children, and with the Japanese navy not only approaching the American in parity of battleships but actually exceeding it in modern destroyers and the vital (but still underestimated) aircraft carriers, Roosevelt countered with a much needed preparedness campaign. Despite considerable opposition from pacifist groups, he managed to have Congress approve the Naval Expansion Act in May, 1938.

Thus Roosevelt had warned the Japanese militarists that should they continue their expansion in China they would soon have an aroused protector of the weak to deal with.

At this point we must pause to ask two crucial questions. First, how great a threat to the independence of China were the Japanese; and second, were the Japanese the grave danger to our own security that Roosevelt believed?

To answer the first question we must retrace our steps. Hostilities had intensified in China during July, 1937, when Japanese

troops on maneuvers near the Marco Polo Bridge on the outskirts of Peking exchanged gunfire with Nationalist soldiers. Although the action had not been planned by the commanders on either side, the incident quickly developed into full-fledged warfare that the home government of Premier Fumimaro Konoye was unable to stop.

The Japanese military, misled by their easy victories over China and Russia during earlier years, confidently informed the Emperor that the latest operation would be disposed of within three months. At first their predictions seemed about to be fulfilled as their troops moved from conquest to conquest. By December jubilant lantern parades in Tokyo were marking the fall of Nanking, the Chinese capital. But Chiang refused to come to terms—something the generals had not counted on. Canton fell—and Hankow, too. Yet Chiang—his air force gone and his army in shambles—fell back into the mountains, where the Japanese advance was brought to a virtual halt by the problems of rough terrain and lengthening supply lines.

With Chiang ever threatening and with guerrilla warfare breaking out among the supposedly subjugated civilian population, the Japanese learned that a few brilliant victories do not conquer an entire nation. Month after month the fighting continued. There was no actual front, no entrenched enemy over whom a decisive victory could bring an end to the conflict. By 1939 the endless casualties had piled up and the cost of the operation had exceeded by more than ten times that of the Russian war.

The Japanese truly had a dragon by the snout. They could not win, nor could they let loose without bitter national humiliation. Their conquest of China was an abysmal failure.

This brings us to our second question: were the Japanese a danger to American security? But now the answer is obvious. Not only was Japan, embroiled in the China morass, completely incapable of mounting an offensive against the continental United States, but it was advantageous to American interests that Japan continue her misadventure in China, thus tying up her manpower and resources in a vain attempt to subjugate a nation with seven times her population and occupying a territory twenty-five times larger.

Roosevelt, however, had an undeniable meddling instinct. Breaking with the American diplomatic tradition which had allowed Japan special leeway in China, Roosevelt became incensed when Premier Konoye announced in November, 1938, a strictly oriental "New Order in East Asia." This New Order envisioned an integration of the economies of Japan, Manchuria, and North China—not an illogical plan in view of the intertwining need of Japan for raw materials and of Manchuria and North China for manufactured goods and capital investment.

It would, of course, bring some strain to the few American firms operating in this area. Even more important, it would cause an embarrassing loss of face (which heads of state take in a most personal manner) to Roosevelt and leaders of other Western nations. Therefore, in December, Roosevelt directed Ambassador Joseph C. Grew to deliver a firm note to the Japanese government which protested against the "imposition of restrictions upon the movements and activities of American nationals who are engaged in philanthropic, educational and commercial endeavors in China." Passing on from commerce to morals, the American note further stated that this country "could not assent to the establishment . . . of a regime which could arbitrarily deprive [the Chinese] of the long established rights of equal opportunity and fair treatment which are legally and justly theirs. . . ."

As Japan was vilified, the Chinese were romanticized. Sumner Welles, second only to Cordell Hull in the State Department, speaking then much as he would write several years later, believed "modern history shows few more wholly admirable passages than the story of the resistance of the Chinese people to the overwhelming armed superiority of Japan . . ." To Welles, the Chinese were "fighting for their lives and for their freedom"—although he admitted this so-called freedom had to take into account the bevy of local dictators, or "war lords," and the fact that Chiang Kai-shek himself had never dared submit his rule to popular, electoral approval. But this admission did not go far enough, for as a matter of fact, the average Chinese coolie had not the slightest degree of freedom to fight for whether the Japanese or Chiang's henchmen controlled his destiny. And on

Chiang's rule Harry Truman, a few years later, would produce the ultimate verdict: "the government of Chiang Kai-shek did not command the respect and support of the people." It was the blunt, unfortunate truth.

While Roosevelt was bristling at the Japanese aggression in Asia, he was met with even more shocking events in Nazi Germany, where in the late autumn of 1938 Hitler's anti-Jewish pogroms were reaching a virulent state. Gangs of Nazi toughs roamed the streets burning synagogues, smashing Jewish stores, and beating and sometimes killing Jews with no provocation. Jews were deprived of their livelihood when such occupations as journalism, teaching, the theater, law, medicine, and even farming were denied them. Many ordinary German people, too, went along with Hitler's excesses and sometimes entire villages banned Jews from walking their streets.

American reaction to the spreading horror in Germany was intense: "a hurricane is raging here" the German Ambassador reported from Washington on November 14, 1938. Roosevelt indignantly recalled his own ambassador from Berlin, thus registering his official, if ineffective, disapproval.

But it was one thing for the nation to feel revulsion toward events in Germany and quite another to become convinced that millions of American boys should expose their lives in what was later found to be a futile attempt to relieve the condition of the downtrodden Jews. Actually at this time Hitler was eager for the Jews to emigrate from Germany, rather than kill them, and had such prominent American Jews as Bernard Baruch and Lewis Strauss been able to convince Belgium or Britain to open up certain virtually uninhabited, yet fertile, land in Rhodesia or the Congo uplands, the gruesome murder of six million Jews during the war years need never have occurred.

While American public opinion turned sharply against Germany, the actual percentage which believed America should declare war was infinitesimal. Roosevelt, however, was intent upon

bringing the nation to a point where it could actively participate in the conflict he felt was fast approaching. In his annual message to Congress on January 4, 1939, he said: "There comes a time in the affairs of men when they must prepare to defend, not their homes alone, but the tenets of faith and humanity on which their churches, their governments and their very civilization are founded." He further declared his conviction that the defense of democracy among nations is all the same fight: if one democratic nation fell the others would surely follow. Later, he revealed to a friend just how far he considered American security to extend in Europe: "... there are fifteen or sixteen independent nations in Europe whose continued independent political and economic existence is of actual moment to the ultimate defense of the United States . . ." One of these states, Czechoslovakia, he singled out as being "a link in American defense."

This challenging statement brings us to another essential query: did the Germans actually pose a military threat to the American homeland? Roosevelt said an unhesitating "yes," and based his entire foreign policy on this supposedly obvious fact. In this he was backed up by an impressive array of political, military, and journalistic talent.

But was the danger so real as observers imagined?

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, composed of General George Marshall and Admiral Harold Stark, the nation's foremost military experts, were convinced America's security was imperiled—and so stated in a fantastic report to the President in September, 1941. We have already examined the extreme difficulty that Germany, with a population of only 75,000,000 would have had maintaining rule over a hostile aggregate of Slavic nations totaling 250,000,000—particularly with an unbeaten Russian army hovering beyond the Urals and the British (with their Empire of over 130,000,000, excluding India) still belligerent on Hitler's Atlantic flank. Nonetheless, the Joint Chiefs and their aides calmly assumed that after Hitler had digested the 65,000,000 inhabitants of France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Norway, he would most probably march into Syria, Egypt, Iraq, and Iran. Absorbing these Arab states—totaling another 50,000,000 persons, he would occupy

There was more to Roosevelt's obsession with engineering America's participation in hostilities than his cloudy belief that the loss of Czechoslovakia or any combination of European states would imperil America. There was more, too, than his predilection to insure that our British brethren did not go under. For it is an undeniable fact that war-makers enjoy the pomp and the exalted importance which the leadership of a martial state brings. Often so great is the desire to play Mars that the leader fears the opportunity for war may come too late—thus bringing glory to his successor. ("He has decided to strike, and strike he will," Italian Foreign Minister Ciano wrote of Hitler—although he could nearly as well have been describing Roosevelt. ". . . He continues to repeat that he will localize the conflict . . . but his affirmation that the great war must be fought while he and the Duce are still young leads me to believe once more that he is acting in bad faith.")

Roosevelt, just as Hitler and Churchill, loved to be the center of man's biggest game—warfare. So much did Roosevelt wish to swashbuckle about the center of the stage that after he finally convinced Congress to endorse his much-needed defense program he was so reluctant to share the limelight with another actor that the rearmament effort itself was seriously impaired!—at least according to the testimony of Bernard Baruch, whose spectacular success with Wilson's War Industries Board entitles him to a respectful hearing.

Roosevelt "never willingly entrusted great authority to a single subordinate," Baruch complained. "He liked to keep the reins in his own hands." Even in August, 1939, when Roosevelt's War Resources Board urged a mobilization czar, Roosevelt refused to appoint one. Instead he later created the leaderless Supply, Priorities and Allocation Board, which became a bickering composite of self-willed men. Baruch publicly called the SPAB a "faltering step forward." This brought a quick phone call from General Edwin "Pa" Watson, Roosevelt's secretary. When Watson asked Baruch to modify his criticism, Baruch quipped: "Pa, I'll be glad to change my statement. But if I do, I'll have to say that the SPAB is a faltering step backward."

Spain, Portugal, Morocco, French West Africa, and, for good measure, a few strategic Atlantic islands.

This accomplished, went the report, Germany might "seek a period of peaceful refreshment, during which she can reorganize Europe and prepare for further adventures. However, the possibility cannot be dismissed that Germany might seek at once to continue into India [430,000,000 additional persons], South Africa [another 13,000,000] or South America [110,000,000]."

Still Hitler's appetite would not be satiated, according to the masterminds who wrote this report. He must gorge himself with the United States. We are not told how Germany would be able to maintain herself against the nearly one billion restless or actively hostile persons in Europe, Asia Minor, Africa, India, and South America while at the same time attempting the conquest of the United States, but we shall let that pass—for even pitted one for one, invasion of the United States would have been impossible.

Classical offensive requires at least a three to one (preferably five to one) superiority at the point of attack. But where could Hitler, even aided by Japan, have obtained this, since at least half his manpower would be occupied with the non-military tasks of preparing and shipping the food, munitions, petroleum, clothing, medical supplies, tanks, cannons, rifles, as well as the combat troops themselves through waters swarming with American submarines? The Axis powers would need navies of stupendous proportions to wipe out American warships operating from protected ports offering ample facilities for quick repairs (while, on the other hand, damaged Axis ships would have to limp home across two thousand miles of storm-tossed, submarine-infested ocean.)

Examples of the staggering Axis difficulties could be multiplied virtually at random. Yet by now it should be amply clear that conquest of the United States was a quite impossible task for the Axis. Nor is there anything in the war records which indicates the two smallish nations had the slightest intention of pursuing such a bizarre enterprise. Indeed, a year before the Joint Chiefs had conjured up their odd report, Hitler had not even been able to cross the English Channel!

Roosevelt should have been capable of envisioning a foreign policy which, although not satisfying his urge to lead the United States on a military crusade, would have followed the only true goal of a national leader—that is the good of his own country. A realistic policy would have been based on the fact that the United States was in no military danger; it would have been to do everything short of war to aid our friends—for a world of friendly nations is more to be desired than one of enemies. But under no condition should Roosevelt have permitted American soldiers to leave our shores. After all, the world had survived for countless centuries without America's efforts. So why not let Germany and Japan have their turn atop the heap? Hitler and the Japanese militarists were mortal men, and someday other leaders would take their nations along more reasonable courses. In any event the violent deaths of millions of persons would not necessarily result in a better world—as Roosevelt's successors were to discover.

Roosevelt had a vague glimpse of fighting by economic means when he determined to make the United States the "arsenal of democracy," a role for which the nation was eminently qualified and which probably could, in the long run have put a limit to the aggressions of Hitler and the Japanese militarists. Thus during March, 1939, Roosevelt pushed vigorously for a repeal of the quixotic arms embargo of the Second Neutrality Act. There were heated debates in Congress and compromise eventually carried the day—for the Neutrality Act of 1939 permitted the sale of war supplies, but at the same time prohibited American ships from entering the war zones. Thus the Allies could purchase material, yet American vessels would not be exposed to the submarine attacks which had enabled Wilson to lead the nation to war.

During the summer of 1940 Roosevelt expanded America's role in the war, conducting secret negotiations with Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador, whereby fifty World War I destroyers were given the British in return for ninety-nine year leases to air and

naval bases in Bermuda, Trinidad, and other islands astride Panama-Caribbean sealanes.

In most respects the destroyers-for-bases deal was in accord with American interests, for not only were the bases relatively important (although the Panama Canal was still extremely vulnerable to submarines or sabotage) but a policy of giving all aid short of war to a friend sorely concerned with apparently imminent invasion was obviously to American advantage. The problem here was that Roosevelt did not adopt this policy as an end in itself. This was merely another of his methodical steps which led him (perhaps subconsciously) toward placing America in a situation from which war would be a most probable result.

Still, Roosevelt, aware of the pacific temper of the nation, did not dare to disclose his own bellicose tendencies. Thus during the presidential campaign of 1940 (which in many respects was similar to Wilson's campaign of 1916) Roosevelt leaned so far backwards as to make the following statement capping a speech in Boston: "And while I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." Robert Sherwood, one of Roosevelt's speech writers, noted that when the President was reminded that the Democratic platform had contained the significant phrase "except in case of attack," Roosevelt indicated there was "no need to tack that on now."

Roosevelt obtained his third term, and immediately proceeded to get his nation further involved in European hostilities. Churchill, of course, was delighted. On December 8th he wrote Roosevelt a letter that sounded strangely like one Lord Grey might have written to Wilson. With the purpose of convincing the President to find a means to provide England with the tremendous amounts of war supplies for which she was no longer able to pay ("cash and carry" still being on the books), the Prime Minister noted "it seems to me that the vast majority of American citizens have recorded their conviction that the safety of the United States . . . is bound up with the survival and independence of the British Commonwealth of Nations." Although a Roper poll of a few

months earlier had indicated quite the contrary (sixty-seven per cent would see England defeated rather than go to war), Roosevelt brooded for two days, then came up with what Churchill called a "wonderful decision." The President's response was Lend-Lease, an ingenious device to side-step American public opinion. Under the plan, passed by Congress after bitter debates in March, 1941 (predated by six weeks of highly secret Anglo-American talks) war goods could be loaned or leased to friendly belligerents—supposedly to be returned later like a garden hose borrowed to put out a neighbor's fire (the simile is Roosevelt's).

While Lend-Lease taken by itself was in American interests, as used by Roosevelt it was a gigantic leap down the road to American entry into a war that did not directly affect American security. For with British ships loaded with Lend-Lease gifts crowding back across the North Atlantic it was logical to Roosevelt that American warships should help protect them. Thus the President was soon sending destroyers of the misleadingly-named Neutrality Patrol on convoy duty out as far as Iceland. Soon not only did American destroyers cover the safety of British munitions ships, but they actively aided in hunting down German submarines.

Roosevelt was getting bolder now. When in late May a German U-boat sunk an American freighter, the President responded by thumping again on his theme of American security: "We shall actively resist wherever necessary, with all our resources, every attempt by Hitler to extend his Nazi domination to the Western Hemisphere, *or to threaten it.*" (Author's italics.)

With it now established that a vague threat was enough to rouse his retaliation, Roosevelt had passed another milepost on the road to war. Actually Hitler, fully occupied with his upcoming venture against Russia, was leaning over backwards not to provoke any action against the Western Hemisphere. Thus he firmly warned his admirals against any provocations which would give Roosevelt an excuse for extending American involvement. Roosevelt, on the contrary, was actively seeking an incident which would galvanize public opinion in favor of war. Therefore in July he dispatched a strong contingent of Marines to occupy Iceland (an outpost on

the American-British munitions run) which was three times closer to Europe than to the United States. At the same time he sent warships and freighters into the Red Sea to give succor to the hard-pressed British army defending imperial pretensions in Egypt and Suez.

With enough hulls in perilous waters Roosevelt was virtually certain an incident would be created by trigger-happy seamen on one side or the other. Therefore it should have been no surprise when on September 4th the American destroyer *Greer* was attacked by German subs off Iceland. "Piracy!" the President thundered, not mentioning that the destroyer was tracking a German submarine while a British plane, following the *Greer's* radio signals, was dropping depth charges. Another American destroyer was bombed and sunk in the Red Sea. Then the President proclaimed that American ships would henceforth have no choice except to shoot on sight any German vessel. For, as he explained, "when you see a rattlesnake poised to strike, you do not wait until he has struck before you crush him."

In this manner was begun the American entry into the European war—despite Roosevelt's promises and pledges, and against the will of the people and the strictures of Congress.

With Roosevelt steering the ship of state on collision course with Germany, it would seem reasonable that he should cut a swath around Japan. But he adopted the very tactics which would virtually force the Japanese to attack the United States!

Prior to the outbreak of the European war the Japanese had begun to retrench in Asia. Shaken by the morass into which they had blundered in China, they were negotiating with Chiang for the evacuation of their outlying conquests. However in 1940, when Hitler swept through France, Holland, and Belgium, the Japanese militarists suddenly felt a hunger for victories of their own—particularly with British and French strength in Asia at a low ebb. It was as Ambassador Joseph Grew said: "The German victories have gone to their heads like strong wine . . ."

Yet the logic of Japanese expansion was in many respects difficult for Americans to refute. The Western powers had gained their Asian lands by conquest, and held them without the con-

sent of the subjugated natives. The white men had no God-given right to rule forever in Asia—far from it. And the Japanese, being the undisputed Oriental leader, had at least a shadowy obligation to throw out the foreigners and assume natural hegemony over what they were already calling the Co-Prosperity Sphere.

In some ways this sphere, which for the moment included Korea, Manchuria, and North China, was not only remarkably well run, but actually aided many of the inhabitants. In Korea, the Japanese increased industrial production sevenfold. Dams were built and hydroelectric power became available. They laid sewers and brought in fresh water from artesian wells. And rice production was greatly stimulated. Although the Koreans had to take Japanese names and learn the Japanese language, many of them were proud to be part of an entity that was growing and progressive. "In one sense we were not occupied territory," a Korean reminisced to James Michener many years later. "We were a true part of Japan . . . There was no brutality and many Koreans had good jobs working for the Japanese."

In North China, too, there were many beneficial aspects to Japanese rule—the main one being the peasants' release from the unending warlord feuds and landlord repressions which had left many provinces in shambles for generations. After the Japanese army had conquered a province, highways and rail lines were built. Harbor facilities were enlarged and trade increased. Factories and mines were put into operation. And the Japanese administrators often felt a true affection for their Chinese subjects. "I loved China," a Japanese man told Michener. "... [The Chinese] were a gentle, moderate people of great culture."

As for Manchuria, it was a new and exciting frontier. "Ah, Manchuria!" sighed a Japanese. "There was a wonderland. There was a glorious land for young men with energy. . . . We accomplished immense things. We made that cold land flourish like a garden."

From Manchuria the Japanese Empire derived its iron ore, in addition to products of the new industries which Japanese capital was creating. From Korea came much needed supplies of rice. But the flourishing heartland needed more. Additional rice could

come from Indo-China. And oil could be obtained from the rich wells of Indonesia. But Indonesia was controlled by the Dutch—and Indo-China by the French. Thus it was not surprising that Japanese thoughts often turned to the need to drive the white conquerors out of these desirable territories—particularly after both these European nations had fallen to Hitler.

Among the most outspoken of the Japanese expansionists was Hideki Tojo, who his associates nicknamed "The Razor" from his cutting tongue and sharp mannerisms. Tojo had come from a family long imbued with the samurai tradition of military glory and service to the state (his father, who ultimately rose to the rank of general, had fought in both the first Chinese and the Russian wars.) Tojo graduated from military college during the upsurge of Japanese nationalism that resulted from the stupendous victory over the Russians. He spent some time serving garrison duty in Manchuria, then during the First World War participated in the short-lived Allied invasion of Russian Siberia.

The Razor's efficiency brought him to the attention of army higher-ups. With the war's end he was given the coveted post of military attaché in Germany. Speaking German, Tojo heard directly from his hosts the bitterness they felt toward the British, French, and Americans for denying Germany her rightful share of world power and plunder. Returning home in 1922 via the United States, Tojo viewed the Americans of the roaring twenties as undisciplined, unmilitary, and unconcerned with anything except pursuit of the jazzy life. It was an unshakable observation which would have a decisive bearing on Japanese foreign policy many years later.

Tojo's military career flourished. He had a single-mindedness which made him a highly respected, extremely capable officer. His only weakness was for cigarettes, of which he often chain-smoked more than sixty a day. ("It's the only pleasure I have," he told his wife.) War and preparation for war were his consuming passions. And in this he fitted perfectly with the ardent, yet largely anonymous (at least to outsiders) clique which ran the military. In 1935 Major General Tojo was given one of the most powerful posts in the Japanese army: head of the secret police of the

Kwangtung Army, the virtually independent force which ruled Manchuria. And two years later the slim, bullet-headed Tojo was promoted to Chief of Staff of the Kwangtung Army, which made him virtual dictator in Manchuria. From this position he played an important role in expanding the war into North China.

Although General Tojo was still virtually unknown outside Japan, he was now a power in the army clique. His associates, firmly committed to expanding Japan's military and economic role in Asia, brought Tojo back from Manchuria in 1938 to serve as Vice Minister of War in the first Konoye Cabinet. His tenure of office was brief, however, for his belligerent attitude toward Great Britain, the United States, and, particularly, Russia (whom he had long viewed as Japan's prime enemy) so shook the moderates of the Konoye administration that the army quietly shifted Tojo to a non-political office.

But in July, 1940, with the increase in Asian tensions due to Hitler's rampage in Europe, the Japanese General Staff shifted General Tojo into the Cabinet as head of the War Ministry.

With the ascension to power of grim Hideki Tojo (who Ambassador Grew classified as one of the "wild men") Japan began veering on an ever-more antagonistic course with America.

On the other hand, Roosevelt's attitude toward Japan had also been hardening. In 1939 Roosevelt had begun constructing submarine and air bases on Guam, Midway, and Wake Islands—all of which were far closer to Japan than to the American mainland. Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, was greatly strengthened and the Pacific fleet enlarged into a truly formidable force—particularly in Japanese eyes, whose island homeland was completely at the mercy of the power which controlled the seas. Earlier Roosevelt had initiated an effective "moral embargo" on the exportation of airplane parts to Japan and in 1939 he extended this voluntary embargo to aviation fuel. Then in July, 1940, he pushed through a congressional act which empowered him to forbid the export of first quality iron and steel scrap—upon which Japan was embarrassingly dependent.

Events now began rushing forward. In September, 1940, the Japanese pressured the French government, safely in Hitler's

pocket, into granting them the use of air bases in that portion of Indo-China which is now North Vietnam. At the same time Britain was worried into closing the Burma Road, Chiang's only overland supply route, for three months. And in the meanwhile the Japanese sent a mission to the East Indies to insist that the Dutch grant them huge quotas of scrap iron and petroleum. But the Dutch, whose London-based government was under Churchill's influence, bravely—or foolishly, perhaps—refused.

Nevertheless the Japanese government was still not yet fully committed to the policy that Tojo and his militaristic cohorts urged. Prince Fumimaro Konoye, the melancholic civilian Prime Minister, while bending with his War Minister, did not crack under his pressure. Even while Tojo's warlike (though American educated) associate, Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka, was scurrying through Europe, first cementing the German alliance, then negotiating a non-aggression pact with Russia—even at this dwindling hour Konoye was able to send Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, a spokesman for the Navy (which largely disapproved of the Army's reckless plans) to Washington as a peace-promoting ambassador.

But Admiral Nomura, reaching Washington in February, 1941, had an impossible task. His American adversary was Cordell Hull, Roosevelt's dour Secretary of State. Hull, a Tennessean, had risen through the Democratic Party to the United States Senate. Handsome and dignified, he looked the part of a statesman. But his Southern personality did not equip him to bargain with the smallish, yellow men from Japan. Hull was irritated with Nomura, not only for his bumbling nature, but for his abominably hard to understand English. In addition, Hull was in contact with the ultra-secret American cryptography unit which had broken the Japanese diplomatic code. And from this windfall luck, Hull learned that Nomura's government seemed far less conciliatory than the Admiral led him to believe in his lispy conversations.

Hull was utterly adamant in opposing any reconciliation short of complete Japanese withdrawal from China and French Indo-China. Yet, oddly, the United States had absolutely no vital inter-

ests in these realms. Thus Hull was dragging his nation toward war, not for her own interests, but for some blind, quasi-altruistic urge to act as big brother to the downtrodden masses of largely uncaring Chinese and Vietnamese. Hull regarded the brazenly aggressive Japanese as the crude disturbers of Asian tranquility; and yet neither he nor Roosevelt gave any thought to the dangers represented by the forces of Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh already assembling in the wings (forces which the Japanese might have been able to control).

Indeed, so strongly was Hull opposed to any compromise, that when Nomura suggested Roosevelt meet personally with Premier Konoye to work out some reasonable agreement, Hull effectively discouraged the President—even though Roosevelt, ever hankering for the grand gesture, was at first so enthusiastic that he even suggested possible conference sites. Konoye, too, had hoped that such a meeting would give him ammunition with which to control the militaristic hot-bloods led by Tojo. But when his sincere offer of negotiation was turned down, the Premier wrote glumly in his diary that “it became clear that the State Department’s opinion had become the dominant opinion.”

As Konoye’s failure to budge the Americans became ever more apparent, his position deteriorated. The war clique headed by General Tojo pushed ever more strongly toward the south. Again pressure was applied to Vichy France, and in July, 1941, 50,000 Japanese troops added southern Indo-China to Nippon’s expanding Co-Prosperity Sphere.

With the Japanese continuing their irritating disregard of American strictures, Roosevelt slapped what was virtually a complete embargo on all goods shipped to Japan from the United States—including precious oil. In addition, he slammed the Panama Canal shut to Japanese freighters and impounded all Japanese funds in the United States. It was an exceedingly incautious reprisal, as Roosevelt surely knew, for Japan now would have to choose between outright war or abject submission.

One can only wonder in amazement at Roosevelt’s rationale in forcing the Japanese into such a predicament in view of his rapid involvement in the European conflict. It seems probable

that Roosevelt was suffering from the virtually incurable virus (so common among national leaders) known as megalomania. How could it be otherwise, for he had just returned from a pleasant Atlantic conference with sugar-tongued Winston Churchill. Between brandy and banter Churchill kept pounding on the fact that the destinies of Britain and America were intertwined. Churchill's rhetoric was as beguiling as it was forceful. "The Americans **MUST** come in at our side!" he stated, "You must come in, if you are to survive!" Then he went on to the excitement of running a war: of giant armies, of soaring production figures, of crowded sealanes and great convoys. Over all the national leaders were as supreme as gods.

Churchill was at his oratorical best, with grand, rolling speeches, ripe and plump "to the point where it seemed you'd be able to take his sentences in your hands and squeeze them until the juice ran out" (so wrote Roosevelt's son, Elliot, who listened agog). The talk roamed over India, and Burma, and Indo-China, and Indonesia, and Africa, and Egypt—as well as war-strewn Europe. And when the two men were through, they brought forth the grandiloquently vague document known as the Atlantic Charter—a pompous sheaf of verbiage promising that the two leaders would bring to the billions who looked up to their lofty personages a golden era of peace in which "the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want."

With this background, how, then, could the Japanese dare challenge this architect of a world-wide New Deal by erupting into the peace-loving land that has since become known as Vietnam! Roosevelt saddled himself on a very high horse, for when Konoye frantically sought an eleventh hour audience Roosevelt haughtily refused until Konoye promised categorically to alter Japan's expansionistic plans in Asia.

On September 6, 1941, just three days after Konoye received Roosevelt's blunt rejection, a highly important conference was held in the presence of Emperor Hirohito. According to Konoye's *Memoirs*, it was here decided that, should Japan be unable to resolve her problems with the United States, war would be the alternative—for Roosevelt in ordering his oil embargo had

given the Japanese no alternative. As Konoye accurately noted, soon "our shortages will become so severe that, should America come upon us with impossible demands, we shall find ourselves unable to resist even for the sake of defending our very existence."

When, by mid October, it was clear that Roosevelt and Hull would not modify their position, the war party forced Konoye out and replaced him with their own Tojo. Addressing two hundred high government officials, Tojo proclaimed: "If one hundred million people merge into one iron solidarity and go forward nothing can stop us. . . . Wars can be fought with ease"—a common belief of war-makers in their early balmy stages. It was then that Admiral Yamamoto was ordered to begin assembling a gigantic fleet for action against the Americans. Spies in Honolulu provided maps (easily obtained at local stores) of Pearl Harbor, complete with the precise location of the warship docks.

Yet still the Japanese peace party clung to a glimmering hope that war with America could be avoided. On December 3rd, even as Yamamoto's fleet was steaming slowly towards Hawaii, Bernard Baruch was approached by Saburo Kurusu, agent extraordinary sent to help the ineffective Nomura, with what Baruch understood to be a completely sincere offer. "It was imperative [said Kurusu according to Baruch] that he see the President privately; Secretary Hull, he claimed, was hostile and untrusting. If the President would set aside protocol and receive him without Hull's presence, Kurusu was sure that the proposals he would put before him would prove acceptable."

These proposals, Baruch learned, envisioned "that President Roosevelt appeal directly and personally to the Emperor—which Kurusu felt would immobilize the military." Kurusu further stated that Japan was ready to negotiate a settlement with Chiang Kai-shek whereby all Japanese troops would be withdrawn except one or two garrisons in North China.

Baruch immediately telephoned General "Pa" Watson who hurried to Baruch's residence with a White House stenographer. Baruch dictated a summary of Kurusu's offer—an offer which represented a clearcut victory for Roosevelt. But the President took three days to leisurely mull over Kurusu's proposition—and

meanwhile the Japanese fleet passed the hour of no return—defined by Yamamoto as the evening of December 5th.

On December 6th the President did issue an appeal directly to Emperor Hirohito, but it was haphazardly made and there was little or no attempt at follow ups. Roosevelt was certain war was imminent and had sent messages stating this to all American base commanders, including, of course, those at Pearl Harbor, the nerve center of the Pacific. (“This dispatch,” said the communique of nine days earlier to Pearl Harbor, “is to be considered a war warning.”) Yet Admiral Husband Kimmel and General Walter Short were so convinced that the Japanese would never dare challenge the mightiest naval base in the world, that they had not bothered to make even the most elementary preparations for a surprise attack. Indeed, neither commander even had a proper air patrol out—the only way the Japanese fleet, approaching via an area seldom used by commercial ships, could be spotted in advance!

Long before dawn on December 7th, the Japanese fleet commanders were preparing to launch their attack. Pilots were in the ship briefing rooms. Bombs and torpedoes were being fitted to the planes. From the Admiral’s masthead floated the code flag: “Conquer or Die.” Soon the planes were filled with petrol and the first of the Zeros began warming up. Then, one by one from each of the half dozen carriers, the planes arched into the sky. After the squadrons had completed their rendezvous, they turned off into the pre-dawn darkness.

Two hours ahead lay the gigantic American base. Would the Americans be waiting for them with an ambush of anti-aircraft guns and pursuit planes?

The sky began to turn rosy, tinting the water beneath the rumbling bombers. Each of the pilots was firmly convinced that the very existence of Japan, with its thousand years of culture, depended upon what they achieved this morning.

Truly the code flag had said it. They must either conquer or die.

The air armada droned on.

Roosevelt and Churchill: Pearl Harbor to Casablanca

Pearl Harbor was beautifully tranquil on this pre-dawn Sunday, the seventh of December, 1941. The American fleet was at rest—engines without steam and ammunition in locked boxes. So peaceful was it all that the young ensign in charge of the Communications office, the sentinel of the base, was fast asleep.

But some Americans in Washington were not slumbering this fatal morning. One was Lieutenant Commander Alvin Kramer, and another was Colonel Rufus Bratton—cryptologists operating with the "Magic" team that had cracked virtually the entire Japanese diplomatic and much of her naval secret codes. At seven-thirty Washington time (two A.M. in Hawaii) Kramer was handed an intercepted message from Tokyo to Ambassador Nomura instructing him to deliver at precisely one that afternoon to the State Department the firm and final rejection of the American peace proposals. The fact that this message had to be delivered specifically at one P.M. jarred Kramer. It seemed obvious to him that the Japanese were planning an attack—and where else except Pearl Harbor, for one o'clock Washington time was dawn at Pearl, the ideal attack hour!

Kramer rushed to the White House and jammed the Japanese rejection into Captain John Beardall's hand. Beardall carried the message upstairs to President Roosevelt. It was still many hours before the attack—more than ample time to rouse the base into what could have been one of the most devastating counter-attacks

in naval history. But Roosevelt, diverted by a sinus discomfort and not alerted by the Captain about the one o'clock deadline, dismissed the message.

Kramer then hurried to the State Department, where he could do nothing more than deposit the intercept with Secretary Hull's personal assistant.

Colonel Bratton had only slightly better luck. Bratton phoned General George Marshall, Chief of Staff. Marshall was off on one of his solitary horseback jaunts. It wasn't until ten twenty-five that Marshall received Bratton's urgent request for an immediate interview. By this time Japanese planes were warming up, but they would still not be on Pearl Harbor for three precious hours.

Marshall showered, made his leisurely way to his office, then mulled over the entire fourteen-part intercept before allowing Bratton to point out the vital significance of the one o'clock delivery hour. Then Marshall, believing that at least something was astir, ordered Bratton to send out a "Be On Alert" message—which Admiral Harold Stark, Marshall's opposite number in the Navy, suggested be also transmitted to Navy commanders because "it can't do any harm." As Bratton rushed to the message office it was still six thirty in slumbering Hawaii. The Japanese planes, then on their way, wouldn't arrive for an hour and a half. But as ill-luck would have it army communications with Hawaii were disrupted because of atmospheric conditions and rather than submit to the humiliation of going through the Navy's special system, the officer in charge sent the high priority Alert via common Western Union! As bombs were falling on Hawaii, a Nisei messenger on a motorbike was chugging slowly on his way to warn General Walter Short, the Army commander.

As a result of incredible American bumbling the attack was a stunning success. That there were no American planes to meet them astonished the Japanese pilots. "Have these Americans never heard of Port Arthur?" a pilot-diarist exclaimed, referring to the surprise attack on the Russians many years earlier.

The raiders came in two waves. The first headed toward the

military airports. Had there been patrols to give even a few minutes warning, many of the nearly 500 American planes could have been aloft to give the Japanese, whose total attack force was only 360, a more than hot reception. But no planes were ready, and the commanding officer at the Naval Air Base was taken so off guard that he was enjoying breakfast when the first Japanese wheeled in toward him. "Those fools know there is a strict rule against making a right turn!" he grumbled to his young son. It was only when the Zeros were on him that he saw the red circles on their wings!

Bombs smashed hangers and incendiary bullets riddled the American planes—many of which were lined up in neat, easily hit rows. Then the Japanese turned on the barracks—scoring a direct hit on a mess hall where three or four hundred airmen were eating. Maimed and bleeding poured into Tripler Hospital, from which there came an urgent call for surgeons.

The Japanese first wave had given them complete control of the air.

After an ominous lull, the second attack wave appeared. This force concentrated against the American fleet, which was the primary object. Admiral Kimmel had his eight battleships easily placed for the Japanese marksmen. Every plane had its target in advance. With a deafening roar bombs and torpedoes smashed home. As the ships' magazines blew up, bodies flew as much as 300 feet into the air. Smoke, black and oily, rolled over the harbor. Decks were thick with dead and dying men. Crews leaped overboard, swimming frantically away both from the searing flames and the straffing bullets.

For an hour and forty-five minutes the Japanese had their way with the bastion that had once been America's pride. When the last of the mustard-yellow Zeros had droned off, they left 2,323 Americans dead, all eight battleships either disabled or destroyed, and nearly every American airplane incapacitated. The cost to the Japanese was five midget submarines, one full sized sub, and a mere twenty-nine airplanes. In one swoop the United States lost more ships than during the entire First World War and only the fact that the carriers had miraculously been

at sea prevented American presence in the Pacific from being reduced to a cipher.

Disaster though it was, Pearl Harbor gave Roosevelt exactly what he needed. All opposition to war faded instantly. Congress quickly convened. Roosevelt was wheeled to the platform, from which he read his war message. December 7th, he thundered, was a "date which will live in infamy." He insisted that the Japanese attack was "unprovoked," although we have seen quite the contrary. And all hearts were stirred as he foretold that the American people "in their righteous might" would go on to absolute victory.

Within hours both houses, with no other choice left them, had committed the United States to a war which, according to Roosevelt's unrealistic dreams, was fought "for a world in which this nation, and all this nation represents, will be safe for our children. . . ." He, as all war-makers, imagined that by forcibly removing one group of objectionable states no others would take their places. But it was to be otherwise.

During the first half of 1942 the demise of the Axis seemed painfully distant. The Germans roared across Russia, and the Japanese, freed at last from the hovering menace of the American navy, blasted into strongholds dear to the Western imperialists. In February the gigantic naval base at Singapore, highly touted symbol of invincible British power, was taken by 30,000 troops under General Tomoyuki Yamashita—whose brilliant campaign against 100,000 British and Indians was lightened by the unaccountable fact that Singapore's biggest guns were positioned to fire only seaward!

With morale soaring and their enemies in confusion, the Japanese swept all before them. In March Burma was theirs and the Dutch were driven from most of their vaunted Indonesian possessions. In the Philippines, where General Douglas MacArthur fought a desperate delaying action, the Americans and their Philippine allies were pushed out of Manila and down the Bataan Peninsula. MacArthur was soon transferred to Australia, and General Jonathan Wainwright continued the hopeless fight.

One of those witnessing the disaster in the Philippines was an army nurse, Annalee Jacoby, who left us with a vivid account of the boys who Roosevelt only a little over a year earlier had vowed would never be forced to fight on foreign shores. "Conditions at Hospital Number One were not too good," ran Annalee's story. The shrapnel wounds were particularly bad, especially among those men who lay groaning for long periods at the front due to the shortage of ambulance fuel. Just before the defensive system gave way, Japanese bombers hit the hospital. Then "everything was terror and confusion. Patients, even amputation cases, were falling and rolling out of the triple-decker beds to run."

When the Japanese breakthrough came, trucks took the nurses down a road lined with mangled bodies to the landing area. There they were hurried aboard a boat bound for Corregidor Island, a stone fortress honeycombed with tunnels and fortifications. The boat plowed through dangerous waters with "big guns firing over our heads and shells from somewhere landing close by." The bulk of the troops, however, were taken prisoner when Bataan fell and their harrowing experiences on the infamous March of Death to their place of confinement became one of the classic horror stories of the war.

Corregidor, too, was a nightmare. "There was constant bombing and shelling—sometimes concussion from a bomb outside would knock people down at the opposite end of the tunnel." Annalee counted 100 explosions per minute on April 29th, Emperor Hirohito's birthday. Although she had grown accustomed to gruesome events, Nurse Jacoby remembered one gory incident in particular—that was when a barrage caught a large group of soldiers just outside a tunnel entrance. "As more shells landed, they smashed men against the gate and twisted off arms and legs." The surgery was active that night "with many amputations." Orderlies carted off basketloads of severed limbs.

Annalee was one of the fortunate few to escape from Corregidor on a seaplane. The men she left were taken prisoner when the fortress fell, to suffer through the rest of the war in dismal prison camps.

For many long, disheartening months it seemed as if America could never make up for the fallen and maimed at Bataan and Corregidor—if, indeed, American casualties could ever be compensated by taking the lives of Japanese or German boys. Everywhere the Allies were in retreat: from Russia, where Hitler had reached the essential Caucasus oil fields, to Asia, where Tojo was threatening both Australia and India.

But neither of the two aggressor nations had the industrial potential nor the manpower reserves to maintain their vast conquests. Hitler, with his supply lines dangling across more than a thousand miles of hostile territory, slowed up before the important Russian city of Stalingrad. And Tojo, having been stung by a revived American navy in the Battles of the Coral Sea and Midway, found himself overextended at Guadalcanal Island, slightly closer to Pearl Harbor than Tokyo.

In August of 1942 the Americans mustered their first large-scale counterattack at Guadalcanal. The battle was ferocious, with Japanese shells, bombs, and torpedoes blasting twenty-four American warships to the bottom—including a pair of hard-to-replace carriers and eight cruisers. But the Japanese losses, although equal in number of vessels (including two battleships and four cruisers) represented a much greater strain on Japan's far weaker replacement facilities.

The Japanese soldiers, convinced their nation was fighting a holy war, battled with such fury that there were grave moments when the Marine landing force was imperiled. The worst times were at night when snipers hidden in trees and underbrush shot up Marine outposts with virtual impunity. Just as bad were the nocturnal visits of units of the Japanese fleet, making the so-called "Tokyo Express" run from nearby Bougainville. Correspondent Richard Tregaskis was sleeping when three destroyers opened up. At the first boom, he leaped out of bed and dashed for a dugout. As he ran, he heard the whistle of the approaching shells, quickly followed by their explosions, one of which went off so near that he felt the blast of air from the concussion. Debris

crashed all around him. Yet he made it to the dugout, where he became a minor source of amusement, dressed as he was in his underwear.

But the humor of the moment was soon gone, Tregaskis recorded in his *Guadalcanal Diary*. "When the barrage halted, we could hear a blubbing, sobbing cry that was more animal than human." Tregaskis found a severely wounded man, his head and shoulders lying "in the center of a sheet of gore. Face wounds [were] raining blood on the ground. . . . I could see now how he made the terrible noise. He was crying, sobbing, into a pool of blood."

Meanwhile Roosevelt was having the time of his life. During January of 1943, while Marines were writhing beneath Japanese shells and sniper bullets, Roosevelt, Churchill, and their staffs were holding one of the war's most momentous conferences in Casablanca, Morocco, recently taken from the Vichy French as part of the campaign to dislodge the Germans and their allies from North Africa and thereby end their threat to the Suez Canal.

There was no particular reason for Roosevelt to make the long trip to North Africa, for Churchill could easily have come to Washington—as he had earlier. Roosevelt went to Casablanca just for excitement—"he liked the drama of it," wrote Harry Hopkins, his indispensable sidekick.

On the plane over the Atlantic the President behaved as excitedly as a sixteen year old boy. Hopkins had brought a couple bottles of rum aboard, along with some cold turkey, so that the flight became the start of a "first class holiday." Once in Casablanca the merriment continued. The President's villa was out of a fable: a spacious livingroom, two stories in height, with huge French windows that looked out onto a lush, well-manicured garden with a swimming pool. Roosevelt's two grown sons, Franklin Junior, and Elliott (to whom we owe this description) occupied a second floor bedroom; with Harry Hopkins having another to himself.

Winston Churchill was enjoying himself in another villa,

chomping contentedly on his inevitable cigar while he downed more than goodly amounts of booze. ("My rule of life," Churchill was to declare, "prescribed . . . the drinking of alcohol before, after, and if need be during all meals and in the intervals between them.")

The two leaders had some fine outings—which went under the loose classification of inspection trips. What an adventure, with roaring motorcycle units guarding the front and rear of their motorcade and an escort of fighter planes buzzing overhead! When Elliott Roosevelt met his exhilarated father upon one of his returns, the President eagerly told him about the trip. "I wish you could have seen the expression on the faces of those men in the infantry division. You could hear 'em say, 'Gosh—it's the old man himself.'" Then, Elliott added, "Father roared with laughter."

Churchill, too, was relishing the war experience. With the tide of battle at least clearly turning in favor of the Allies, the Prime Minister delighted in showing how the British Empire was advancing on all fronts. He had fixed up what Elliott found to be a "magnificent war-room" complete with huge maps of the many theaters of conflict. "He had a lot of fun showing them to us," went Elliott's account. Pins stuck at various places represented army units—which Churchill moved as reports of victories came in. And, even more pleasurable, was a large picture of the North Atlantic, with every German submarine pack reduced to miniatures, some resting in French ports, some lurking in the English Channel, many hovering around the Azores, more lying off Iceland, and others prowling about the unbelievably perilous supply line to Murmansk, Russia. But Churchill's toy fleet appeared to have the subs in tow.

In addition to the frolics, serious work had to be done at Casablanca. The main business was to decide whether to launch an invasion of northern France in 1943, as the Russians were most insistently urging. During sessions of the British and American Chiefs of Staff, held prior to the arrival of Churchill and Roosevelt, oftentimes hot arguments rose about the desirability of a cross-channel offensive in 1943. General George Marshall

was strongly for it—as was Harry Hopkins in Roosevelt's entourage. But others, favored an invasion of what Churchill misleadingly referred to as the "soft underbelly" of Europe, i.e. Italy via Sicily. Although for good reasons it was decided to adopt this strategy, Roosevelt began wondering whether Churchill was not just as interested in protecting British influence in Greece, Egypt, and other nations around the Mediterranean as in pursuing the most effective mode of attack against Germany.

In other areas, too, Roosevelt received glimmerings of British imperial-oriented policy. The British desired to divert some of the Allied forces in Asia from island-stalking directly toward the Japanese homeland to the recovery of peripheral British possessions. "The British want to recapture Burma," the President complained to Elliott. "It's the first time they've shown any real interest in the Pacific war, and why? For their colonial empire!"

Churchill's concern with protecting his empire irritated Roosevelt, who seems at last to have realized that Churchill had taken the phrases of the vaunted Atlantic Charter which promised "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live" with a grain of salt. Indeed, although Roosevelt remained on the best terms with Churchill, in conversations with his son he became so distressed with British disregard for colonial rights that one is puzzled as to why he had been so disturbed about the Japanese ousting the British from Asia. "Britain is taking all the wealth of [India's] national resources away from her every year," the President said. "Indian people have one thing to look forward to, like death and taxes. Sure as shooting, they have a famine." Roosevelt found British rule in Gambia (which he visited on his way to Casablanca) even worse than in India. The Gambians "are treated worse than the livestock." As for the rule of the French against whose colonies Japanese incursions had caused Roosevelt much anguish, the President complained: "The native Indo-Chinese have been so flagrantly downtrodden that they thought to themselves: Anything must be better than to live under French colonial rule!"

Then Roosevelt followed with an even more astonishing

statement which reveals the illogical stance of the United States with regards to becoming involved in the Asian war: "Don't think for a moment, Elliott, that Americans would be dying in the Pacific tonight, if it hadn't been for the short-sighted greed of the French and the British and the Dutch." If those imperialist nations had been such horrible, money-mad rulers, then why should the United States side with them against the Japanese, who couldn't be much worse? And if the United States was not fighting merely to protect the British, French, and Dutch empires (as Roosevelt insisted it was not) then shouldn't the American public have been consulted as to whether it wished to give the lives of its youth in order to battle Japan's Co-Prosperity Sphere? For, as we have noted, war could easily have been averted had Roosevelt moderated his demands.

But the bloody game had begun and there could be no questioning of motives now. Nor could there be any letup in the effort to utterly pulverize the aggressor nations. Roosevelt, recalling the days when with "unconditional surrender" Grant disposed of the Confederacy, promoted this unhappy phrase into a decision of the Casablanca Conference. Although Roosevelt later said the phrase just "popped into my mind" during a press meeting, unconditional surrender was allowed to stand. Thus the door was slammed on any negotiated settlement which would have permitted either Germany or Japan under new governments to seek an end to the fighting on even slightly honorable terms. The little phrase which "popped" into Roosevelt's head insured not only the deaths of literally millions more persons but the unforeseen expansion of Communism into the power vacuums thus created in eastern Europe and East Asia.

When the eight day meeting was over, Churchill was reluctant to see the festivities end. "You cannot go all this way to North Africa without seeing Marrakech," he said to the President. "Let us spend two days there. I must be with you when you see the sunset on the snows of the Atlas Mountains." The trip was accordingly made—with thousands of American troops lining the road and war planes constantly circling in the skies above them. The President was carried to the tower of a villa, where he,

and Churchill, and fifteen or sixteen generals, admirals and aides had a sumptuous sunset dinner, topped with a riotous songfest in which Churchill bellowed out his share of the solos.

In the morning Churchill, clad only in bedroom slippers and a brilliant pink bathrobe, drove Roosevelt to the airfield. The farewells said, Roosevelt zoomed into the sky. Then Churchill returned to his strangely silent villa to paint a picture of the exotic scene where such good times had been had.

Meanwhile, the carnage and horror of war groaned on.

Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin at the
Wartime Conferences

On August 9, 1943 a fleet of landing craft jammed with infantrymen slid through the darkness toward a beach in the rear of a hard-fighting German unit in Sicily. The air aboard was suffocating, wrote Jack Belden with Patton's Seventh Army. Tension clawed inside the soldiers' stomachs. A man retched, and the air turned fetid. Suddenly the boats rammed onto the shore. The soldiers jumped to the earth, then dashed inland through barbed wire that daggered into their flesh. "The night was upside down with shouts, bullets and moving figures," Belden recalled. "We could not know what was happening. A private clapped his hand on somebody's shoulder and said 'What unit you from, buddy?' A voice answered 'Mein Gott!' A pistol shot rang out; someone howled and then gurgled."

Meanwhile in the Pacific United States Marines were forcing their way onto another island up the ladder toward Tokyo. Tarawa was soon to become synonymous with everything horrible. One could never tell when death would strike. Robert Sherrod remembered walking beside a young Marine who was talking and grinning at his comrades. Then a shot snarled in the distance. The boy spun around and dropped to the ground dead. "From where he lay, a few feet away, he looked up at us. Because he had been shot squarely through the temple his eyes bulged

out wide, as in horrific surprise at what had happened to him."

But the Marines moved on into the hell of bullets, shells, and grenades. They fought to a Japanese pillbox, then tossed explosives into the gun port. As the blast sent smoke billowing upward, a Japanese soldier sped frantically out a side entrance. The Americans took vengeance on him with a flame thrower. "As soon as it touched him," wrote Sherrod, "the Jap flared up like a piece of celluloid. He was dead instantly but the bullets in his cartridge belt exploded for a full sixty seconds after he had been charred almost to nothingness."

Sicily and Tarawa took their bloody toll, but they were eventually in Allied hands. On September 3, 1943 Italy was invaded; and at the same time in the Pacific American naval power was built up for the assault on the Marshall Islands, a thousand mile leap toward Tokyo. Meanwhile a Russian offensive was rolling in the Ukraine—immeasurably aided by the torrent of American Lend-Lease which had furnished Stalin with up to 7,800 planes and 4,700 tanks and tank destroyers. Thus, with the war news promising a successful conclusion to the conflict within a year or so, the Big Three decided to meet at Teheran, Iran to discuss their future plans.

Churchill suggested to Roosevelt that before conferring with Stalin, they hold preliminary discussions among themselves at Cairo—which was on their route. To encourage Roosevelt Churchill wrote him that one of his agents "has been lent a beautiful villa, which I have seen myself, and am sure would be in every way suitable for you. It is a mile or two from the Pyramids. . . . There are some very interesting excursions into the desert which we could make together." The only cloud on the Prime Minister's pink horizon was the American insistence on including Chiang Kai-shek in the Cairo talks. For British-Chinese relations were sticky over Churchill's determination to resume British imperial domination of Chinese foreign commerce after the war through her base at Hong Kong.

On November 13, 1943 Roosevelt set out on the first leg of

his new adventure. Commandeering the magnificent new battleship, *Iowa*, he enjoyed a most pleasant ocean voyage—marred only by the ironic near-torpedoing of the *Iowa* by an errant weapon from one of her own escorting destroyers. (“In view of the fact that there were twenty Army officers aboard [the *Iowa*] Harry Hopkins chortled, “I doubt if the Navy will ever hear the last of it.”)

A week later Roosevelt was relaxing in Tunis visiting the ruins of ancient Carthage with General Dwight Eisenhower, who was then being scrutinized to determine whether his political acumen (woefully lacking in his dealings with certain French politicians) qualified him for a predominant role in the invasion of Normandy, at last set for mid-1944. Roosevelt enjoyed himself in Tunis at a handsome bayside villa. Then he took a night flight (to avoid any inquisitive German fighter planes) to Cairo, where the conference headquarters was in a hotel directly opposite the Pyramids.

Although the two leaders respected each other as much as ever, they were far apart on the direction in which the Allied war effort should take. Roosevelt’s thoughts centered only on winning a complete military victory in the shortest possible time—and this meant full concentration on a direct smash across the English Channel into France. The Prime Minister, on the other hand, looked beyond the immediate future to the post war era when the tricky politics of international life must go on. Thus he was still convinced that proper strategy also demanded a determined push up the Balkans through Yugoslavia—the purpose being to prevent the Russians from imposing Communistic regimes on the area while the Allies were occupied in the west.

In the Asian theater the two leaders disagreed once more. In place of island hopping across the Pacific, Churchill continued to favor a methodic movement up the Malay Peninsula, through French Indo-China, and then up the Chinese coast (a scheme fantastically wasteful in human lives, but which also appealed to General Douglas MacArthur). Churchill’s prime motives were to reestablish British power in Singapore, to reunite Burma with

the Empire, and to reinstate British merchants in Hong Kong. On the way up the Chinese coast, the Allies would also attend to the Chinese Communists—even though they were admittedly far more effective fighters against the Japanese than Chiang's Nationalists, who, Roosevelt complained "aren't fighting at all."

And that brought up the subject of China. Even Roosevelt conceded that Chiang was hardly a suitable ally, since he was obviously more interested in cementing his heavy personal rule over China than in aiding the Allies against the Japanese. This made the China situation far from satisfactory, and Roosevelt even went so far as to admit to his son, Elliott, that "a majority of the Chinese think more highly of Japanese colonial policies than they do of British or French or Dutch"—a most astonishing statement (particularly when combined with the Allies' low estimation of Chiang's appeal to his countrymen) since, as we have seen, it was Roosevelt's big brother preoccupation with the welfare of the Chinese which led to his meddling in Asian affairs and the resulting war with Japan.

However Churchill bowed before American pressure with regards to both the European and Pacific fronts. Then the normal Roosevelt-Churchill conviviality was resumed with a feast which appropriately fell on America's Thanksgiving Day. "Two enormous turkeys were brought in with all ceremony," wrote Churchill. "The President, propped up high in his chair, carved for all with masterly, indefatigable skill"—much to the admiration of Churchill's daughter, Sarah, Elliott Roosevelt, and Harry Hopkins and his son Robert.

Toasts followed—during one of which the President proudly recalled (perhaps with more than a whisper of boastfulness) that his soldiers and sailors were tonight bringing the Thanksgiving tradition to more than a score of underprivileged countries. The Prime Minister responded with an impromptu Niagara of oratory about wartime unity and its promise for the future. Soon a record player was hauled out and, as Sarah Churchill (the only woman present) began to tire from her constant calls to dance, Winston himself did the honors with General "Pa" Watson, "to the delight of his chief [F.D.R.] who watched us from the sofa."

At dawn November 27th Roosevelt, Churchill, and their glittering entourage roared off into the blue Egyptian sky for Teheran and their exciting confab with Joseph Stalin. In the meantime the war continued:

"Italy was tough," went the account of correspondent Ernie Pyle, living with the men in the chill winter rain which never seemed to stop. Mud slopped and oozed everywhere. Many G.I.s had not been able to dry out from the clammy wetness for weeks. The misery was almost inconceivable, Pyle noted, for at night the men lay on the half frozen earth, sleeping in fits while snow sliced about them. "They lived like men of prehistoric times, and a club would have become them more than a machine gun. How they survived the dreadful winter at all was beyond us . . ."

Teheran was beautiful, cradled as it was beneath an amphitheater of mountains. Churchill rode into the Iranian capital down a street three miles long spaced with brightly uniformed Persian cavalymen. Sirens blasted as his motorcade moved majestically past gawking spectators four deep. They did not cheer, Churchill found, but rather stared non-committally, for the British with their strangling oil concessions were not the most welcome of guests.

Due to the potentially hostile population as well as the assumed presence of Axis agents, Allied security guards feared for the lives of their charges. Thus when Stalin graciously suggested the American delegation lodge in the well-protected Russian compound, Roosevelt accepted. The President was accordingly given the most luxurious quarters—with Stalin agreeably moving to one of the smaller buildings.

Between Churchill and Stalin there was a mistrust based partly on the fact that their two nations had been engaged for more than a century in imperialistic competition (which at one time had resulted in the Crimean War). Just as difficult was the

tremendous psychological difference between the two men. Churchill, pleasure-loving, loquacious to a fault, had little in common with austere Stalin, who spoke only in low, rumbling monotones. Nor could Churchill take Stalin's grim sense of humor. At one dinner, for example, Stalin said he looked forward to executing at least 50,000 Germans as war criminals. Churchill, his face and neck red with brandy as well as anger, jumped to his feet. "The British people will never stand for such mass murder," he roared in Stalin's face (according to Elliott Roosevelt sitting close by). With that Churchill stomped into another room—to be followed by Stalin, grinning broadly, who put his hands on Churchill's shoulders and declared he was only jesting. Although the Prime Minister admitted "Stalin has a very captivating manner when he chooses to use it," Roosevelt thenceforth became the mediator between the two men.

There was a heady atmosphere at Teheran. And how could it be otherwise? The Big Three had reached the pinnacle of power. At their fingertips were a bevy of admirals representing nearly the entire naval power in the entire world; of generals in charge of the most gigantic armies in history; of diplomats whose nations and their dependencies totaled considerably more than a billion human beings. "In our hands," Churchill mused, "lay . . . beyond any shadow of doubt the happiness and fortunes of mankind." How inspiring war-making was!

The three played with millions of human destinies as if they were toys. They roamed over Germany, debating whether to cleave the 75 million people into five separate, independent parts or reconstruct a new sort of Austrian Empire (as Churchill urged) out of Austria, Hungary, and such south German states as Bavaria. They discussed the thorny problem of Poland's 35 million—with the British supporting their London-based government-in-exile and the Russians promoting their Lublin Communist clique. Millions of soldiers with their panoply of supply ships and air support were assigned duty in operations in Italy, the Balkans, France, and the Pacific. The three were almost as gods; and the earth was a stage for their ambitions, hopes, and fantasies.

Although no final decision was made at this time on Germany or Poland, Roosevelt regarded the Teheran meeting quite favorably. Stalin registered satisfaction with firm Allied assurances of a full-fledged second front in northern France. And at the same time the Western powers received Russia's pledge to enter the Pacific war sometime soon after Germany was crushed. Just as important, at least in Roosevelt's sunny estimation, was the fact that the meeting had helped create an atmosphere of trust and amicability which would insure continued good relations during the post-war years. The President fully endorsed the final words of the Teheran Declaration: "We leave here friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose."

The Normandy invasion (what Churchill called 'the greatest amphibious operation in history') began just after dawn on June 6, 1944—a cold, blustery day, with crashing waves and a weather forecast so bleak that General Eisenhower and his staff had grave misgivings about dispatching their unwieldy landing craft under such adverse conditions. Only the fact that a postponement might permit the Germans to learn the closely-kept secret of the exact landing sites, decided this most difficult question.

The softening up had begun long before with round-the-clock attacks by the Royal Air Force at night and the 3000 bombers of the American Air Force during the day. On the day of the invasion the Allies flew over 14,600 sorties—completely blanketing the Channel. An immense fleet of 4000 ships, together with several thousand smaller craft, shuttled back and forth between England and France—and in two days 176,000 men and 20,000 vehicles had been ferried to Normandy.

The Germans fought bitterly, but were forced to fall back—for with their air force virtually destroyed and their surface fleet non-existent, they were powerless to prevent the buildup. In addition, the bad weather had not only mislead them into believing the Allies would not launch their invasion at this time, but even as the Allied soldiers poured ashore, Hitler's generals per-

suaded him to withhold his main counterattack in the belief (carefully nurtured by clever Allied tactics) that Normandy was merely a feint designed to disguise the true thrust at Calais. Thus within four days the Allies were sufficiently well installed to permit an excited Winston Churchill to tour the battlefield.

Crossing the Channel in a British destroyer, Churchill was met by General Montgomery, smiling and confident. They drove through the warstrewn countryside, while guns boomed not far away. Then they had lunch in a tent dangerously near to the German lines, which were just three miles distant. Returning on his destroyer, the Prime Minister further indulged his urge for adventure by ordering the captain to steer close to the German-held shore—for “why shouldn’t we have a plug at them,” he grunted. The nervous captain ran his little vessel well into German artillery range, let loose with a round, then highballed it for safety. “This is the only time I have ever been on board one of His Majesty’s ships when she fired ‘in anger’—if it can be so called,” an elated Churchill later wrote. “I admired the Admiral’s sporting spirit.”

But while Churchill was sporting, other men were dying. Ernie Pyle, standing amid the carnage on the landing beaches, had watched grimly as the swirling tides “carried soldiers’ bodies out to sea, and later they returned them.” The destruction was beyond belief. Pyle saw wrecked landing boats, bullet-riddled jeeps, exploded tanks. He heard the moans of the wounded. And he stared at corpses “sprawling grotesquely in the sand or half hidden by the high grass beyond the beach.”

By early August the Allies had blasted out of Normandy and were stabbing across France. Soon Paris was liberated and by September American and British units had reached the German border—their eastward route marked by carnage on a staggering scale. In just four months, close to a million German and Allied boys were either killed, wounded, or prisoners.

Meanwhile the war in the Pacific had been inexorably grinding toward its denouement. On June 19, 1944 American planes and warships had virtually exterminated Japanese naval aviation in the first Battle of the Philippine Sea. Soon American

bombers from the newly conquered Mariana Islands began hammering Japan itself with such effectiveness that eventually over 800,000 Japanese civilians were killed or injured. Industrial production rapidly plummeted to such impossible depths that the capacity of Japan's vital oil refineries, for example, was a bare 17% of normal—and there wasn't even enough fuel to train her pilots!

On July 18th a humiliated General Tojo was forced out of the government by a powerful moderate faction among which were important elements urging peace negotiations.

On October 24, 1944, as American landings were being made in the Philippines, astraddle Japan's lifeline to Indo-China and Indonesia, the Japanese admirals made a desperate effort to stem the tide. But in the Battle for Leyte Gulf, the greatest sea fight in history, the Japanese lost nearly their entire fleet—including four carriers, three battleships, nine cruisers, and eight destroyers. As for effective replacements—there were none, since Japan was already so short of steel that she was laying hulls of wood!

Japan was beaten—severely and decisively. The war in the Pacific could have been concluded, for Japan, without warships or freighters to support her troops overseas, was no longer the slightest menace to American Asian policy. But Roosevelt had unwisely committed himself to unconditional surrender at Casablanca, and the American public, too, now demanded total, vengeful capitulation to redeem the honor lost at Pearl Harbor. Like spectators at a gladiator contest in ancient Rome, the American public turned thumbs down on peace negotiations. And thousands of their own sons would pay for this blood lust with their lives.

American elections came in the midst of this conquest. Although Roosevelt was only sixty-two, his face was so ravaged with ill-health that even such a sympathetic observer as speech-writer Robert Sherwood was "shocked by his appearance." Nevertheless Roosevelt could not bring himself to release the reins of

power—not with the glories of war and the acclaim for approaching victory resounding about him. There were 15 million men and women in the armed forces subservient to their Commander In Chief—as Roosevelt now preferred being called rather than President. The unparalleled power of Lend-Lease made his will felt down to the tiniest, most isolated island in the Pacific. When he traveled, the heavens were spangled with fighter planes. Battleships and cruisers were his pleasure crafts. Admirals and generals kow-towed before him. Such forceful personalities as Churchill and Stalin hobnobbed with him—"I had a jolly day on Monday on the beaches," Churchill had written him about his Normandy excursion, "... How I wish you were here!"

Yes, Roosevelt found that power was an opiate without which he could no longer be happy. To sink to the level of drab, plain citizenry—that was unthinkable! The presidency might kill him, but he would have his fourth term!

The Republican challenger was youthful and brash Thomas Dewey, popular, handsome governor of New York. Dewey was confident—more so than was good for him—that the nation was fed up with the "tired old men" who ran the government. Dewey had a strong point here, for aging Roosevelt was surrounded by such advisors as white-haired Cordell Hull, 77 year old Henry Stimson (Secretary of War) and Harry Hopkins, so chronically ill that he was almost an invalid.

Yet Roosevelt was made from a warrior mold—and what was politics except war on the domestic front. While in private his face might go slack and his hands tremble, when he appeared before the public it was as if their cheers were an elixir. He loved the arena so passionately that on a cold, rainy day in New York City he rode fifty miles in an open car to show the multitude that Dewey was just talking through his bushy mustache when he made slurs about his health—and when the journey was over Robert Sherwood found his chief "in a state of high exhilaration."

Roosevelt was jaunty as he made some of the most artful speeches in his long career. "Well, here we are together again—after four years," he reminisced to a large gathering, "—and what years they have been! I am actually four years older—

which seems to annoy some people." Then his eyes twinkled. "In fact, millions of us are more than eleven years older than when we started in to clear up the mess that was dumped in our laps in 1933."

Whether it was reminding his audiences about the "Hoover Depression" or joshing his opponent for saying a trip made by his dog, Fala, on a destroyer cost the taxpayers three million dollars ("Fala resents this," he quipped,) Roosevelt fought a brilliant campaign. And when the voting totals poured in, cocky Tom Dewey was smothered in a landslide.

With the presidency now tucked away—or so he thought—for another four years, Roosevelt decided it was time to honor Churchill's request for a second meeting with Stalin. Churchill was unhappy, however, with Stalin's insistence on the Crimean resort village of Yalta for the conference site. The great distance from Allied countries together with the lack of good communication facilities made the Prime Minister grumble "we could not have found a worse place for a meeting if we had spent ten years in looking for it." But Roosevelt did not share Churchill's strong disdain, for, as Hopkins noted, the President's "adventurous spirit was forever leading him to go to unusual places."

However, by this time Roosevelt and Churchill were fast friends. ("It's fun to be in the same decade with you," Roosevelt had cabled the Prime Minister earlier.) And so the Prime Minister not only gave in, but was soon so in the sporting spirit that he sped off to Roosevelt this precious jingle: ". . . come to Malta. . . . No more let us falter! From Malta to Yalta! Let nobody alter!"

On February 2, 1945 Churchill was waiting in the Malta harbor when the President arrived on the heavy cruiser *Quincy*. Spitfires roared overhead through a cloudless sky. As the *Quincy* made her majestic way past British warships, marine honor guards snapped to attention and bands struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." Churchill puffed impatiently on one of his famous eight inch cigars, then toward evening was piped aboard to have

dinner with the President. The two comrades made merry, and Churchill did not inject too many of his forbodings into their jolly conversations. He couldn't help, however, stressing the need for British and American troops in the Balkans. Nor could he resist chiding Roosevelt for centering his hopes for Asia in Chiang Kai-shek—who he referred to with startling accuracy as the “great American illusion.”

After dinner the chiefs and their staffs—numbering around seven hundred—began boarding planes for the Crimea. The President was in good spirits during the seven hour trip, sharing the plane with his married daughter, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger. When he and most of his party had landed at the dangerously ice-coated Saki airport, a Russian delegation headed by Foreign Commissar V. M. Molotov welcomed them with a fabulous feast which included vodka, brandy, and champagne, dishes of caviar, smoked sturgeon and salmon, white and black bread, fresh butter, cheese, and hard and soft boiled eggs—thus initiating a reception which Edward Stettinius, attending as Cordell Hull's successor in the State Department, was to call “a memorable performance.”

The ninety mile auto trip from Saki to Yalta was through a countryside still littered with bombed-out freight trains, caved-in buildings, and scorched farmlands. Along the entire route Red Army sentries stood at attention. Early in the evening of February 3rd the American motorcade reached the magnificent Livadia Palace, built as a summer home for the Tsar and recently used by the German commanders. The palace vista, which included the semicircular Yalta harbor and mountains rising precipitously just beyond, was, as Stettinius exclaimed, “a breathtaking sight.”

The next afternoon at four a long, black Packard rolled up to the palace and short, stocky Joseph Stalin emerged, greeting the President in a most cordial manner. After Churchill arrived, the heads of the three mightiest powers in the world adjourned to the Tsar's old ballroom for the first of the momentous sessions.

As East and West again sat face to face, the Western leaders could not help but try to size up their enigmatic Russian counterpart. Roosevelt had taken a definite liking to Stalin. Churchill,

too, had been favorably impressed when during a visit to Moscow a year and a half earlier Stalin had made a conscientious effort to get along with the blustery Britton. The Russian dictator had even trotted out his sixteen year old daughter, Svetlana, running his hand gently over her red hair. "He wanted to seem at least a little like an ordinary human being," Svetlana wrote many years later. "You could see he liked Churchill."

But Stalin also loved power, which he used unabashedly. He often took satanic pleasure in humiliating such of his aides as Molotov or Vishinsky in public by making them back down on their statements when he changed his mind on the matter. In other respects, too, he was utterly ruthless, and he even boasted to Churchill that all Russian soldiers were heroes, since those that were not he had instantly shot!

But for all of Stalin's icy-veined disregard for human lives, he could not stand the sound of a child crying. And his daughter remembered his tender caresses and the fact that he "was always carrying me in his arms, giving me loud, moist kisses and calling me pet names like 'little sparrow' and 'little fly'."

This rock-willed, suspicious man whose whim could, and had, ordained the death of thousands of his fellow Russians (including many of his own relatives!) was a lonely creature who loved to watch sunsets as he wandered aimlessly amid the quiet garden of his hideaway twenty miles from the officious bustle of the Kremlin. This dictator of Europe's most populous nation was uncomfortable in crowds; preferring to travel in secret railroad cars, having the depots cleared of everyone while he disembarked. Although he was domineering with his generals and diplomats, he was kindly to his servants. Yet his personal life was unhappy. Disturbed for years because his young wife had committed suicide, he could only watch in impotent dismay as his son, Vasily, became a drunkard and his beloved daughter, Svetlana, rejected him for a world of art and a liaison with a Jewish writer—who Stalin packed off to a prison camp.

Nonetheless, the Russian ruler was not the taciturn, scowling figure that many Westerners imagined. "Stalin impressed me as a man with a fine sense of humor," wrote Stettinius, amused to see Stalin propose toast after toast at the dinner which followed the

first meeting, then surreptitiously pour water into his half-drained glass when he thought no one was looking. Stettinius caught him doodling little figures on pieces of paper. And at times Stalin would jest about Churchill's penchant for purple prose. Since the Prime Minister was agreeing with most of what was being said, why didn't he just say so.

But the vital question concerning Stalin's complex personality remained: was he the kind who would keep his promises? Roosevelt had a feeling he would. For Churchill, on the contrary, the answer was not so clear. "We are now entering a world of imponderables," he was to comment upon his return from Yalta.

The conference continued for eight days—and covered a wide gamut of problems. It was agreed that Germany should be dismembered—with Prussia, in particular, no longer having access to the manpower and resources of the more peacefully inclined southern and western provinces. Pending the exact determination of the German boundaries, the three powers (and France, if she desired) would each occupy separate zones. As for German reparations, the figure of \$20 billion was bandied about, half of which would go to Russia, where it was estimated that considerably more than \$16 billion worth of property had actually been destroyed. However, remembering the sad course of reparations after the First World War, it was left to a commission to determine the exact figure.

With the shadow of the ineffective League of Nations hovering over them, the three agreed to call a conference of United Nations to meet at San Francisco two and a half months hence to prepare the charter for a new world organization. In order to insure Senate ratification, Roosevelt and his advisors were in full accord with the Russian stance on the necessity of a veto in the Security Council. On two U.N. matters the Americans got the Russians to back down: shaving their demand from sixteen votes in the General Assembly to two, and allowing, on the other hand, the United States a bevy of Latin American clients by extending the membership deadline to those nations who declared war on Germany before the first of the following month.

There were two items, however, concerning which the Russians held trump cards. The first was on the matter of Poland and eastern Europe. Churchill, stating the case for his Polish government-in-exile, reminded Stalin that Poland held a special place in British emotions, since "it was for this that we had gone to war against Germany—that Poland should be free and sovereign." To which Stalin, recalling that it had been through Poland that conquerors from Napoleon to the Kaiser and Hitler had invaded Russia, bluntly retorted that Poland might be a question of honour to the British, but for Russia it was a matter of security. Therefore, although the final conference communique promised "the holding of free and unfettered elections as soon as possible" in Poland, Stalin clearly had no intention of imperiling his nation's security by permitting an antagonistic administration, such as that supported by the British, to gain control of this state. Indeed, so great was his determination to impose a Soviet-dominated government on Poland that five months before Yalta he had not only ordered the Red Army to loiter before the gates of Warsaw while the Germans ruthlessly slaughtered the pro-London underground, but he had even refused to permit the American Air Force a shuttle base in the Ukraine whereby food could have been dropped to the Polish patriots.

Thus Churchill was faced with one of the supreme ironies of the war. Great Britain had gone to war to honor her pledge to help Poland maintain her independence. Had Britain not declared war against Germany, Hitler undoubtedly would have concentrated his thrust against Russia, for, as he proclaimed in *Mein Kampf* and many times later, what he really desired was the vast and fertile Ukraine (not grubbly little French vineyards or the already overpopulated British Isles) in which to implant the future generations of his holy German race.

Now, after four years of staggering destruction to London and other British cities and the even more staggering loss in British military and civilian lives, Poland would soon be under the heel of another aggressor—and there was nothing Churchill could do about it!

And this in turn leads us to the second, and just as ironical,

item on which the Russians would not give ground. The United States had entered the war in the Pacific with similar impossible illusions. The immediate cause of Roosevelt's antagonism toward the Japanese was the refusal of Tojo and his army cohorts to submit a satisfactory plan for total withdrawal from Manchuria and North China. But now in secret meetings with Stalin Roosevelt agreed to give the Russians back their predominant influence in Manchuria (which had been abruptly snatched from them as a result of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904)—with the Russians, in turn, giving a firm promise to enter the Pacific conflict within a bare two or three months after the defeat of Germany.

While there is ample evidence that Roosevelt's health was fast deteriorating, there is no indication from observers attending the Yalta Conference that the President's mental powers were also failing—although it would seem that his brain, being an integral part of his body, would reflect, at least to a minor degree, the malady which would cause his death just two months later. Nonetheless, it was not the President so much as his military advisors who pressed upon him the urgency of Russian aid in the Pacific. The military, under the unfortunate illusion of unconditional surrender, were not content with maintaining the naval blockade and aerial bombardment, which had already effectively neutralized the Japanese Islands. They demanded an actual invasion—a needless exercise which it was estimated would cost upwards of a million American casualties! And so under their urgings Roosevelt bartered away in one afternoon that for which thousands of American boys had been sent to screaming deaths to prevent, namely foreign dominance in Manchuria.

On the night of February 10, 1945 Churchill gave the final banquet. There were only nine persons there, which included the big three, their foreign Ministers (Stettinius, Anthony Eden, and V. M. Molotov,) and their interpreters. "When the president and I arrived," Stettinius recalled, "Winston Churchill, with his great sense of showmanship and appreciation of military pomp, had a regimental guard lined up on the steps of the villa." From there

they went into a beautiful reception room, aglow with the light from a roaring fire. Cocktails were enjoyed, then everyone moved into the dining area. Stalin was in a sociable mood, as usual, and Stettinius took the occasion to offer a typically American aside to him: "I mentioned to Stalin that if we worked together in the post-war years there was no reason why every home in the Soviet Union could not soon have electricity and plumbing."

As always there was an amplitude of alcohol, and amid the animated chatter and glowing camaraderie the three gave free rein to outgushings of goodwill. Churchill said he prayed the future of Russia would be bright. Roosevelt, too, indicated to Stalin how very glad he was that he had opened diplomatic relations with him back in 1933. And Stalin good-naturedly kidded Churchill about his upcoming election, remarking sympathetically that he had always found a one party state a great convenience.

The only cold water splashed upon the festivities was Roosevelt's insistence that he had to leave the next day. "But Franklin," Churchill grumbled, "you cannot go. We have within reach a very great prize." Stalin, too, remarked he thought an extra day was needed to complete their business. But Roosevelt, savoring the life of a bigshot, airily remarked that he had three kings waiting to confer with him: Farouk of Egypt, Hailie Selassie of Ethiopia, and Ibn Saud of Arabia. Although Harry Hopkins later called this ill-timed lark "a lot of horseplay," Roosevelt, nevertheless, broke up the meeting a day early.

Soon the splendid villas around Yalta were empty and quiet. Dead leaves scraped across spacious steps that had once been lined with smartly clad honor guards. Meanwhile the world moved on. Roosevelt was felled by a stroke, to be replaced by an inexperienced, machine politician. A few months later Churchill would be ousted in a general election. And Stalin, surrounded by conniving conspirators already struggling for the mantle that was drooping on his shoulders, would become isolated, lonely, and almost neurotically suspicious of Western intentions.

PART III. The COLD WAR

Flames roared high into the sky and the night reverberated to the crash of toppling walls. *Ack ack* spat viciously as skillful gunners shot at bombers picked up by the searchlights' silver stabs. In the midst of the holocaust a car screeched up in front of a government office. As the Minister limped out, a breathless reporter approached. "Roosevelt is dead!" he stammered.

The Minister stared incredulously for a moment, his worn face illuminated by the burning buildings. Then a look came over him that the reporter was never to forget.

"Bring out our best champagne," Minister Goebbels laughed excitedly to his aides. Hurrying up the steps of the Propaganda Administration, Goebbels made for his private telephone. Instantly he was through to Adolph Hitler, directing the war from a bunker fifty feet below the bombed-out Chancellery. "My Fuehrer, I congratulate you," Goebbels shouted jubilantly. "Roosevelt is dead! It is written in the stars that the second half of April will be the turning point for us!"

Hitler was grabbing at anything. Had he time perhaps his crumbling empire might be saved by one of his secret weapons: the devastating V-2 rockets, the super-speed jet fighter planes, the ultra-efficient electro-U-boats. But now, with the Americans and British in possession of more than half of Germany and with the Russians in Berlin's very outskirts, all that remained for the once mighty Fuehrer was the gauzy promise of an astrologically-ordained miracle.

Yet as the thousand year Reich exploded into ruins, Hitler still clung to the philosophy he had expounded in *Mein Kampf*. In his final public communication with the German people he wrote: "I have never wished that after the appalling First World War there should be a second one against either England or America." It was international Jewry, he claimed, which had transformed his patriotic demands on Poland into a war with the western powers. Land in Russia and the destruction of Communism were his main purposes (and even at this twilight hour he was hopeful of a telegram from Churchill promising British troops to save civilization from the advancing Bolshevik barbarians)!

But Churchill's telegram never came; and Harry Truman kept the American military firm in his predecessor's accommodations with the Russians—even refusing General Eisenhower the honor of liberating Berlin and Prague when they lay within his easy grasp. As the Russian cannons came closer, the strain on Hitler became almost unbearable. He raged at his subordinates like a madman—his face often becoming bluish and his body shaking so that it seemed as if he were about to have a stroke.

When the Russians were just a block away, Hitler put a pistol barrel into his mouth and pulled the trigger. Goebbels and others then deposited his body, along with that of his mistress (and wife-for-a-day) slender, loyal Eva Braun, into a shell hole in the Chancellery garden, where they were cremated. As the flames engulfed the corpses, Russian guns began exploding everywhere, forcing Hitler's staff to dive for the temporary safety of the bunker. One shell must have blown apart the Fuehrer's charred bones, for when the Russian vanguard searched the area no remains were found.

With Hitler dead, the Nazi war machine finally disintegrated. On May 7, 1945 Eisenhower accepted Germany's unconditional surrender at the little schoolhouse that was his Reims headquarters. Hitler's push to the Slavic lands was ended. But in his last written words he left his countrymen a notation for the future:

The efforts and sacrifices of the German people in this war

have been so great that I cannot believe that they have been in vain. The aim must still be to win territory in the East. . . .

Two and a half months after Hitler's violent demise Winston Churchill, his great adversary, was walking through the devastated Chancellery. There had been a large crowd of Germans gathered before the building when the Prime Minister got out of his car, but to his surprise they had cheered him—for, deep in the Russian zone, the British were one of their main hopes to moderate the vengeance of their Slavic conquerors. Churchill followed a Russian guide into the subterranean chamber where the Fuehrer had pulled the trigger on his twelve year rule. The Briton found it an eerie experience to muse on the end of a war-maker.

Yet, oddly, Churchill, too, was on his way out. He had promised the British people an election as soon as the war had been concluded, and even as he prepared for the conference which would take place at nearby Potsdam with President Truman and Generalissimo Stalin, the three week count of the votes was commencing.

The coming confab at Potsdam brought Churchill little of the anticipatory pleasure that had gatherings at Casablanca, Cairo, or Teheran. Although he would never willingly lay down the scepter of power, he had grown old and weary serving his country and his ego. He no longer had the stamina of his adventuresome youth—now he was at times so physically feeble that he had to be carried upstairs from cabinet gatherings by a pair of Marines. In addition, Roosevelt was gone, and Churchill was depressed that Harry Truman, the inexperienced American President, was giving so much away to the Russians. In particular, the American troops should not have been ordered out of their advantageous positions deep in what was to be the Russian occupation zone in Germany without first exacting assurances from Stalin that he would permit free elections in eastern Europe—particularly Poland. Already Churchill was referring gloomily to the “descent of an iron curtain” over eastern Europe.

It was true that Harry Truman, a product of Midwestern

machine politics, had almost no practice in the complicated wiles of international duplicity—the partial reason being Roosevelt's mania for running a one-man show. Truman had such a vague concept of world events that upon being presented with the diamond-studded baton of Herman Goering, Hitler's famous second in command, Truman had written his mother (we hope facetiously) that he couldn't place the German because "I always get those dirty Nazis mixed up."

Reaching Potsdam in the summer of 1945, Truman took a sight-seeing jaunt to Berlin, twenty-five miles away. On the drive he got a dramatic view of the power at his command—a view which clearly showed this probably-astonished, small-horized Midwesterner the weight he could swing around the world. About halfway to Berlin he passed before the mighty 2nd Armored Division, at this time the largest armored unit in the entire world. There they were, the men at stiff attention—with their tanks, mobile guns, and other weaponry arrayed down the German highway "as far as the eye could see," Truman noted. Mile after mile the new President rode, yet still the men and guns ranged out before him. It was not for a full twenty-two minutes that he came to the end.

The next day Harry Truman, who eleven years earlier had been but a minor underling in Tom Pendergast's Kansas City machine, met Generalissimo Joseph Stalin, professional revolutionary, murderer of thousands of his own countrymen, absolute and unquestioned dictator of the largest land bloc in the world. A mis-match it might seem. But the facts were, astonishingly, quite the contrary.

Harry Truman was not the country hick that he let on—nor was he the mental midget that his numerous enemies insisted. He had a pugnacious confidence that made this spectacled man with the too-wide smile and too-available handshake a most fierce adversary. Far from flinching from battle, he loved the military, and as a young man had obtained an appointment at West Point—but his thick glasses caused his later rejection. Nonetheless he served with distinction in World War I as a captain in the front lines at Argonne. When he returned from France, Boss Pendergast,

the 300 pound gambler with a knack for vote-buying, sucked the popular young veteran into his corrupt Kansas City Democratic machine. But even though Pendergast doled him out a minor judgeship, Truman bristled with such honesty that he would not be bought by the greedy politicians. And when Pendergast sent Judge Truman to the United States Senate in 1934 as his third choice "office boy," it was soon apparent that the bustling junior senator was going to do nobody's errands except his own.

During the Second World War Truman took the reins of a minor investigating committee and through his head-butting persistence transformed it into one of the nation's most effective vehicles for exposing the gigantic ineptitudes that were hampering the war effort. Such was the Truman Committee's favorable publicity that when it came time for Roosevelt to pick his running mate in the 1944 elections, he dumped Vice President Henry Wallace and shoved a not-too-willing Harry Truman into the slot. Three months after inauguration Roosevelt was dead and Truman, with almost no preparation by his chief, warily placed his feet into the big man's shoes.

For a while he looked silly. But nothing daunted this earthy, dogged Missourian. While his knowledge of international affairs was sketchy, he was a quick learner. Blunt, outspoken, supremely sure of himself, he had an uncanny ability to size up whomever he came in contact with. Everyone had their place in his theater of personalities. And when Joe Stalin came blustering into his Potsdam villa, Truman put a peg on him. "He was as near like Tom Pendergast as any man I know." And Truman also knew that Pendergast had not been able to hobble him.

Stalin, on the other hand, was not the man he had once been. The debris of sixty-six years had piled heavily on the broad back of this stocky son of a peasant shoemaker from the non-Russian portion of the Soviet Union known as Georgia. He had had a fairly good education at a church school, where his parents sent him to become a priest. But at the age of nineteen he was expelled for his resistance to his teachers' moralistic preachings. Yet there was, nevertheless, an odd sort of religious fervor about him that centered on overthrowing the oppressive Tsarist regime

and substituting for it a benevolent rule of workers and peasants.

Joining the Communist movement, the young man changed his last name from Djugashvili to Stalin, or "Steel." And a hard person he was. Exiled to Siberia repeatedly, he braved the bitter climate to escape time and time again. Active in the Caucasus region, he directed a series of daring bank robberies—the proceeds of which went to further the Party cause. When the Revolution broke out in 1917, Lenin, aware of Stalin's penchant for hard work, promoted him to a high position in the Party. Yet Lenin eventually grew uneasy of the ambitious Georgian's maneuverings, and had Lenin not been felled by a stroke, Stalin's star would have faded out in 1923.

After Lenin died, Stalin ruthlessly balanced off one member of the Politburo against another, and gradually removed all personalities who might oppose his absolute rule.

Once his dictatorship was secure, Stalin, abandoning Lenin's sanguinary vision of a world-wide Communist Revolution, embarked instead on a program he called "Socialism in One Country." Although Stalin, being a Georgian, spoke Russian with an accent, he became more nationalistic than the staunchest Moscowvite. To survive, Russia must become internally strong. And so in 1928 he initiated the first Five Year Plan. Modern factories were built. Workers were urged to take pride in their work, with prizes and decorations for those who exceeded their quota. The agricultural system, dominated by the wealthy kulak class, was wrenched apart and rewoven into state farms and communal holdings.

Stalin pushed industrialization with a zeal which combined his love for his country, his fear of a rising Germany, and his pleasure in power for power's sake. Although the capital invested in industry nearly quintupled, the Russian people were forced to pay a tremendous price. Not even a terrible famine which took upwards of a million lives in the Ukraine would make Stalin divert funds from industrial expansion to relief for the agricultural disaster. And when the kulaks revolted, Communist Secret Police crushed them with a ferocity unbelievable even in Russia.

Stalin knew his country must have allies if she were to stand

against the menacing whirlwind that seemed to be spinning toward him from Germany and Japan. Thus he brought Russia into the League of Nations in 1934, and through his capable Foreign Minister, Maxim Litvinov, pursued an active policy aimed at using the then-predominant might of the League in preventing aggressions from the fascist countries. But France and Britain were as suspicious of Russia as they were of the Axis, and at the Munich meeting with Hitler in 1938 firm Russian assurances to Czechoslovakia were disregarded in favor of an appeasement which was the main factor in Hitler's fatal belief he could get away with an invasion of Poland a year later.

Thus Stalin had ample grounds to be wary of the West. Yet there was more to it than that. As he grew older, there developed within him a psychological aberration that approached outright paranoia. From the remarkably frank writings of his daughter, Svetlana, we see Stalin as a confused and at times weak man who, after his young wife, unable to adapt her tender soul to the ferocious pace of her husband, committed suicide in 1933, fell increasingly under the baleful influence of Lavrenti Beria, soon to become head of the dreaded Secret Police. Without his wife, whom he adored, Stalin became almost unbearable lonely and at times quite despondent. Beria "was aware that my father's spirit was, in a sense, broken," wrote Svetlana. "My father was astonishingly helpless before Beria's machinations." A trumped-up confession, even an insinuation from Beria, was enough to convince Stalin that an unfortunate individual was an enemy who must be liquidated. Svetlana herself was under the constant supervision of Beria's agents, who accordingly had her father ship one suitor off to prison for ten years. Nearly every member of Stalin's family was jailed or shot. And as the family grew smaller—so that at last there remained only Svetlana, who increasingly drew away from her macabre father, and son Vasily, who was in his own private vodka-hell — Stalin became increasingly alone on the rumour-swept, Beria-bleak heights of the Kremlin.

In his drab, suspicious world, Stalin had no person he could treat as an equal—no one in whose presence he could relax. Only at the war-time conferences was he able to pal with persons who

occupied positions of power equal to his—yet who, at the same time, were not potential usurpers conspiring for his job. Stalin truly liked being with Roosevelt; and even Churchill, his redoubtable antagonist, occupied a crevice of regard in Stalin's rocky soul. At every meeting American and British observers remarked on Stalin's genial cordiality—not only with the chiefs of state, but with their lesser officials (with whom he often clinked toasting glasses). And at Potsdam Truman, too, found the enigmatic Russian leader to be not only "in a good humor" but "extremely polite" as well.

While Stalin probably approached the Potsdam Conference in a mood of not unpleasurable expectancy, Truman, bristling with brassiness to hide his uneasiness at the lofty position in which he so unexpectedly found himself, could only write his mother: "I wish this trip was over. I hate it."

The meetings at the palace of the former German Crown Prince were formally opened at five in the afternoon of July 17, 1945. With Truman at the circular conference table was Secretary of State James Byrnes. On his left was the British delegation, then headed by Winston Churchill but eventually turned over to Labor leader Clement Attlee when the election returns became known. On Truman's right were the Russians headed by Stalin and Molotov.

Although Stalin was somewhat waned from a recent heart attack, he was in a smiling mood during most of the seventeen days. He opened the meeting by proposing that Truman serve as presiding officer—which was acceptable to the President. The next item of business was taken care of with equal ease: that was the establishment of a Council of Foreign Ministers to prepare drafts of the peace treaties and iron out problems referred to it by the Big Three.

But the favorable climate ended almost as soon as it began. There were scores of gritty subjects which ground against the gears of agreement. For example, what rights should Britain and the United States claim in Rumania and Hungary, each of

which had had more than twenty divisions fighting against the Russians but none against the West? Or did the Western Allies have any case concerning Russian dealings with Finland, whose twenty-four divisions had been of immeasurable aid to the Germans in their near-death grip on Leningrad, Russia's second city? And could Yugoslavia be considered ground for Allied influence when Marshall Tito, popular anti-German fighter, was in obvious control?

Yet Secretary Byrnes, a flinty, hard-driving politician and former Supreme Court Justice who but for a bit of bad luck would have been President in Truman's stead, would admit the Russians nothing. Taking a morally high but manifestly unrealistic attitude, he informed Molotov that the eastern European governments must be based on free elections. With the Communist parties in minorities in each of these countries, they would immediately fall out of the Russian orbit. Here Truman and Byrnes came up against the fact that no Russian leader, not even Stalin, could permit his nation, which had lost twenty million persons (compared with America's 353 thousand) to emerge from the war with borders as out of control as in the days of Hitler. Truman seemed surprised when Stalin "would reduce arguments quickly to the question of power," but for the head of a state which had experienced five full scale invasions within the past 150 years there was ample historical precedent to warrant his concern. When Stalin quipped to the Prime Minister that "if he started describing the situation in Russia he would make Churchill burst into tears," he was not only bemoaning the fact that most of his industry had been destroyed and, in addition, up to twenty-five million persons were homeless, but informing the Westerners that he had a moral duty to bring security to Russia.

The Russians, disturbed that the Western powers were trying to deny them eastern Europe as their sphere of influence, deftly brought home the fact that the British were just as jealous of their own, infinitely less justified, spheres of influence. For example, why hadn't the British allowed elections in India? And since Britain had gobbled up Turkish Syria and Lebanon as the spoils of the First World War, why shouldn't Russia have trustee-

ship of some of Italy's African colonies? Furthermore, by what right did Britain keep the Suez canal? When Churchill, rather hotly retorted that the British had had no complaints with their rule, "Molotov charged [according to Truman] that there had been a lot of complaints. 'You should ask Egypt.'"

It was the same in other areas. Russia believed she could never be a major naval power (which her role as most populous victor entitled her) so long as the Dardanelles, the only outlet for her Black Sea fleet, was under the guns of Turkey. Here again Stalin had a point, for Russia had to think of her own security, not the territorial integrity of her smallish, perpetually antagonistic neighbor. The Turkish Straits had been, since long before the days of Isvolsky, many times more important to Russia than the Panama Canal to the United States—so why, if the Americans had snatched the Canal Zone from Columbia, the rightful owner, shouldn't Russia have the same privilege with Turkey?

Truman, however, would have no part of this. He countered with a grandiose plan for international control of not only the Straits but all the principal waterways of the world—including the Danube. While on the surface this seemed a fair idea, in actuality it would give the Americans and British, with their overwhelming preponderance in warships and commercial vessels, potential dominance in such Russianized Danubian states as Rumania and Bulgaria. When Stalin opposed this plan, the combative President seems to have taken it almost as a personal affront—if we are to read between the lines of his *Memoirs*—for Truman wrote: "the persistent way in which Stalin blocked one of the war-preventive measures I had proposed [internationalization of the Dardanelles] showed how his mind worked and what he was after. . . . What Stalin wanted was control of the Black Sea straits and the Danube. *The Russians were planning world conquest.*" (Author's italics.)

How Truman could turn the age-long Russian drive for the Straits and predominance in the Slavic corner of Europe into conquest of the entire world is a mystery, for actually Stalin was far from being in a position to invade the rest of the world—nor is there any evidence he had the slightest inclination to do so.

It is true that once the Americans withdrew from Europe, Soviet troops could have rumbled westward over Germany, Italy, France, and the Low Countries. But for what purpose? This area, devastated by the war, would have been far more a liability than an asset. As subsequent events were to clearly demonstrate, it would take both massive infusions of food and huge, long term capital investments to restore Western Europe to even a reasonable level of economic activity. The Russians had a serious dearth of food and equipment, so what conceivable advantage would it have been for them to take over nations just as bad off as themselves?

And as for a full-scale, cross-water invasion of the British Isles (which had thwarted Hitler at his strongest), to say nothing of a venture across the Atlantic—these projects were utterly beyond Russia's capabilities.

But the pernicious illusion of world conquest haunted Truman at Potsdam—and, once given the supposed validity of this, all lines of American action were virtually foreordained. This was particularly true in the matter of reparations. Since Hitler had destroyed almost everything that fell into his hands, the Russian claim of \$10 billion to be recovered from Germany was modest indeed. Such was Russia's serious lack of industry (74 percent of her pig iron capacity, for example, was gone) that she could not wait for the final agreement—for hadn't Roosevelt already indicated his tentative approval of the sum at Yalta? Thus, even before Potsdam, the Russians were stripping their zone of capital equipment. Truman himself saw locations around Berlin where plants had been torn up and shipped off. Such was the Russians' haste that machinery loaded on flatcars was rusting as it waited for locomotives to haul it away. Even more than that: the Russian soldiers were looting German homes of everything they could carry, from jewelry to ancient grandfather clocks. To the angered President (having never lived in a country under the Nazi's boots nor felt the corresponding urge for vengeance) this looting "showed evidence of lack of association with civilized facilities."

With the Russians now classified as barbarians as well as potential world conquerors, Truman had absolutely no intention of allowing them their share of reparations. While not exactly

breaking Roosevelt's implied promise, Truman and Byrnes refused, despite Molotov's persistent urgings, to set a firm reparations figure. Since it was from the valuable Ruhr, lying in the British zone, that most reparations were to come, the Russians could do little except content themselves to raiding their own largely rural areas—while relying upon the Allies to live up to the agreed-upon formula of 15 percent of West Germany's industrial plant to be given the Russians. (Although the Allies did begin to send equipment to Russia, nine months later, as the Cold War froze international relations, all further shipments were abruptly terminated.) The matter of reparation collections, incidentally, resulted in Truman and Byrnes' decision to separate the Reich into inviolate Eastern and Western zones, thus preventing the Russians from getting their share of the Ruhr's assets. Stalin had no initial desire for a partition of Germany.

The cause of Poland also played a large part at Potsdam. With the Russians in firm control of the country, the question of Churchill's government-in-exile was largely academic. Stalin had already promised at Yalta that the London Poles could participate in free elections, but by this time it was clear that Poland—the protection of which had unnecessarily precipitated Britain into the war—was to be irretrievably imprisoned within the Red fortress. The Russians' hedging on Poland so infuriated the hot tempered President that he "felt like blowing the roof off the palace." But, outside of a military invasion, there was nothing he could do.

Undoubtedly the oddest fact about the Potsdam Conference was the place taken by Japan. Originally Truman's prime motive in attending was to press Stalin to move forward his attack date on the large Japanese force in Manchuria. Yet on the day before the meeting opened, Truman was handed a top secret message from Secretary of War Henry Stimson informing him that an atomic bomb had just been exploded in the Southwestern desert. There were only two bombs left in stock, but their expeditious use on Japan could probably bring the war to a swift conclusion.

Suddenly not only were the Russians unnecessary, but American and British planners felt an urgency to get Japan out of the war before Stalin, whose troops were already being freighted

across Siberia, could invade Manchuria and thus claim some of the Pacific spoils of war.

On the other hand, it should have been clear to Truman that even without the atom bomb Russian intervention had never been necessary. Two weeks before Potsdam Stimson presented Truman with a memorandum which voiced a feeling similar to that of many Navy men, including top commander Chester Nimitz. "Japan's Navy is nearly destroyed and she is vulnerable to a surface and underwater blockade which can deprive her of sufficient food and supplies for her population." Continuing, Stimson had declared: "I think the Japanese nation has the mental intelligence and versatile capacity in such a crisis to recognize the folly of a fight to the finish and to accept the proffer of what will amount to an unconditional surrender."

Stimson's estimation was validated at Potsdam when Stalin rather offhandedly announced he had been contacted by the Japanese who desired to send former Prime Minister Konoye to Moscow on a peace mission. Churchill knew (as did Truman from intercepts of the Japanese code) that the Japanese were ready to give up all their conquests, keeping only the sanctity of their Emperor to preserve the nation from chaos. Therefore Churchill suggested that Truman accept the offer, thereby saving both the Allies the planned invasion and the Japanese some degree of military honor. But, Churchill wrote, "the President replied bluntly that he did not think the Japanese had any military honour after Pearl Harbor." Thus the offer was not considered, unconditional surrender was reiterated, and the atom bombs were readied for their dark missions.

When the business at Potsdam reached its inconclusive finale, the Chiefs of State made ready to return home—Stalin with a menu full of autographs he had smilingly collected during a dinner party. (As Churchill had scribbled his name, Stalin had looked at him kindly, his eyes twinkling "with mirth and good-humour"—to quote from the Prime Minister.) But there was no mirth and good-humour about Truman, who left complaining about the "pig-headed" Russians.

Truman ordered the war against Japan pushed ahead with the greatest vigor, frantic to get it over before the Russians invaded Manchuria. The first atom bomb was exploded over Hiroshima on August 5th—an event which Truman, still on the homeward sail from Potsdam, referred to as the “greatest thing in history.” With that the Russians hurriedly moved up their invasion deadline to the 9th—the very day on which half the citizens of Nagasaki joined the 80,000 men, women, and children of Hiroshima as radio-active cinders. With that the Japanese again pleaded they wanted to surrender, the only stipulation being, again, that the Emperor be maintained as the titular head of state. Even though this was essentially the same offer which Truman had rejected when conveyed by Stalin at Potsdam three weeks earlier, the President now decided that Stimson had been right when he repeatedly stated the Emperor should be kept as a symbol of authority. The offer was accepted. The war was over!

The might of Japan had quickly followed that of Germany into temporary oblivion. But while American cities rollicked with joyful crowds confident that with the twin centers of evil had been forever destroyed and that a golden millenium of peace was at hand, three thousand years of recorded history should have warned them that international conflict is not simply a matter of good versus evil. For in world affairs there is no absolutely good nation—since every country naturally drapes the mantle of purity about it. Any act can be readily justified under the catch-all phrase “national security”—whether it be the extermination of the kulaks, the Jews, or the citizens of Hiroshima. And, since nations were formed, not to protect good, but to actively pursue measures which they assume will protect the lives and well-being of citizens, the removal of one pair of aggressors will not alter the suspicions and fears which form the core of that exciting and dangerous game known as international diplomacy.

Thus the demise of Germany and Japan, far from solving any lasting matter, only created power vacuums into which the victorious War Makers now warily, yet self-righteously, strode.

The Firming of the Cold War, 1946-49

Joseph Stalin and Harry Truman were greatly concerned about the relative position of their nations when they returned to their capitals after the affair at Potsdam. Militarily the two nations were roughly equal—with Russia's land forces numerically superior to America's, but with the United States unquestionably dominant at sea and in the air. The American atomic bombs gave the United States an additional, yet imponderable, weapon: too devastating to use except in a direct confrontation, but theoretically available as a controlling factor.

There was actually no need for animosity to arise between the two superpowers. The United States had nothing Russia needed; nor did Russia have anything the United States craved. The people of neither country desired nor had the capabilities of sustaining a successful invasion of the other. Nor had either country an inbred lust for the military expansion that had typified large classes in Germany and Japan. There were no long standing historic antagonisms to inflame the nations against each other. Nor did their borders impinge, a condition which invariably results in territorial squabbles. Even with respect to the capitalistic versus communistic systems of economy, the two nations were not so far apart, since most American corporations were run by a bureaucracy similar in many ways to that governing Russia's industries.

Certainly now if ever peace should have blossomed in the

war-weary world. Yet almost immediately hostile feelings and mutual recriminations broke out. Why should this be?

The fault was apparently with Stalin. Clothing his designs under the guise of national security, he determined to push Russia's sphere of influence out into his border area. His moves against Iran were as senseless as they were inept. Four years earlier Russian and British troops had invaded Iran to insure a supply route for American Lend-Lease. The British, who had occupied the southern portion, moved out after Germany surrendered, but the Russians refused to honor the March 1946 deadline agreed upon by the Council of Foreign Ministers. The reason was supposedly to protect her borders, but no foreign force had ever invaded Russia via Iran. Thus, more probably it was Stalin's way of trying to counterbalance the rise of Western influence in Iran due to the economic hold which Anglo-American oil companies were exerting. However, it took only a few sharp American notes and the threat of an investigation by the United Nations Security Council to force Stalin to back out of the country.

Stalin's next move concerned the supposedly vital Turkish Straits, the only passageway for the Russian Black Sea fleet (which at this time was virtually non-existent). Although an adversary could easily block the Straits by mines or bombs whether Russia controlled them or not, Stalin insisted that Turkey grant him the right to build powerful naval bases along the waterway.

It was an obviously futile demand, since Turkey was violently anti-Russian and the West must back her or lose face in the Mediterranean. Truman, accordingly, dispatched a strong naval task force into the area. Turkey stood firm. And Stalin not only lost another round but thereby needlessly moved another step toward the chillier relations neither he nor Truman really desired.

But Truman on his part took actions which also unnecessarily made the Russians suspicious of American designs. In reacting to the push against Turkey, he had at least the modicum of an excuse (even though Russian domination of the Straits—or even of Turkey herself—would have had no bearing on American

national security). Turkey was, after all, a democracy which had a sort of brotherhood appeal to American sentiments.

However it was vastly different when a call came from Greece. Native Communists, supplied by nearby Red nations and bolstered by the gross misrule of the British-installed royalist government, had made rapid headway among the Greek population. The British and the unpopular royalists tried to combat the Communists but such was the wide-spread resistance that by March, 1947, Great Britain had exhausted her resources and Truman was notified that on the first of the coming month all British support would be withdrawn from Greece.

President Truman, greatly agitated that Western status would plummet, wrongly lumped together the foreign threat to Turkey with the domestic turmoil in Greece. In Truman's mind the fall of Greece would automatically doom Turkey and imperil Italy, Germany, and France (!)—although for what reasons his *Memoirs* does not make clear. Thus the President felt urged to "support the cause of freedom wherever it was threatened". Yet to apply the term "freedom" to the repressive Greek royalists had an odd ring to observers on the spot, such as Rhodes scholar and top-flight news commentator Howard K. Smith, who wrote from personal experience: "There are few modern parallels for government this bad."

Nonetheless the President, self-deluded that American security was threatened in this little, off-beat sector of the world, proclaimed what became known as the Truman Doctrine, a commitment to render maximum assistance to friendly governments threatened by Communism. This was "the turning point in America's history," he proudly and accurately stated. After some of the bitterest debate in a decade, Congress approved the initial funds and soon American supplies and weaponry were flowing into Greece and Turkey.

Having now added these two countries to the growing list of American clients (which included Japan—the greatest prize in Asia) the President went ahead with his plans for the expansion of American influence. The result was an address by his Secretary of State, George C. Marshall, on June 5th, 1947, in

which he formulated an even more radical departure from the traditional foreign policy. Under Marshall's plan the United States volunteered to grant or loan friendly European governments whatever sums necessary to rebuild their war-shattered economies. The Marshall Plan countries (which included sixteen nations headed by Great Britain, France, and Italy) were to formulate their own needs, which they did at a meeting in Paris that summer. The United States was accordingly presented with, and agreed to, a program which required a huge sixteen billion dollar outlay over a four year period.

The Marshall Plan, centering on economic aid, was the wisest and most successful move in the history of American diplomacy. Under this far-sighted policy Western Europe made such a startling recovery that within four years the overall index of industrial production was a full 40 percent higher than it had been just prior to the outbreak of the war.

But even though American politicians liked to call attention to the altruism which motivated the Marshall Plan, there was behind it a prideful desire to elevate the status of America—for didn't the doling out of funds to countries which had formerly regarded American materialism with disdain represent a tremendous vindication of the American way of life? It was time, as Truman told a visitor, for the United States to "take the lead in running the world in the way that the world ought to be run."

Now it was Stalin's turn to react, for the Marshall Plan was an American coup which, even more than ensnaring Western Europe in the American economic system, threatened to crack the wall of Russian-dominated countries which Stalin had erected to protect his border.

Stalin had worked long and diligently to cement his Slavic neighbors together. Even before the end of the war he had convinced Churchill that Bulgaria and Rumania, two Axis-allied nations, should fall, at least temporarily, within the Russian orbit. With the war's end, Stalin easily, but not bloodlessly, firmed his rule over these former enemies. As for other Slavic states, the Churchill-Stalin agreement stipulated that both Britain and Russia should share responsibility in Hungary—but within two years the

native Communists, in control of the police and aided by Russian occupation troops, had engineered a plot against the rightist ruling party which left the rightists discredited and gave the Communists an electoral victory. Poland had been somewhat more difficult, what with Churchill's London Poles apparently about to win the free elections promised at Yalta. But just before the elections the Communists indulged in a most vicious campaign of terror, which left 130 members of the London party dead. Wide-scale ballot tampering did the rest—so that by January, 1947, an unwilling Poland was firmly in the Communist bloc.

Stalin's next move came in Czechoslovakia, where the Communist party was small and the government was led by a Western-oriented president, Eduard Benes. Because Czechoslovakia outflanked Poland to the north and Hungary to the south and, in addition, boasted the huge Skoda armament complex, Stalin was convinced that that country was essential to his defense system. Therefore, when Stalin learned that Benes was going to send a delegation to the Paris Marshall Plan conference, the worried Russian dictator bluntly warned the Czechs to stay away.

Although Benes reluctantly gave up his hope for inclusion in the Marshall Plan bonanza, Stalin became steadily more uneasy at his precarious hold over Benes. Thus Stalin countenanced a coup which would put his own henchmen in control. And it was this take-over which shocked the Western world and sent the Iron Curtain clanging irretrievably over the contending portions of the world.

Yet events rather than cool calculation on Stalin's part determined this ill-advised resort to force in Czechoslovakia. Elections were due in the late spring, 1948, and the Czech Communists, led by coalition Premier Klement Gottwald, had supposed they could gain undisputed ascendancy as a result of a genuine appeal to the voters. However in January a poll showed the Communists, instead of increasing the 38 percent they had won two years earlier, had actually fallen to around 28 percent. Therefore, unless something drastic was done they would not only lose many of the ministries they held, but the prestigious premiership as well. And if Benes was so strengthened, he might take the gamble and join

the Marshall Plan regardless of Stalin's threats.

The anti-Communist majority of ministers, well aware of the tactics used in Hungary and Poland, were concerned that Gottwald and his friends might try to grab control of the country before the elections took away much of their power base. In order to prevent this, in February twelve non-Communist ministers submitted their resignations to President Benes—the agreement presumably being that Benes, instead of accepting them, would call immediate elections, the results of which would allow him to form a non-Communist government before Gottwald had time to make his play for supremacy.

Gottwald insisted that Benes accept the resignations. And when Benes refused, Gottwald frantically put his tightly organized party into action.

To lead off, the Communist-controlled police occupied the Prague radio station as well as all other public buildings from which the anti-Communists might try to muster any counter-resistance among the people. At the same time throughout the countryside Communist Action Committees began seizing local vantage points, such as factories and social clubs; and their will was backed up by Workers' Militia, which drew arms from secret caches. By decree of the Action Committees any official who opposed the coup was disloyal and thereby automatically ejected from office.

Still Gottwald had to contend with President Benes, as well as the majority of the populace. In truth Benes held the key to everything, since not only was the army subject to his command, but the people would respect whatever their venerable, trusted leader did.

Thus Gottwald was obliged to move ahead on his pressure campaign. By morning he had assembled a mob in Prague that eventually reached 100,000 screaming cohorts. Under Gottwald's volcanic oratory the crowd grew ever more surly. Public address systems roared that the twelve ministers must go. The Communist-occupied radio saturated the nation with frightening prophecies about civil war. And always, looming black and ominous over the eastern horizon, was the Russian army.

For five days the staunch President held out against the bullying techniques of his Prime Minister. But finally, on February 25th, with the country on the verge of anarchy, he bowed to the pressure. The anti-Communists were dismissed and Gottwald jubilantly formed a new government.

The brazen power grab enraged the West. "The tragic death of the Republic of Czechoslovakia has sent a shock throughout the civilized world," Harry Truman cried out; and both in Europe and America people were incensed that Stalin could condone such a ruthless suppression of a legitimate, elected government. Suddenly it seemed as if the place of Adolph Hitler had been taken by the land-hungry, unscrupulous dictator from the Kremlin.

Yet the Russian war-maker was apparently not satisfied. Germany seemed to be next on his list. First to fall would be the former German capital, an exposed Allied outpost 100 miles deep in Communist territory. Thus on April 1, 1948 Stalin initiated the Berlin Blockade.

At first the Russians said they would simply detain Allied traffic to Berlin in order to check identification and inspect freight. Soon, however, it became clear that Stalin meant to completely seal off the Anglo-American portion of the city, and thereby force the Allies out. It seemed obvious to Truman that if the Americans abjectly retreated, they would lose all their influence in the West, since Stalin, with his overwhelming military might could overawe the British, French, and West Germans. "What was at stake in Berlin," Truman declared, "was . . . a struggle over Germany and, in a larger sense, over Europe."

Therefore the President, his inflammable temper ignited, refused to consider abandoning Berlin. Yet at the same time he also rejected the ultra-hardline schemes of such men as General Mark Clark, who proposed to ram a heavily-armed armored column through the blockade. Knowing that such a tactic might force the Russians to start a shooting war, Truman wisely chose the alternative of supplying Berlin's two and a half million citizens by air. Cargo planes were hurriedly scrounged up from every-

where. A hundred aircraft started the supply system with a meager 250 tons a day. Soon the tonnage rose to 1000; then 2,500; and before long 5,000. At the height of the airlift a fantastic 13,000 tons were being unloaded daily at the three bustling Berlin airfields—bringing the German population more food and fuel than prior to the blockade!

But Stalin still held the means to frustrate the American effort. As Secretary of State Marshall pointed out, "time was on the side of the Soviets," since they could manufacture incidents at will. Communist-led riots shook the Western zones of Berlin. Electric power was disrupted. And Russian planes began using the Allied airlines for maneuvers. "The situation was so dangerous," Truman noted, "that the slightest element added might be the fuse to spark a general conflagration." American atom bombers were accordingly moved to British bases.

In Western eyes Stalin was clearly bent on the conquest of all Europe. "Despotism," growled James Forrestal, dapper but fierce Secretary of Defense, "whatever its form, has a remorseless compulsion to aggression. . . ." The free world must stop retreating before the Russian behemoth!

But actually the record did not bear out the accusations. Far from being aggressive, Stalin was actually on the defensive—almost frantically so (and even Truman, amid all his bombast, admitted the blockade was mainly an attempt by Russia to retaliate for the tremendously successful American influence in Europe via the Marshall Plan). The Red tide, which had engulfed so many Slavic states, had been dashing itself out against the rocks of the West. Recent elections, fought as hard as the Communists were able, had denied them predominance in France and Italy—far more important than the whole bloc of backward Slavic states. The Russians had been rebuffed by tiny Finland. It had taken an eleventh hour coup to prevent Czechoslovakia from veering toward the West. And, most serious of all, Joseph Tito, popular leader of Yugoslavia, the strongest, most thoroughly Communist satellite, had ostentatiously broken with Stalin. At the same time

the Marshall Plan was erecting ever more firm economic bonds between the United States and western Europe—an area with a population equal to Russia's and a potential industrial production far greater.

It is surprising how few Americans understood Russia's concern at finding the United States, this new superpower, suddenly facing her in the heart of Europe. Correspondent Howard K. Smith standing on the American-occupied bank of the German Elbe River was astounded when he realized that it was not the Russians encamped on the opposite shore who were so out of place as the American soldiers, diplomats, and merchants—since “the farthest of Russia's new areas of dominance are 600 miles from her borders. The farthest of America's are 7,000 miles.” In truth it had been the United States, rather than Russian, which had expanded most after the Second World War.

It was not only America with her arsenal of atom bombs which Stalin feared. An even graver danger was in a revived anti-Soviet Germany acting in alliance with the United States and supplied with American nuclear weapons. From the beginning the Russians had seen themselves getting short-changed with regard to control of Germany—for not only did the West receive over two-thirds of her population, but it gained the vital Ruhr industrial area, which was the key to Europe's economy as well as to Germany's future armed might.

Could Germany either be governed as a unit by a joint Russian-Western commission or the four zones be kept strictly separated, Stalin's suspicious mind would have rested easier. But by the end of 1946 the United States and Britain had merged their portions of Germany into a new economic unit called Bizonia, which was shortly incorporated into the Marshall Plan. Yet the worst was still to come—at least in Stalin's eyes. During December, 1947, General Lucius Clay, head of American occupation in Germany, and Secretary Marshall had long discussions about further steps to be taken concerning the German revival. The result was that in the following spring plans were made for the erection of an independent West German government—which, of course, would be firmly tied to the United States both by its initial

dependent on Marshall Plan aid but also by its mingled hate and fear of the Red Army. Thus, as Stalin viewed it, Truman was extending his power at a most dangerous place by forming the Germans into an American ally.

The Berlin blockade was the best means at Stalin's command either to force Truman to give up his plans for a resurrected Germany or to cause him to lose so much prestige by being squeezed out of Berlin that his influence in Europe would be undermined. But, as we have seen, Truman's response was that of a born battler: the United States government had a legal right to be in Berlin and, by God, no amount of Russian pressure would force it to budge one iota! And the plans for West Germany would move ahead!

However there is more to diplomacy than gut reactions and hyper-sensitive fear of losing face. Berlin could have been negotiated without disaster to the United States, for not only was the city completely non-essential to American defense strategy but the Russians actually had a far better reason for wanting it than the Americans for not giving it up. To have an alien island in the midst of East Germany was clearly an offense to the ruling Communists—particularly when the glittering prosperity of the Allied portion of Berlin shown up so brightly against the drab section under the Communist system. In addition, West Berlin represented a staggering ten percent of the East German total population, posing a minority problem as well as a convenient exit point for masses of discontented East Germans.

On the other hand, the Americans would have come out ahead by reaching a compromise on Berlin (such as exchanging it for the province of Thuringia, which adjoined the U.S. occupation zone and had a population approaching two million). Truman should have felt little guilt about abandoning the West Berliners, for the rules of diplomacy condone the indiscriminate treatment of former enemies and it had been less than three years since the United States itself was happily bombing Berlin.

It would have been of inestimable advantage to be out of the Berlin impasse, for Berlin provided the Russians an ideal hostage (as Kennedy later found) by which to put pressure on the United

States whenever it contemplated actions the Soviets disapproved. And, even if Truman were not compensated fully for the loss of Berlin, it is certain America's "face" would not have sagged so low that the British, French, Italians, and West Germans would have shrugged their shoulders and decided to become Communists. After all, Russia had lost considerable "face" in Yugoslavia, Italy, France, Turkey, Greece, and Iran—and her stance in Eastern Europe had not fallen apart.

But such thoughts did not concern the Truman administration. The President stuck it out in Berlin and the West German Republic gradually took shape. On May 12, 1949 Stalin, seeing that his gamble had failed, lifted the blockade—another face-losing event which, again, did not shatter the Russian empire.

But, after all excuses are made for Stalin's actions, the historian is still forced to conclude that it was primarily his near-neurotic paranoid tendencies which were the prime factors in the outbreak of the Cold War. The United States, although rapidly extending her influence abroad, was clearly not bent on aggression. Evidence of this was not only ample, but startlingly obvious. In May of 1945, for example, America had a splendid army of 3.5 million men in Europe (including the magnificent armored division Truman had inspected at Potsdam). Only ten months later this formidable force had dissipated into civilian anonymity—leaving a bare 400,000 mainly green recruits in Europe, with virtually no home reserves! Never in history had a victorious army vanished so quickly or so completely. Certainly even Stalin should have been able to see that it was preposterous to believe the United States had the slightest intention of invading Russia.

There were still the atom bombs, however—the most devastating weapons ever devised. Perhaps Stalin's suspicions were aroused when certain American hawks called for preventive bombing to end the supposed menace of Russia. Had America chosen to obliterate Moscow, Leningrad, and a few other choice cities, there is little Stalin could have done (although the United States would have gained little from such a move). Thus, Stalin's brutally

erected bulwark of Slavic buffer states was more than quixotic—it was actually stupid. For he already had ten times more soldiers than necessary to stop any American thrust at the motherland, no matter whether the advance started from the Rhine or on the Polish plains. And as for the atomic threat, no amount of land grabbing could have insured Stalin against the SAC bombers. Science, not senseless power politics, was the key to Russian security in this field.

Ironically, Stalin's overly-ambitious attempt to achieve security by a ring of buffer states resulted in the formation of the very power bloc that he feared. The Russian actions in Czechoslovakia, followed by the Berlin blockade, frightened the Western Europeans into believing Stalin was bent on further conquest. This in turn gave an irresistible impetus to the formation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO,) an anti-Russian military alliance signed in Washington on April 4, 1949 by the United States, Britain, France, Italy, and eight other nations, and soon adhered to by West Germany. Before long a billion dollars worth of American arms and equipment was providing muscle for the newly-created armies.

With the formation of NATO to oppose the Russian alliance system a potentially inflammable situation developed that was in many disturbing ways reminiscent of the division of Europe which led to the catastrophic First World War. Since the treaty establishing NATO stipulated that "an armed attack against one or more of them in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all," an assassination here or an ill-advised military incursion there could possibly start a Third World War.

But Europe was not the only place where leaders played a senseless game of Russian roulette. In China and Cuba two new figures were rising to power. And soon they were eagerly casting chips in the international casino.

13 *"A Labyrinth of Ignorance, Error and Conjecture"*

Truman, Mao Tse-Tung, Stalin and the Korean Police Action, 1950-51

Mao Tse-tung was a round-faced, sleepy-eyed youth whose interests centered on poetry. Born in 1893, the quiet son of a moderately wealthy rice trader in south China, he was groomed by his mother to become a Buddhist priest. But when, at the age of fourteen, Mao discovered the world of books, his mother's influence waned.

His favorite book was the translation of an American work entitled *Great Heroes of the World*. Here he first met the martial figure of Napoleon, the crusading Lincoln, and, especially, George Washington, who as a staunch revolutionary flinging off the fetters of empire, struck a resounding gong within young Mao. How he longed for a Washington to appear in China, since she, who was once the all-powerful Celestial Kingdom, was now only a rag-bag for the imperial powers to knock about at will. But from where would a new Washington arise, Mao pondered, for China was broken into a score of contending principalities ruled by endlessly feuding, power-lusting warlords. Mao, burning to help his nation as well as advance his own career, decided to become a teacher—perhaps in this way he might do his bit to add to the intellectual and revolutionary ferment then hissing and bubbling beneath China's surface. For this purpose Mao, now twenty-five years old, entered Peking University where, as a penniless student, he took a menial position at the library. Keeping mainly to himself,

a solitary, brooding figure, he read and read, saturating himself in the history of France and England as well as that of China.

Eventually he turned to politics. Becoming editor of a left wing newspaper, in 1919 he organized a student strike aimed (unsuccessfully) at overturning one of the local warlords. Out of this movement the Chinese Communist Party was born.

In the beginning the Russian Communists were active with their Chinese brethren. Lenin's own secretary, making contact with Mao, urged him and his small clique of mainly upper class students to work in cooperation with the Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party, then in the process of attempting to unify China after the dissolution of the decrepit Manchu Dynasty. Heading the Nationalists was Chiang Kai-shek, a lean, aggressive member of the gentry whose varied career had included military training in Japan, the making of a commercial fortune in Shanghai, and a brief period of study in Communist Moscow.

For a while Chiang and Mao cooperated. But Chiang, who neither trusted Mao's subservience nor desired the slightest challenge to his own leadership, turned with suddenness and savagery on the Communists in April, 1927. In a night of terror Communists were butchered without mercy. Then in December, when the Communists, on orders from Moscow, attempted to strike back by seizing the important city of Canton, Chiang again descended upon them in fury. By the end of the year over a quarter million Communists and their followers were dead and the Party was virtually broken.

But Mao was still alive. Having only a pitiful force of a thousand men, most of whom had no rifles, he obtained permission from a bandit army, which could have wiped him out, to settle in a bleak mountain fastness. Here, although his fortunes were apparently at their lowest ebb, Mao, the scholar-turned-revolutionary, thought out, then perfected the techniques of guerrilla warfare which would ultimately permit him to throw Chiang out of China.

It all hinged on mobility. When a powerful enemy advanced, the guerrillas would retreat. As the enemy's supply lines began extending, the guerrillas would attack, preferably by night at

specific points with overwhelming force. The enemy's own supply system would furnish the guerrillas the weapons they needed (and which they lacked the facilities to produce). And when the enemy turned to leave, the guerrillas would catch him on an exposed flank. Fight and run, and fight again—never meeting the superior foe head-on—always out-speeding his bulky movements to hit him where his numbers were inferior.

Chiang, however, was a worthy adversary. Determined to liquidate Mao's Communists, he launched a series of attacks called annihilation campaigns. Mao fought brilliantly as he slipped between Kuomintang armies (which sometimes outnumbered him seven to one), breaking up their advance units while he gathered in, at the same time, desperately needed quantities of arms. His force increased to thirty thousand as Communists from other parts of China joined him. Yet Chiang was as relentless as he was brutal. Once when a town gave refuge to the Reds, Chiang had it burned to the ground and all its inhabitants massacred—an ill-advised act which gave Mao a bevy of peasant recruits. Chiang kept killing Communists, as well as anyone giving the slightest aid to them, so that the countryside was pulverized and over a million men, women, and children perished.

Gradually the weight of numbers began to tell. Mao was hemmed in and his mobility cut. By October, 1934, Chiang's annihilation campaign was so nearly a success that Mao and his men decided to flee from south China toward the bitter desert of the west—hoping thereby to escape their inexorable pursuer. The fabled Long March was about to begin.

Into a continuous rain ninety thousand Maoists set out, a horde of disorganized persons, not an army. There was almost no food. For weapons there were a few rusty rifles and dull sabers. The sick and wounded staggered along in the rear—with dead and dying littering the pathway. Chiang's men were constantly hitting them, so that before three weeks had passed twenty-five thousand Reds had fallen.

Onto the west they fled, at last reaching the wind-seared desert where China's loftiest mountains spiked into the thin, frigid air. Turning north now, they clambered over bleak passes where

thousands more died. Mao himself was gravely ill, and his wife, carrying twenty pieces of shrapnel in her body, suffered even more. Mao and his wife abandoned three of their children to peasants along the way, but they kept going.

After the mountains came the even more terrible swampy grasslands, where painful sores were added to the poisoned arrows shot by tribesmen. Yet Mao would not let his comrades quit. In his quiet, effective manner he inspired them to continue.

And so the weary, dirt-splattered, sick, and diseased horde stumbled on. After an entire year and six thousand grueling miles, twenty thousand of the original ninety thousand at last reached their sanctuary in North China's Shensi Province.

In Shensi the Communists made a new start. Spurning the Russian dogma of a workers' revolution, the Maoists concentrated on the peasants. The Chinese Reds lived close to the farmers, Mao himself taking residence in a cave. They even abandoned for the moment the idea of overthrowing Chiang, preferring to let their roots settle more slowly into the receptive population around them. Stalin grew disgusted and all Russian aid ended. Mao countered by having Stalin's Russian advisor held captive for six years.

While Mao sat in his cave smoking cigarettes made of stringy, homegrown tobacco, he turned scholar again. During this seedtime he worked on the five books which would one day become the Chinese Communist bible—portions of which his followers carried throughout the countryside. To American writer Theodore White, visiting him in the late 1930's, Mao compared himself to George Washington at Valley Forge—although his fortunes seemed to be at a freezing point, he would wait and he would build; and he would eventually win.

By 1937 two million persons in Shensi espoused Mao's philosophy. And literally millions were more added yearly!

During the Second World War, while Chiang hoarded his men and his American-made weapons, Mao took a more active role against the Japanese. He used the same guerrilla tactics

which had been successful against Chiang in the south (and which in the long run would probably have defeated the Japanese even without Roosevelt's intervention). "When [the enemy] burns," Mao proclaimed, "we put out the fire. When he loots, we attack. When he pursues, we hide. When he retreats, we return." Thus, although the Japanese held the cities of northern China, the Maoist forces had a firm grasp on the countryside.

When the war ended in 1945, Mao's adherents had soared to ninety-five million. Still, Chiang appeared to have the advantage—both in weaponry and in the size of his army. While American aid continued pouring to Chiang, Mao found supplies difficult to come by, for not even Stalin, supposedly his Communist friend, had any faith in Mao's ability to defeat Chiang. As late as the Potsdam Conference, Stalin completely disavowed the independent-minded Mao and reiterated his endorsement of Chiang as China's only ruler.

Yet Mao, ignoring the estimations of the mighty, moved his battle-tested troops toward Manchuria, where both he and Chiang realized the decisive struggle for China would begin.

As a result of the Yalta agreement, Stalin had taken temporary possession of Manchuria, China's most industrialized province. Had he found Mao to his liking, he most certainly would have handed this valuable piece of real estate to him. But such was not the case. Not only did Stalin systematically strip the province of all its industrial machinery (which Mao so desperately needed to make arms for his under-equipped army) but he turned over the administration of the Manchurian cities to Chiang's men—ferried up from the south by a huge fleet of American planes. The best Mao could do was snatch a supply of Japanese rifles and machine guns, a poor recompense for Chiang's nearly two billion dollars of American aid.

Early in 1946 President Truman, trying to arrange a truce between Chiang and Mao, sent George Marshall as a special envoy to China. Marshall thought he had been able to talk the two war-makers into a cessation of hostilities, but Chiang, fearful of Mao's appeal to the masses, soon resumed the offensive—much to the irritation of Truman, who complained that Chiang "was

turning [his] back on my effort to preserve the peace in China." Marshall was reluctantly recalled and Truman concluded that the mission had failed "because the government of Chiang Kai-shek did not command the respect and support of the Chinese people."

Truman's disquieting estimation was confirmed when, during the following two years, Chiang's numerically superior armies disintegrated before Mao's attacks. By early 1949 Chiang was discredited by the people—who, with Truman, regarded him as nothing more than "an old-fashioned warlord"—and in December the decimated remains of the Kuomintang army fled from the Chinese mainland to the humble outpost of Formosa.

China was gone—despite all the lives Roosevelt had squandered trying to prevent this very thing. But worse, still, misguided American might had seen to it that Japan no longer occupied a much-needed position as counter-weight to China in the Orient. This was a fact which would have an unfortunate bearing on the subsequent actions of the United States in Asia.

With China turned abruptly Communist, American policy-makers decided it was time to define what was regarded as our inviolable outer defense line. Thus on January 12, 1950 Secretary Dean Acheson stated that America's "defensive perimeter runs along the Aleutians to Japan and then goes to the Ryukus. . . . [and from there] to the Philippine Islands." Further elaborating, Acheson declared "so far as the military security of other areas in the Pacific is concerned, it must be clear that no person can guarantee these areas against military attack."

Three significant areas were left outside the American system. The first was Indo-China, where the hard-pressed French were begging for aid in their battle to maintain their imperialistic rule. The second was Formosa, where Chiang was frantically preparing for what he regarded as an imminent attack by the Maoists. (The United States would only provide the French with a certain minimum of arms in Indo-China. As for Chiang, Acheson had not only written the former despot off, but had publicly stated that America would not intervene in this last phase

of China's civil war—his purpose wisely being “not [to] undertake to deflect from the Russians to ourselves the righteous anger . . . of the Chinese people which must develop [from Russian encroachments in Outer Mongolia and Manchuria.]”)

The third area was Korea, about which Acheson merely voiced the estimation of the Joint Chiefs, who two and a half years earlier had provided a detailed memorandum on the matter: “The United States has little strategic interest in maintaining the present troops and bases in Korea,” wrote Generals Eisenhower and Spaatz and Admirals Leahy and Nimitz. The memo went on to further submit that American forces in Korea “would be a military liability” in the event of war, since not only would their maintenance deflect logistic support from the more vital areas, but Korea, being a minor peninsula, would likely be bypassed in a general Asiatic conflict. Thus the report bluntly stated that “the occupation of Korea is requiring very large expenditures . . . with *little, if any, lasting benefit to the security of the United States.*” (Author's italics.)

Historically American military and diplomatic thinking did not concern itself with Korea, the poverty-blighted little country for centuries the pawn of either China or Japan. When the war had ended in 1945, the victors had no alternative except to fill the vacuum which Japan had left in her former colony. Therefore American troops had occupied the southern portion of Korea while Russian troops had moved down from nearby bases in the north. So little thought was given the matter that there was not even any formal boundary to demark the temporary occupation zones—the 38th parallel being a line of convenience drawn by MacArthur, who, as chief of the army in Japan, casually took on out-of-the-way Korea as part of his overall responsibilities.

The Russians, establishing an efficient government in North Korea, also set up and equipped one of the best small armies in Asia. In South Korea, however, the Americans were saddled with President Syngman Rhee, a right-wing reactionary free enough with the use of his police and with his threats to unify Korea forcibly that even Harry Truman was repelled by him. Indeed, so disturbed were the Americans about Rhee's wanting to invade

the North that they refused to give him such essential arms as war planes, tanks, or even anti-tank guns. American reasoning was that Rhee, drawing on two thirds of the population, was a far greater danger to the North than was the North toward Rhee. Should by any unforeseen quirk the Northerners move south, American military leaders were certain the massive air power based in nearby Japan could quickly tend to them.

Stalin moved his men out of North Korea by January, 1949. Truman withdrew somewhat slower, but within six months the last American (except for a small military mission) had departed.

One year later the northern segment of Korea suddenly launched an all-out attack on the southern. Then, inexplicably, the petty state took on an unmerited aura of great worth, at least to Harry Truman, whose well-known pugnacity was thoroughly aroused. He seemed to regard the invasion as a personal affront and his unreasoned, blind reaction, similar in many ways to Stalin's trigger-happy attempt to blockade Berlin, would lead the United States off on a series of bloody Asian adventures (including Viet Nam, Cambodia, and Laos as well as Korea), would disrupt the vital framework of NATO, and would ultimately lead the Russians to a reckless as well as meaningless (so far as Russian security) play for domination in the Middle East.

But as the North Korean tanks rumbled across the 38th parallel in June, 1950, none of these events was necessary. The primary responsibility for American intervention in Korea and the unforeseen tragedies which followed rests on the shoulders of Harry Truman, who, even though his Chiefs of Staff as well as his Secretary of State had placed Korea outside the zone of American interests, chose to make it what he called a "symbol of the strength and determination of the West."

But while Harry Truman justified his actions by maintaining that the attack on South Korea was part of a Russian plan toward eventual world domination, there was one strong piece of evidence available even at the time indicating that this was not the case. Why, for example, was the Russian delegate to the United Nations

Security Council not at his post to prevent mobilization of world support for South Korea? Surely if the invasion was part of Stalin's masterplan, his North Korean clients would have given him notice of their exact attack date. Furthermore, what function in a supposed masterplan would Korea serve? Making a Russian satellite of a country traditionally bound to China would do more damage to Stalin's already shaky relations with Mao than to Truman's offshore defense system. Little harm could have come to American prestige, since Acheson had already publicly dissociated Korea from American needs. And if Stalin planned to use South Korea as a launching site for a possible invasion of Japan (as Truman's fantastic reasoning led him to believe), the omnipotent American Seventh Fleet supported by the overwhelming air power based in Japan, would easily have demolished the few Russian troop carriers then available to her Asian forces. Even should some Russian soldiers accomplish a miraculous landing, the Japanese, whose conflicts with the Russians had resulted in one major war and twenty years of vicious border clashes, would surely join the American occupation force in expelling their most hated enemy. Thus an invasion of Japan was far beyond any reasonable estimation of reality.

On the other hand, while Korea had no place in the supposed Russian masterplan for world conquest, Stalin probably knew the North Koreans were going to push south sometime, for Russian officers were working with the North Koreans, just as Americans were working with the southerners. Therefore Stalin must have been content to let the operation unravel itself, since a take-over, even of such an insignificant country as South Korea, would in some small degree help compensate for his fiasco at Berlin.

It was obviously a complete surprise to Stalin when Truman chose to escalate the civil war into a major confrontation. It must have seemed to Stalin, as it did to many American observers at the time, that America's Asian policy was built on myths and irrational fears. George Kennan, who witnessed the inner workings of American decision-making from high in the State Department, wrote that upon news of the Korean attack logic went

out the window. Foreign policy was in utter confusion. The President and Congressional leaders, as well as the press and the general public, "all wander around in a labyrinth of ignorance and error and conjecture in which truth is intermingled with fiction at a hundred points . . ."

Amid this scrap heap of false suppositions concerning the danger to Japan and the Russian march to world conquest the first ill-trained, bewildered American troops were rushed to Korea.

Task Force Smith, so named from its commander, Colonel Charles B. Smith, contained only four hundred men, but as a representative of the most powerful nation in the world the unit was supposed to throw panic into the 90,000 man North Korean army which in just one week had completely shattered Syngman Rhee's insufficiently equipped army. That the Americans were poorly conditioned psychologically (most of them being in their teens and expecting nothing more difficult from their army stint than lazy days in occupied Japan) made no difference to the brash higher-ups. Hadn't America whipped the Japanese, who themselves had been the conquerors of Korea! Would the leaders of the rump northern half-state dare continue their aggression when they learned *Americans* were actually arrayed against them! The Koreans, both North and South alike, were simply "gooks" in the lingo of the GI. Four hundred Americans should be enough to set the little men straight.

Soon the men of Task Force Smith had posted themselves on a ridge overlooking the road down which the invading "gook" army was moving. As the first North Korean tanks, obsolete Russian T-34's, came into view, the American gunners set their sights.

When the tanks were in range, the Americans let loose. Truman's "police action"—so-called both from its supposedly quick results with a small force and from the necessity to act without submitting an actual war declaration for lengthy (and perhaps unfavorable) Congressional debate—had begun.

The roar of the guns was deafening. Howitzer shells and

rockets slammed into the old tanks. But not only did the T-34's churn on—for the higher-ups had neglected to furnish Smith with weapons of sufficient power to penetrate the tank armor—but they hardly bothered to return the fire of what was supposed to be America's fearsome vanguard. As Smith and his men watched in disbelief and dismay, the tanks passed them by to take possession of a town in their rear.

Nonetheless Colonel Smith kept his men in their positions. About an hour later they made out the main body of "gooks": a column of men and supply trucks which extended back nearly as far as they could see. When the head of the column was a bare 1000 yards away, Colonel Smith roared: "Throw the book at them!" American machineguns and mortars ripped the enemy line apart. But quickly North Korean units fanned out to approach Task Force Smith on its flanks. When the Colonel tried to radio back for artillery support, he found that none of his ancient radios worked. With that he gave the order for an orderly withdrawal. But panic added to the soldiers' inexperience. Abandoning more than thirty of their wounded, the GI's fled southward in blind retreat.

Truman, by stretching American power far beyond its current capabilities, had unknowingly courted disaster. The President loved to shoot from the hip, which gave him a certain color in the domestic arena. But to have so rashly committed the lives of his unprepared young countrymen (when he had been warned repeatedly by James Forrestal, his perpetually fuming Secretary of Defense, that he was letting politically motivated cutbacks sap the Armed Services) was not worthy of a usually responsible statesman. For Truman had bowed to the will of a budget cutting Congress (which imagined the atom bomb monopoly would deter any aggressor) and permitted the army to be pared so close to the bone that by the time Truman made his rash pronouncement about Korea, his total available combat strength consisted of merely the four untested, undermanned divisions occupying Japan. Their weapons were obsolete or worn out, their ammunition was

perilously low, and their morale was dragging on the ground.

The eleven North Korean divisions flung back the weak advance of American units almost as easily as they had those of South Korea:

A retreat was unavoidable [wrote war correspondents Charles and Eugene Jones]. There were too few [Americans] . . . squads where there should have been companies . . . companies in place of whole battalions . . . trying to stretch a tight band of defense across the land. We saw troops, eyes bulging, panting, dazed and uncertain, pulling back without orders; occasionally as units, but more often just scared men running down a road yelling. "The gooks are coming . . . get the hell out!"

More green American troops were thrown post-haste into battle. But the fast-moving North Korean spearheads split them apart—and the retreat continued toward the boot of the peninsula. Jones' account continued:

Burned and bullet-torn trucks littered the way . . . An occasional body, arms stiffly outflung, legs curled as if stopped suddenly in the act of a sprinter, lay among the roads. Units were strung out over miles of hills and nameless trails whose locations were seldom plotted on the outdated maps. . . .

It was an awful price that many American boys had to pay to defend a useless piece of territory:

" . . . one single jeep, careening wildly, tore up the road. . . . Seven men, nearly all wounded, had managed to cling for three-quarters of a mile on that jeep. They hung sacklike, vomiting blood, eyes tightly closed as [the driver] roared on."

Gradually the battered American and South Korean troops drew into a "C"-shaped, last ditch defense with the sea at their backs and their only link with Truman's overextended supply line, the jammed port of Pusan. The North Koreans stabbed furiously against the defense. Although the influx of American soldiers had

now brought the defenders into an actual two to one numerical superiority, the North Koreans still maintained the initiative. At times the line gaped open. Then, at the last minute, frightened American reinforcements were able to plug it. Meanwhile American bombers devastated the North Korean's own lengthy supply line. The Russians had MIG jets that could have made the skies dangerous for the American pilots, but none appeared.

While the battle raged at Pusan, General Douglas MacArthur in Japan planned his next move. Against the advice of nearly all his associates, he withheld 70,000 men from Pusan, and hastily formed them into a unit called the X Corps, his purpose being a seaborne invasion of Inchon, 150 miles behind the enemy lines. General Matthew Ridgway, sent by President Truman to debate this dangerous operation, called it a 5000 to one shot—for not only did thirty foot ebb tides turn the narrow Inchon harbor into a mudflat which could strand all the landing craft, but the town was protected by a high seawall and dominated by a fortified island. To add to the risk of MacArthur's scheme was the fact that it was scheduled at the height of the typhoon season, which offered an even probability that a howling storm might wash away the entire invasion fleet. But, as Ridgway admitted, he and others of Truman's emissaries reckoned "without MacArthur's persuasiveness, his self-confidence, his eloquence, or his consummate skill in presenting a daring military plan."

The Inchon landing succeeded beyond even MacArthur's expectations. The North Koreans were caught completely off-guard, and on September 26th—only eleven days after the landing—MacArthur proclaimed Seoul, South Korea's capital, back in friendly hands. The North Koreans now had powerful armies both in front and behind them. Knowing all was lost, they simply collapsed. By October 6th nearly all of South Korea was liberated and American units stood poised at the 38th parallel.

It was now that a momentous decision faced the American leaders. Although the aggressors had been either slaughtered or chased from South Korea, and the twenty million South Koreans, provided with modern equipment, should have been more than able to contain thenceforth their nine million Northern adversaries,

Truman and MacArthur could not resist the temptation to cross the 38th parallel and begin an actual conquest of North Korea.

Such a plan had not been originally contemplated—and if it had the United Nations would never have sanctioned the American cause. However Truman apparently gave way to his boyhood desire for military glory. A message was dispatched to MacArthur, ever-eager for battlefield triumphs, permitting him to move north provided he was absolutely certain neither Red China nor Russia would enter the fray.

In allowing such a war hawk as MacArthur so much leeway, Truman was committing a most grave breach of presidential prerogative, for in effect the Far Eastern Commander became a semi-independent potentate complete with his own army, State Department, Foreign Intelligence unit, and press bureau. The senators of the ancient Roman Republic had once delegated such powers to a general—and soon found that Julius Caesar was more powerful than they. And MacArthur was, partially at least, of a Caesarian mold.

The life of a war-maker was everything to Douglas MacArthur. His father had shown the way with enough colorful exploits in the Civil War, in the Southwest Indian campaigns, and the conquest of the Philippines to set any young son's head awlirl. With his father's prestige, Douglas had no trouble securing a West Point appointment. Once there he showed such a flair for the military that he graduated with the highest average in twenty-five years! As America's interests became world-wide, MacArthur found his place in the Philippines, Japan, and Mexico. When World War I began, he became head of the Rainbow Division, the nation's most famous fighting unit in France.

Coming out with a general's star, MacArthur helped with the occupation of Germany, then settled down to the less inspiring job of superintendent of West Point. His administration was so efficient that President Hoover appointed him Chief of Staff, the youngest officer to hold that rank since Grant. Here he did outstanding work modernizing the army and the air force. Roosevelt made him military advisor to the Philippines in 1935, where such was his value that he was permitted to transfer directly

to the Philippine army under the grandiloquent rank of Field Marshall.

Although the Japanese attack caught the Philippine air defenses nearly as unprepared as those at Pearl Harbor, MacArthur directed a masterful military withdrawal to Bataan. Escaping under presidential orders, he took over as Commander of Allied Forces in the Southwest Pacific, where his profound knowledge of military tactics was an important factor in the series of astounding victories that shattered the Japanese empire. When the formal surrender was signed, it was MacArthur, foremost architect of the Pacific victory, who accepted the humbled Japanese war-makers on the dock of the battleship *Missouri*.

MacArthur was the logical man to head the Japanese occupation force. His rule there was a fantastic success. "It can scarcely be denied that this austere and symbolic figure captured the imagination of the Japanese people," wrote author James Michener after extensive on-the-spot interviews. Possibly no other American could have so capably assumed the God-head that the Japanese required.

In truth there was something oriental about this impressive, hawk-nosed warrior. Solemn, erect, walking with long measured strides, his bearing and demeanor were imperial. MacArthur's associates, too, were caught in the deistic glow about him. There was, as Michener stated, a "hushed reverence" surrounding his person.

Yet for all the marks of Apollo, MacArthur had a serious personality quirk that made him all-too-human. His egotism was insatiable. He must glut himself on glory—his own, if possible, but others' when the opportunity arose. Michener reported one of numerous incidents when MacArthur, in a typically "flamboyant communiqué," took credit for devastating a Japanese convoy—although actually the ships had been destroyed by Marine planes from Michener's base a thousand miles away! Newspapermen found MacArthur to be insufferably arrogant, and many men under his command requested transfers in order to escape the banal ballyhoo that the General encouraged to inflate his prestige and feed his ego.

On a small scale this near-mania to imprint the block letters

of his personality on those around him would have been relatively harmless. But on the international scale it could, and did, have the most serious consequences. Long before the 38th parallel had been reached, for example, MacArthur was making inflammatory and self-aggrandizing proclamations which indicated his desire to rally the American people to his banner and lead them on a magnificent worldwide crusade against Communism—this even though the nation's war-making potential was obviously stretched to the utmost just battling the North Koreans. Such was MacArthur's consuming urge to win laurels by extending his operations above the 38th parallel, that he refused to heed the evidence of Mao's concern which soon began coming through his Intelligence unit.

Here, then, was a man with Caesar in his soul. And this was the person to whom Truman had temporarily abdicated in Asia!

Meanwhile night lights started burning in Peking. Mao Tse-tung and his advisors had been keeping a close eye on the situation in Korea, which was only an hour's bomber flight from their capital. Although Mao had a sentimental attachment in Korea (based partly on its traditional place within China's sphere and partly on the fact that a contingent of North Korean Communists had fought with him during his wars with Chiang), it is not likely that Mao had looked upon North Korea's invasion of the South with much favor. His main concern had been to keep America quiet while he tended once and for all to Chiang, his potentially dangerous adversary on Formosa. The prospects had seemed favorable for an invasion of Formosa, since public statements by Secretary of State Acheson had indicated that the United States would not interfere with the operation, viewing the conflict as a logical culmination of the Chinese civil war.

If Mao had a foreboding about a North Korean offensive, it was confirmed when Truman, as the war broke out, abruptly reclassified Formosa along with Korea as within the zone of American defense. Since the American fleet dominated the Formosan Strait, Mao's dream of launching a crosschannel attack was shattered.

As the war in Korea progressed, Mao's uneasiness must have increased due to MacArthur's bombastic statements about fighting the Communists "like hell" wherever he found them. On the other hand, Mao must have had serious reservations about challenging the Americans in Korea, since his troops had no backlog of supplies for a long campaign—nor had he the industrial base to produce more war material. He even lacked the trucks to transport much of the necessary weapons from China to Korea. Furthermore, because the Americans had complete mastery of the skies, were a general war to ensue, Chinese cities would be attacked mercilessly—perhaps with atomic bombs. Such an eventuality, supported by a counter-invasion by Chiang (as MacArthur publicly urged) might spell the end of the Communist state that Mao had worked for thirty years to achieve.

Thus, even though Mao's brother Communists from North Korea were being slaughtered at Pusan and Inchon, Mao had refused to help them.

Yet as MacArthur approached the 38th parallel, the situation changed. Mao could stomach the Americans in control of South Korea, undesirable as that might be. But if the warlike General ever reached the Manchurian border, Mao feared an invasion of China might follow—for hadn't the Japanese used Korea for such an attack only two decades earlier—and hadn't MacArthur himself intimated he would like to do the same.

Therefore Mao made what must have been a most difficult decision: if MacArthur advanced northward toward Manchuria, he would fight. In this matter Mao was not acting as Stalin's hireling, but simply in an earnest effort to protect Chinese territory—as a U.S. Air Force commissioned report was to reveal a few years later.

Yet one must question Mao's thinking. For Chinese security would have been far better served by letting MacArthur march into Manchuria—where not only would Mao then be fighting with short supply lines, but an actual invasion of China by a foreign aggressor would have done more than any one thing to bring all the diverse, hostile elements in China instantly to Mao's side.

Although Mao's reasoning did not run along these lines he

still tried to keep out of Korea. Thus even as he sent 300,000 of his best troops secretly on night marches (to escape American spy planes) toward Korea, he strove to avert the clash. On October 2nd Mao's Premier and companion on the Long March, Chou En-lai, warned the Indian Ambassador that "if the Americans crossed the 38th parallel, China would be forced to intervene in Korea." Chou emphasized that he did not care whether the South Koreans rampaged north—only the Americans must not cross the line. This warning was promptly relayed to Truman, who at once notified MacArthur. The General ridiculed Mao's war capabilities and on October 7th sent his men into North Korea.

Still, Truman was uneasy. He wanted complete victory over the Northerners, but wanted it without engaging China. In order to reassure himself that MacArthur knew what he was doing, Truman flew to Wake Island to confer with MacArthur on October 15th. The General's eloquence was again evident as he boasted that all resistance in Korea would be crushed by Thanksgiving. He joked about Mao and promised that if any Chinese dared cross the Yalu River border it would be the occasion for "the greatest slaughter."

Aud so the momentarily overawed President permitted the overconfident General to order his troops ever closer to the Manchurian line. The terrain was extremely mountainous and MacArthur allowed his units to fan out in what General Matthew Ridgway was to call a "reckless scattering . . . all over the map."

The first Chinese were discovered toward the end of October, but they were in small groups which could do little to hold back the American advance. Perhaps this was another warning by Mao, who probably still hoped to avert an outright commitment. But MacArthur, eager for public acclaim, sped on toward Manchuria and what he believed a quick and easy victory. He was, as Ridgway noted, a leader "obsessed with his own reputation," pushing ruthlessly toward disaster "like Custer at the Little Big Horn."

The administration in Washington suddenly found that MacArthur was uncontrollable. He refused to forward Secretary

Acheson's assurances to Mao that American forces would be withdrawn as soon as North Korea fell (just that Acheson felt impelled to go through the General is an indication of his power). MacArthur would not even obey instructions from his supposed superiors in the Pentagon, who insisted that he secure the border with South Korean, never American, troops. Yet when Ridgway after a meeting of the Secretaries of State, Defense, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, asked General Hoyt Vandenberg why MacArthur wasn't simply given a preemptory command to follow instructions, Vandenberg shook his head sadly. "What good would that do? He wouldn't obey the orders. What *can* we do?"

Never before in American history was the President, as well as the public, so at the mercy of a general's whims. Like Hideki Tojo fifteen years earlier, MacArthur had virtually declared himself independent of the home government, and, again like Tojo and the Kwangtung Army Command, should he decide to manufacture an incident which would enable him to invade China, there was little the civilian government could do without seriously, perhaps even fatally, jeopardizing its position at home. For central to the difficulty was Truman's extremely shaky political backing. He had won against Thomas Dewey in the 1948 elections only by the slimmest margin. And thereafter polls revealed Truman's popularity dropping until it was precariously low. On the other hand, MacArthur remained not only a favorite of the American people, but he had a powerful domestic base in the Republican Party, which in the November 1950 elections made devastating inroads on the already fragile Democratic control of Congress.

So Truman was forced to avoid any clash with MacArthur . . . and in late November the American army reached the ice-choked, wind-whipped Yalu River. Across the ice was Manchuria.

At that moment Mao decided for war. With bugles blaring, the toughened veterans of the Chiang campaigns descended on the surprised, perilously dispersed Americans.

As the Chinese in their mustard-green quilted jackets swarmed over the desolate hills, MacArthur's troops reeled back. Many American advance units were cut off and decimated at will.

Others fought their way south only after staggering casualties. Troops that had been aggressive and confident but days earlier, fell into deep gloom. In many areas it became close to a rout!

"The United States and its Allies stood on the abyss of disaster," wailed *Time Magazine*. "... It was defeat—the worst defeat the United States had ever suffered. If this defeat were allowed to stand, it would mean the loss of Asia to Communism."

But the doomsday prophets were confusing phantom nightmares with hard reality. Would a forced withdrawal from Asia have been so disastrous as they imagined? It was true that were Truman to suffer a debacle in Korea, Mao could probably, had he wished, take over all of the Asian continent. Yet what advantage would he have derived from conquering India, or Indonesia, or any Asian nation (except Japan, which, as we have already seen was quite beyond Communist grasp)? All Asia was living on a near-starvation level, so that the only result of a Chinese conquest would have been the necessity for Mao to furnish the native populations with food, which his own country desperately needed—this or face an endless series of riots and revolts. And even had Mao been able to forge the Asiatic masses into a hundred million man army and sent it screaming at America, he had no way of feeding, equipping, or transporting it—not even with the aid of Russia.

Actually it was not the United States with whom Mao had the greatest grievances. Had Truman let Korea fall and likewise permitted Mao to tend to Chiang (who, after all, was a steep drain on American funds with no corresponding return of military value), Mao certainly would have turned to his border disputes with Russia. Outer Mongolia, Sinkiang, and Manchuria—these were all traditionally Chinese territories being encroached on by Russia. On the other hand, there was Siberia, vacant and highly inviting to the over-populated Chinese. Why should Mao contemplate a senseless conflict with the distant U.S. when Russia hovered close by, her army threatening, but her Siberian plains alluring?

Although Truman, his policy-makers, and much of the American public were transfixed by the specter of an on-marching International Communistic Brotherhood, neither Mao nor Stalin thought along these lines. Stalin had washed his hands of Mao as early as 1927, when Chiang's massacre seemed to end Mao's career. As for Mao, he certainly had not endured the rigors of the Long March or the years in the Shensi caves to become Stalin's stooge. Mao would not go to war with America so Stalin could consolidate his rule in Eastern Europe. Only the actual fear of danger to his own regime brought Mao into Korea.

But MacArthur, desperately trying to save his reputation as the Chinese surged forward during the winter of 1950-51, began to shrill about the brazen aggression of international communism. He must be given permission to carry the war directly into China itself—where he would castigate that center of world subversion. He would expand the war—this even though he knew the only battle-ready force not already committed was the lone 82nd Airborne Division!

When Truman outrightly refused to permit MacArthur to escalate the war, MacArthur tried to shift the blame for what seemed an impending disaster in Korea by ranting about "extraordinary inhibitions . . . without precedent in military history." The situation between the two men was so tense that at one time MacArthur even had ninety bombers being readied to blow up an important Chinese bridge spanning the Yalu River—with Truman's frantic order to scratch the mission arriving barely an hour and twenty minutes before take-off time!

Truman was worried, for even though the Chinese advance was eventually stopped, most of the Republicans in Congress were firmly on the General's side, as were the press and a large and vocal segment of the population at large. Then MacArthur went over the President's head when on April 5th, 1951, he permitted Republican House minority leader Joseph Martin to read a letter to Congress in which MacArthur challenged Truman's explorations of a negotiated peace. "We must win," MacArthur proclaimed. "There is no substitute for victory."

With that last bit of defiance, Truman exploded. On April

11th, 1951 he ordered MacArthur's dismissal.

The General returned home to a series of welcoming parades which for gigantic size and impassioned enthusiasm had never been approached. Given a younger leader with a more tightly organized political party behind him and a more clear threat to American security, a coup d'état might have been attempted. But MacArthur was not willing to take that step. The moment passed . . . but Truman's decision was a vital factor in costing his party the presidency the following year.

Meanwhile the war continued. Mao had been right if he worried about the capability of his nation to conduct a war against a major power. The Chinese economy could not support its men even such a short distance from home, and the Russians furnished only a minimum of supplies. Thus slowly Matthew Ridgway, the capable new American commander, began pushing the half-starved, poorly equipped Chinese back to the north. Had Truman not decided the wastage in human life was not commensurate with the potential gains which might accrue, there is a strong possibility that Mao's troops could have been shoved all the way back into Manchuria—and beyond. But Truman wisely determined that "we could not afford to squander our reawakening military strength," and so on June 29th, 1951 he accepted a Russian-sponsored offer to open the armistice talks that would eventually end the needless police action which had cost the United States 142,000 casualties, the Chinese over a million, and the Koreans (North and South) nearly two million!

While the lengthy conversations droned on at Panmunjom, horns and confetti welcomed in the year 1952. And with it a new group of leaders prepared to assume power. In the United States, General Dwight Eisenhower, more politically acceptable than MacArthur, would nab the presidency for the Republicans after twenty long, lean years. In Russia, Nikita Khrushchev (who early friends nick-named "the Football" from his uncanny way of bouncing back face-up no matter how hard he was kicked) marshalled his supporters for the vicious intra-party battle to ensue with the death of Stalin. In Viet Nam, Ho Chi Minh,

former London pastry cook, was slowly and artfully enlarging his guerrilla war against the French.

Meanwhile, in Cuba, a muscular, determined young firebrand was planning a revolution . . .

Castro, Kennedy, Krushchev and the
Cuban Missile Crisis, 1962

Fidel Castro was a big man on the Havana University campus. Arriving there in 1945—a large-limbed, slightly rustic son of a prosperous timber farmer—he could barely keep his mind on the study of law, for student politics intrigued him far more. He found the power of the podium irresistible and soon the agile speaker had an ardent following. Elections were held for president of the student body and the muscular country boy won, although not without oftentimes violent opposition by the Communist faction. One of his first acts as student-Caudillo was to try to oust his Communist detractors—a daring venture which brought guns onto the campus and sent Fidel into hiding until tempers cooled.

Thrilled by the tang of danger, Fidel took a jaunt to Bogotá, Colombia to join in a Yankee-baiting festival sponsored by Communists and other leftists who aimed at disrupting the Conference of American States being held there in April, 1948. Castro, with his booming voice and revolutionary rhetoric, became a favorite of the rioting set. Violence swept Bogotá as Castro and other agitators staged shootouts with Colombian troops. The Conference was disrupted and Castro went back to Cuba happy and fulfilled. He married a student-sweetheart, took a not-too-idyllic honeymoon trip to Miami (where he had to pawn his watch to get home), then opened a law office in Havana.

Perhaps, but only perhaps, Fidel might have been content

to spend his life jousting in legal courts for the benefit of the poor (many of whose cases he took without a fee). But on March 10, 1952, Fulgencio Batista, usurping command of the army, marched up the steps of the presidential palace and boldly proclaimed himself president. Then the script took on a new luster for twenty-six year old Fidel.

Batista was a typical Latin American dictator: deriving his support from the landed few and the army. And Castro became the typical dictator-fighter: idealistic, vocal, favoring the landless, and supported by the intelligensia and the chronically fanatic. With a flair for the impractical as well as the dramatic, Castro's first move against Batista took place before dawn on July 26, 1953, when he loaded two hundred followers into twenty-six rattletrap jalopies and sent them against the Moncada Barracks, guarding Santiago, Cuba's second city. The attack was a dismal miscarriage, with one group of revolutionaries mistaking a barber-shop for the vital armory! Within hours Castro and those of his men not dead, were rounded up by Batista's police. Then, despite Castro's five hour courtroom oration, he was shipped off to the Isle of Pines to serve a fifteen year prison sentence.

While the sorry attempt at revolution had failed, Fidel's courage thrilled many Cubans. During the brazenly rigged election of 1954, Batista was distressed to find persons in political rallies shouting "Viva Fidel Castro!" But Batista underestimated the young lawyer's revolutionary fervor and granted him, along with many others, amnesty in 1955. Although Batista thought his paternalism would thereby win over the opposition, he was quickly undeceived.

Within a few months Castro was in Mexico organizing a group of malcontents for a new try against Batista. After several months the day came when Castro was ready. Purchasing a leaky, ill-functioning scow from a local American, Castro jammed eighty-two men on board (the boat was built to carry eight!) and chugged off to liberate Cuba from Batista and his 40,000 troops. Even for Latin America this was a ridiculous affair. Before he left, Castro wrote his last will.

After a week of bailing and seasickness, the shaggy group

staggered ashore in the mountainous, sparsely inhabited south-eastern corner of the island. Their boat was stranded on a sandbar and they had to leave almost all their food and ammunition aboard. Batista's airplanes were on them almost at once, strafing the invaders mercilessly. Living only on sugarcane juice and food donated by farmers, Castro and his harrassed group tried to dodge government troops scouring the area with orders to kill. Nearly starving and virtually weaponless, Castro with only eleven survivors stumbled into the Sierra Maestra Mountain sanctuary.

Castro's force grew with painful slowness. By May, 1957, a half year after landing, only a couple hundred revolutionaries had joined him. But untold numbers were secret sympathizers, and soon bombs began exploding in the heart of Havana and other Cuban cities.

Batista reacted in the characteristically vicious fashion of most Latin American dictators. His police swooped down on suspected Fidelistas—bringing terror and increased hatred to the seven million Cubans. Gradually, in a manner reminiscent of Chiang's demise, the rank and file of the army turned from Batista and his excesses.

The end came with stunning suddenness. On November 7, 1958 Castro with 320 men (a third of them unarmed!) marched out of his mountain hideout. The countryside rose to meet him. Rebels materialized from every farm and hamlet. Within the cities fifth columns sprung into action. Although Batista, well supplied with American guns, planes, and tanks, struck back, he could not fight a whirlwind. Fidel's younger brother, Raul, helped ring Santiago. "Che" Guevara stormed down the Central Highway, Cuba's main artery, and took Sancti Spiritus on Christmas Eve. From there the rebel radio broadcast the victory to the joyful population. Guevara roared on toward Santa Clara barely a hundred miles from Havana.

After a government counterattack at Santa Clara failed, Batista admitted defeat. At two in the morning of New Year's Day, 1959, the swarthy, bull-necked dictator climbed aboard a DC-4 and took off for the Dominican Republic. Fidel Castro rode triumphantly into Havana.

Reaction in the United States to Castro was overwhelmingly favorable. A New York "Times" correspondent called Castro "the most remarkable and romantic figure to arise in Cuba since José Martí, the hero of the Wars of Independence." Harry Truman, more open-minded since he had retired from active politics, wrote in a syndicated column: "I think that Fidel Castro is a good young man, who had made mistakes but who seems to want to do the right thing for the Cuban people, and we ought to extend our sympathy to help him . . ." Shortly, Senator John F. Kennedy extolled Castro as "part of the legacy of Bolivar."

But none of these men were in the seat of power. Guiding U.S. destiny was General Dwight Eisenhower, Kansas-bred, military conditioned; strict in his near-sanctimonious faith concerning America's mission to make the world a tidy, middle-class democracy. Aided by, and at times led by, his driving Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, Eisenhower took what he believed was the high, though unaccountably rocky, road in international relations.

Foremost in the Eisenhower-Dulles philosophy was that any Communist-tinted revolution was automatically under the complete control of gloating Kremlin tyrants. To Dulles, steeped in a strict Calvinist upbringing, international politics was simplicity itself. "The struggle in the world today, is, above all, a moral conflict," he informed the House Foreign Affairs Committee. The free nations, with their belief in God, were fighting for their lives against the atheistic Communist police states. The Communists had one single purpose: "It was no less than world domination," with the principal enemy the United States, which "would be isolated and closely encircled." Speaking thus, Dulles trumpeted a knightly battle with the nefarious forces which threatened to throttle the United States—and in doing so he brought the nation to what he freely admitted was the brink of war three times! Soon the President and his dour Secretary were turning their searching gaze on Castro.

Despite Castro's later rantings that he had always been a Communist, there is ample evidence that his conversion was well after he took over the Cuban government, a view confirmed by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., articulate historian and insider during the Kennedy administration. The reasons for believing this are many. Fidel admitted he could never plow through Marx's *Das Capital*. At Havana University he fought the Communists. And while Castro's followers were dying during the Moncada raid, the Communists were continuing to work with the Batista government. When Castro was operating out of the Sierra Maestra Mountains, the Communists were denouncing him as an adolescent and an irresponsible "bourgeois." Castro, on the other hand, called himself a "utopian Socialist." His early speeches and writings contained no mention of any communal land set up, but, on the contrary, emphasized dividing the land into private holdings for the poor farmers. He made no attempt to indoctrinate his guerrillas with Communist atheism, but instead requested (and received) Catholic chaplains for his men.

If he was a Communist in secret, he completely fooled his friends—men who lived and fought with him for many years. Probably the best estimation of Castro is from Javier Pazos, former comrade-in-arms: "The Fidel Castro I knew . . . was definitely not a Marxist. . . . He was, above all, a political opportunist—a man with a firm will and an extraordinary ambition. He thought in terms of winning power and keeping it."

In addition to seeking power, Castro was a proud man who shared with most other Cubans a disdain for the United States with its superior attitude toward its olive-skinned, less affluent neighbors. What Cuban could stomach the big United States Guantanamo Naval Base squatting on Cuban soil? And was it right that the "Norteamericanos" controlled 90 percent of Cuban mines, 80 percent of her utilities, all her oil, and practically dominated the sugar crop—Cuba's main source of income? Nor could Cubans forget the humiliation so often encountered in Havana, where (as an "appalled" Professor Schlesinger had witnessed it)

"American businessmen over for a big weekend from Miami . . . reeled through the streets, picking up fourteen-year-old Cuban girls and tossing coins to make men scramble in the gutter."

However Eisenhower and his ailing Secretary of State (Dulles was to die of cancer in May, 1959) had little sympathy for Castro's legitimate grievances. They saw only that the Cuban leader (who from his emotional speeches Ike thought might be mentally unbalanced) was nationalizing American companies, was dispatching revolutionary agents to other Latin countries, and was announcing that he would not side with the United States in the Cold War. As Castro postponed for two years a promised election, opened his government to Cuban Communists (who were the only available cadre of administrators), then began executing large numbers of Batista's henchmen, Eisenhower became "deeply disgusted" with him. When Castro came to the United States in April, 1959, to talk before the National Press Club, Ike not only refused to meet him, but thought seriously about refusing Castro a visa. Vice President Richard Nixon did hold a mutually hostile three hour conference with Castro, however, the result of which strengthened the administration's view that (in Nixon's words) Castro was "either incredibly naïve about Communism or under Communist discipline."

But Castro, for all his marathon harangues about "Cuba Si! Yanqui No!," appears not to have wanted a complete break. Why else should he have made the effort to speak before the Press Club—or a journey to Harvard, where Professor Schlesinger found him joking in hip English before several thousand admiring students. Nonetheless, back in Havana, Castro continued his drift toward total Communism. One by one Communists ousted Castro's comrades of the guerrilla days—some fleeing for their lives.

The anti-American campaign picked up to the extent that on March 17th of the following year (1960) Ike made a fateful decision: he would permit the CIA to begin training a force of Cuban refugees for the possible overthrow of Castro. Soon a group of eager young men in a not so secret Guatemalan base were learning how to handle American firearms. Shortly, Ike

made another move against Castro as he chopped into the quota on Cuban sugar (the island's mainstay). "This action," Ike announced, "amounts to economic sanctions against Cuba"—and he added the further threat: "Now we must look ahead to other moves—economic, diplomatic, strategic."

But was such drastic action actually necessary? Eisenhower evidently thought Castro was a stooge of the Politburo, just the way Mao Tse-tung was supposed to be. But this was not the case—neither before Castro took power nor after he surrounded himself with Cuban Communists. Cool logic is enough to indicate that a man who put his life in jeopardy many times while fighting a ruthless dictator for seven long years (without the slightest help from Moscow) would not turn over the fruits of his labor to men he had never seen living half a world away. On the other hand, it was true that Castro was persecuting American businesses in Cuba, but this should not have been a high-priority concern of the American government, for when these corporations invested in foreign enterprises they took the risks as well as the profits. As for Castro's drive to export his revolution, to have left wing governments in Latin America was nothing new—Mexico, Chile, Bolivia and others had long tried their hands at various degrees of socialism. Perhaps a spate of Castroism would have shaken up the tyrannical dictatorships which survived only with the connivance of and benefits to the ultra-conservative land owning aristocrats. In any event, the mercurial Latin mestizos would never permit themselves to be ruled by phlegmatic, milk-skinned Slavs. Why should they? Nationalism, not the unreal spector of international Communism, was the ruling force in South and Central America.

Yet even assuming Eisenhower was right—that the Latins would inexplicably submit to Russian domination—there still was no reason to panic over a dozen or so poverty-stricken peoples' republics in the Western Hemisphere. In case of a Russo-American war it would be rockets, not land armies, which would determine the issue. And even should the Latins decide to invade the United States, how would they get here—down the narrow, rut-strewn Trans-American Highway (so ideal for air attacks, so

exposed to naval bombardment at the Panama narrows?)—or by sea (where the United States navy had a thousand to one predominance)? What Hitler and Japan could not do with their modern armies and industrial base, the underdeveloped Latin countries, not even with the trickle of aid the Russians could submarine to them, could not hope to accomplish.

Nevertheless Eisenhower decided to transform Fidel Castro, the ruler of an insignificant country of only seven million inhabitants, into a major world figure. Had Ike conscientiously tried to shove Castro into the Russian orbit he could not have devised more effective means, for by October, 1960, the American government was recommending the prohibition of nearly all exports to Cuba. This gave Castro little choice except to seek Russian aid, which he did. In addition, with the counter-revolutionary brigade training in Guatemala, Castro had to reach out to the Communist powers for weapons.

As tensions grew, Castro demanded that the American Embassy, having little to occupy it except spying and complaining, cut its staff from three hundred to eleven. Castro's action raised the President's ire and gave him the chance for which he had awaited. "This message from Castro was the last straw," Ike stormed. "We broke diplomatic relations with Cuba immediately." The date was January 2nd, 1961—only eighteen days before John F. Kennedy, a very different type of President, would assume the office to which he had already been elected.

Few major figures of the twentieth century had donned the purple with more favorable upbringing and personal characteristics than John Kennedy. "I came to marvel at his . . . insistence on cutting through prevailing bias and myths to the heart of a problem," wrote Theodore Sorensen, so close to Kennedy that some called him a lobe of Kennedy's brain. He read history from all eras, had a sympathetic feeling toward all peoples; he was urbane yet he had an acidic temperament which ate away at the encrusted prejudices of dead and dying generations. He liked to

quote Lincoln: "There are few things wholly evil or wholly good . . . especially of government policy . . .," and the blunt war strategist, Liddell Hart: "Avoid self-righteousness like the devil—nothing is so self-blinding."

He had a wide and varied education, which included not only Harvard, from which he graduated with honors, but also a brief stint at the London School of Economics. In 1938, at the age of twenty-one, he spent some time in Great Britain, where he assisted his father, who was Roosevelt's Ambassador there. Later he and a chum took a two month jaunt around Europe, which was at this time abuzz with Hitler's demands on the Sudetenland. Kennedy got a firsthand view of fascism in Italy, and not only thought that it had accomplished great things for that nation, but wrote in his diary a surprisingly open-minded observation that "Fascism is the thing for Germany and Italy, communism for Russia, and democracy for America and England."

When war came, Kennedy was rejected by the Army due to a back injury sustained while playing football at Harvard. But he managed to persuade the Navy to accept him, then did everything in his power to be sent to sea. He received one of the Navy's most dangerous duties—the command of a sleek, little torpedo boat, the famed PT-109. During night action off the Solomon Islands in 1943 his frail craft was sliced in two by a Japanese destroyer. Kennedy and his crew were hurled into water aflame with burning gasoline. Refusing to abandon one of his injured buddies, Kennedy grasped the end of his life jacket belt between his teeth and laboriously towed him three seemingly endless miles to shore. Although he was awarded the Purple Heart and the Navy and Marine Corps Medal, he was so modest about his exploit that when he was later asked how he became a hero, he replied: "It was easy—they sank my boat."

In June, 1945, he went to San Francisco to cover the founding of the United Nations for the Hearst press. He listened with dismay as statesmen from nations whose sons had fought and died together bickered away the peace. "When I think of how much this war has cost us," he wrote to a PT-boat comrade, "of the deaths of Cy and Peter and Orv . . . and all of those thousands and

millions who have died with them . . . it would be a very easy thing to feel disappointed and somewhat betrayed [by the United Nations proceedings]." It was disillusioning, he wrote, to compare the sacrifices on the battlefields to the "selfishness of the nations gathered at San Francisco."

John Kennedy was at loose ends when the war was over. Due to astute investments by his father, John was worth upwards to a million dollars, and so he really didn't have to work. But there burned within him a yearning for acclaim, for accomplishment, for power. In 1946 Kennedy ran for the House of Representatives and was elected by the Massachusetts voters. He served without much distinction for three years, then decided to go for the Senate. Fighting not only the distinguished Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. and the groundswell for Eisenhower but such a throbbing pain in his back that he had to campaign much of the time on crutches, he managed to win by a margin so slim that he told Theodore Sorensen, whom he had just hired as his assistant, that "anybody in the state can come into this office and claim credit for my winning."

His 1953-59 Senate term brought him to national attention as a good looking young person who most men found likable and most women found vaguely romantic. His marriage to Jacqueline Bouvier, a wistfully beautiful girl twelve years his junior, added more luster to the nascent Kennedy mystique. Another serious bout with his back (this resulting in two painful years in a sick-bed) gave him time to write *Profiles in Courage*, which not only won the plaudits of the nation but a Pulitzer prize as well. By the time of the 1956 Democratic Convention, young Kennedy was the party's glamour-boy. He narrowly missed the Vice Presidential nomination, which actually was a blessing, for this was the year of another Eisenhower deluge.

Nevertheless the fever was upon him. In four years Ike would be gone, and Kennedy was convinced he could beat Richard Nixon, the heads-on Republican choice. In 1957 Kennedy began the vigorous campaign which would secure him the Democratic nomination. Aided by a corps of idealistic, hard-working, and oftentimes brilliant enthusiasts, Kennedy threw himself into the battle

with as much determination as Fidel Castro, at this time fighting his own battle from the Sierra Maestra highlands. By early spring, 1960, Kennedy was on the tough primary route. "A primary," remarked his genial adversary, Hubert Humphrey, "is worse than the torture of the rack." Kennedy's speaking tours took him to sweaty labor meetings, to stifling ladies teas, to dingy hamburger joints where gruff truckers refused to shake his hand. By late hours he gulped cold coffee as he conferred with local politicoes, to whom patronage promises meant far more than assurances of an enlightened foreign policy. He received finger waggings as well as hecklings from discontented farmers and miners and mechanics and plutocrats. He endured vicious mudslinging freely intermingled with whispered gossip about his supposedly excessive Catholicism and the plot to have an Italian Pope subvert protestant America.

Only a super-ambitious man in a hurry could or would have endured the three years of fatigue, harangues, and endless attempts at self-sell.

But the nomination was his—and in November, 1960, this eager politician reached the coveted presidency, although his plurality was a microscopic one tenth of one percent and Nixon actually won a majority of the states.

The courageous man, Kennedy wrote in his *Profiles*, is "a man who does what he must—in spite of personal consequences, in spite of obstacles and dangers and pressures." But Kennedy was now to find that it was infinitely easier to rhapsodize about the courage to withstand pressures while in the secure solitude of his writing room than while being barraged by aides and admirals, senators and statesmen, columnists and commentators in the gabble and tension of the Oval Room. For Eisenhower had left him with a strident discord that shrieked to be resolved. Kennedy was to remark that he was surprised "that things were just as bad as we had been saying they were."

Only a year earlier Kennedy had stated that Ike might have given Castro "a warmer welcome in his hour of triumph." But

now with Russian arms flooding into Cuba and Eisenhower's liberation army clamouring to be transported to the supposedly seething anti-Castro island, pressures started to mount on the new and inexperienced president. "While [Kennedy] was still trying to move in the furniture, in effect," was one comment, "he found the roof falling in and the doors blowing off."

The CIA and the Joint Chiefs zeroed in on him. They told him that he absolutely must give an *immediate* go ahead for the counter-revolutionary invasion, the primary reason being that the large infusions of Russian arms and the training of Cuban pilots (together with the arrival of the highly effective MIG fighter planes) would soon render Castro impregnable to the refugee force available. On the other hand, ran the argument, Castro's rule was still insecure and at the slightest indication that the United States was prepared to back an uprising, the Yankee-baiting dictator would be toppled. How could the President refuse to let such a golden moment pass?

Kennedy caved in under the pressure. The word was flashed to the Guatemalan base that the operation was Go.

It was such a fiasco from start to finish that Kennedy "was aghast at his own stupidity" (wrote Sorensen from intimate conversations with the President). On April 17, 1961 fifteen hundred Cuban refugees landed at a secluded area called the Bay of Pigs.

With the help of a popular uprising, the tiny force might have developed into an effective guerrilla operation. But there was no uprising and furthermore Kennedy had cancelled air cover at the last moment, leaving the landing force vulnerable to air attack and to Castro's fiercely loyal army of 20,000 men. The plan was ill conceived and probably predestined to defeat.

Although Castro and his Communist allies were elated by their victory at the Bay of Pigs, they were deeply concerned that Kennedy might now try a full-scale invasion with his own obviously preponderant power. Castro knew there were many factors militating against such a move—foremost among them being the irreparable loss of popular support that would result in U.S.-

backed governments in the rest of Latin America and the opportunity such a venture might give the Russians to move against Berlin. Nonetheless, there was a strong possibility Kennedy might chance it, particularly if it could be accomplished with such speed that the world would be caught off guard. (Sorensen reports that Kennedy did, indeed, have an invasion plan to be used if there was a revolt in Cuba or if Khrushchev attempted a Berlin grab.) For this reason Castro put increasing pressure on Khrushchev for Russian backing.

The Communist assumption of power in Cuba had been a delightful surprise to Nikita Khrushchev, the swaggering, thick-set former farm boy who had won the deadly rough and tumble battle to succeed Stalin. Although Khrushchev was boistrous and boastful in conversation, he was cautious and alert in foreign relations. He had had a conversation with Castro a year or so earlier in the unlikely city of New York (where they both had a field day denouncing the Americans before the United Nations). Although the result was an influx of Russian and Czech weapons, Khrushchev demured from being drawn into a confrontation at a point where the proximity of American bases and the utter supremacy of the American fleet made the odds of Russian success distressingly small.

But Castro's pressure continued for three years. Didn't Khrushchev want Cuba as a base for Communist agents throughout Latin America? Didn't he want it as a continuing affront to American world prestige? Wouldn't it be convenient to turn America's attention on Cuba while he moved on Berlin? Or perhaps Khrushchev would rather Mao Tse-tung replaced him as patron to the Latin leftists! Finally Khrushchev, who loved to swashbuckle through diplomatic circles with a saber in one hand and a bottle of vodka in the other, could resist the temptation of a coup no longer. He would see if he could set up a nuclear rocket system in Cuba before Kennedy found out in time to stop him. What a plume in his war bonnet it would be if the coup came off!

Khrushchev's daring—his recklessness—his outright gall—is almost as unbelievable now as it was to John Kennedy, whose bimonthly high-altitude spy plane brought him incontestable pic-

tures on Tuesday, October 16, 1962, that Khrushchev was building medium-range missile bases in Cuba. At a little after nine o'clock that morning, the President called his younger brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, to the White House to tell him the chilling news. Although Russian crews presumably controlled the rockets, they were so placed that Castro would soon be in a position to virtually wipe out the entire southern quadrant of the United States from Norfolk, Virginia to Houston, Texas! In ten days the missile system would be operative! Thus Kennedy regarded the situation as acutely urgent.

The President then summoned fifteen of his most valued advisors to the Cabinet Room for what would become a grueling, secret Council meeting of thirteen days duration. The future of millions, perhaps of life itself on earth, trembled on the decisions of these men—and a similar group who would be soon called into session in Moscow.

"The dominant feeling at the meeting was stunned surprise," wrote Bobby Kennedy who, despite his tender years, was a tough scrapper and more than able to carry his weight with the older, more seasoned political warriors who were deciding the delicate matter of what moves to take against Khrushchev's nearly-accomplished coup. The initial response of the group was that the United States should make a surprise air strike against all suspected missile sites. "Listening to the proposals," Bobby Kennedy later wrote, "I passed a note to the President: 'I now know how Tojo felt when he was planning Pearl Harbor'"—and actually the situations bore striking similarities, with the Russians now taking Roosevelt's role of challenging a proud nation in a particular section of the world which she regarded as her private stamping ground.

But while the American reaction was fully as antagonistic as that of the earlier Japanese, the danger to the established power was not nearly so acute, for the sudden appearance of Russian rockets had really changed nothing. The number of missiles in Cuba was around sixty-four—or only as many as four Russian Polaris-type submarines could carry within sight of New York City, Washington, or Boston. Thus even before the Cuban crisis started, the question of land-based rockets had been made aca-

demic by submarines, whose mobility, secretiveness, and control by the military gave them inestimable advantages over foreign bases. As Sorensen (also a participant in the War Council) remarked "these Cuban missiles alone, in view of all the other megatonnage the Soviets were capable of unleashing upon us, did not substantially alter the strategic balance . . ."—except in that they would give the appearance of a Russian gain and thereby supposedly undermined the prestige of the United States as western leader.

And herein lay the crux of the crisis. The American people would not allow their leaders, even had they desired (which they did not) to permit the same sort of loss of face they had tried to force upon Tojo or which they had actually forced on Stalin in the days of the Iranian and Turkish incidents.

Yet as Council debate raged as to whether to retaliate by a surprise air attack, whether to launch a full invasion, or whether to blockade Cuba until the offensive bases were dismantled, President Kennedy, himself, felt that America's moral position was "extremely vulnerable." The reason was that the Russian missiles in Cuba no more than righted the imbalance of similar American missiles in Turkey, which was directly on the Russian border, not ninety miles offshore as was Cuba. And in any case, the United States would still have a two to one nuclear superiority.

At Wednesday's meeting the air attack position pushed by the Joint Chiefs gained favor; and now the President began assembling the planes, Air Force personnel, and ammunition needed to be ready to hit Cuba within six days.

But as the tense Council sessions continued through Thursday and Friday, the blockade, ably pushed by Bobby Kennedy and Defense Secretary McNamara, gained ground—although not without fits of anger from the air strike and invasion proponents, who warned that the blockade had grave weaknesses: one being that it was illegal (Roosevelt and Wilson had used the German blockade as a reason for entering the World Wars), and the second being that the prolonged time necessary for a blockade to work would permit the missiles to become operational. However, went the counter-argument, an invasion would also give the

rockets time to be completed, nor could a surprise air attack be certain of destroying all the nuclear weapons in Cuba.

President Kennedy had not been meeting with the Council regularly, partly in order to permit its members greater freedom in debate and partly to continue his ordinary day by day activities and thereby give the Russians no inkling of the momentous discussions under way. At ten on Saturday morning, October 20th, Bobby phoned his brother in Chicago and told him the Council could go no farther. It was now up to him to make the decision: blockade, invasion, or air warfare. The Navy was ready with ships for the blockade; the Air Force had assembled the bombers and fighters for the air strike; and the army was massing troops for an invasion.

By 1:40 P.M. the President was back at the White House. He took a brief swim, sat on the poolside and talked with Bobby, then walked up to the Oval Room, where for nearly three hours he listened to the arguments in favor of each plan. At last his decision was made. He wanted to maintain peace as long as possible. He would give the blockade a try. But just in case it didn't work, the First Armored Division was ordered to move into potential invasion sites in Georgia; five more divisions were placed on alert; landing craft were to gather in southern ports; and the SAC atom bomber fleet was ordered into a pre-planned war flight pattern—when one bomber landed, another immediately took its place.

As the Navy began deploying a hundred and eighty armed vessels in the Caribbean, Ted Sorensen (ignoring the twinges of a recently healed ulcer) started writing the first draft of the important speech which Kennedy would deliver to the nation, and to the startled world on Monday evening. Meanwhile Jacqueline Kennedy was flown to Washington and the underground bomb shelter to be used by the First Family was made ready. Late Monday afternoon the Russian Ambassador was summoned to Secretary of State Dean Rusk's office, where he was informed of the speech, to be given in one hour. The newspapermen watching Comrade Dobrynin found him considerably shaken.

The speech, aired at 7 Monday evening, established a block-

ade as of the coming Wednesday around Cuba. But when the War Council met Tuesday morning, John McCone of the CIA reported somberly that half-a-dozen Russian submarines were beginning to move into the Caribbean. And twenty-five Russian freighters, some carrying clearly seen missiles stowed on their decks, continued to churn on toward the blockade.

After the meeting, the President commiserated with his brother and Ted Sorensen. Having recently read a book about the tragic misunderstandings and rash, ill considered actions which led to the First World War, Kennedy murmured: "The great danger and risk in all of this is a miscalculation." They all agreed that Khrushchev didn't want war (just as Kaiser Wilhelm hadn't), "but," Bobby noted, "it was possible that either side could take a step that—for reasons of 'security' or 'pride' or 'face'—would require a response by the other side." Each response would grow stronger until the two nations, along with their allies, would be battling with bullet and bomb.

That evening Kennedy hurried a letter off to Khrushchev cautioning him to observe the blockade—but still the Russian freighters plowed westward with undiminished speed. "It looks really mean, doesn't it," the President sighed to his brother on Wednesday morning when the blockade went into effect and two Russian freighters were within a few miles of the blockade zone. A Russian submarine positioned itself between them—a most disquieting bit of news, since Khrushchev had warned that his subs would sink any American warship forcing a Russian vessel to stop. Within thirty minutes they would be intercepted by units of the American Navy. The President had now lost control of events. Any hot-tempered seaman could pull the trigger on nuclear war!

"Was the world on the brink of a holocaust? Was it our error?" the Kennedy brothers worried together. Bobby saw John's anguish. "His hand went up to his face and covered his mouth. He opened and closed his fist. His face seemed drawn, his eyes pained, almost gray. We stared at each other . . ." Meanwhile the minutes ticked away.

After a moment John Kennedy spoke. "Isn't there some

way we can avoid having our first exchange with a Russian submarine—almost anything but that?” Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense, shook his head. If Khrushchev had decided to send a ship of war, there was nothing Kennedy could do—except turn tail, which was unthinkable.

Kennedy pondered what would happen elsewhere. “We must expect that they will close down Berlin—make the final preparations for that,” he instructed his Secretary of Defense. Bobby felt they were on the edge of a precipice. It would be war.

At 10:25, just five minutes before the estimated moment of confrontation, a message arrived from McCone. The Russian ships closest to the blockade line—twenty of them in total—were either dead in the water or had turned around! “For a moment the world had stood still,” Bobby wrote, “and now it was going around again.”

Still, the crisis was far from over. There yet remained the missiles already in Cuba. Within days, if not hours, they would be operational!

Kennedy’s invasion fleet remained poised. The Army had now massed 100,000 men in Florida; and the Marines had another 40,000. Kennedy sent low-flying photo planes screaming over Cuban rooftops, bringing him reports on the completion stage of the missile sites. By Thursday evening it was clear that the Russians were working at a feverish pace to ready the sites. The next day more photos showed the rapid uncrating and assembling of Russian IL-28 bombers. By now it was certain that, if an invasion was started, at least some of the missiles would be ready to hit the United States.

Everything depended on Khrushchev.

At 6 o’clock Friday evening, October 26th, Kennedy received a letter from the Russian leader. It was, according to Bobby, “very long and emotional,” and there was no question that Khrushchev had written it personally. Khrushchev seems to have been genuinely shocked at the hazardous position to which his

adventurism had brought the world. He reiterated over and over the efforts which he and Kennedy must exert to avoid a nuclear Armageddon. He beseeched Kennedy to realize that the missiles were only for Cuba's defense, and the Russians, who had complete control of the launching areas, would never permit the rockets to be fired otherwise against the United States, for "we are of sound mind and understand perfectly well that if we attack you, you will respond the same way." He warned that both of them must act with logic and calculation, that they must not be "like blind moles" battling to the death in darkness.

The Russian then proposed that he would withdraw his missiles if Kennedy would end the blockade and agree not to invade Cuba, now or in the future.

The President and his advisors worked until late that night analyzing the letter and formulating a reply. But when they reconvened, bleary-eyed and fatigued, early Saturday morning, a new and coldly formal letter was waiting them—ostensibly from Khrushchev, but more probably from strategists in the Russian Foreign Office. Now the Cuban missiles were tied to the American rockets in other parts of the world. "You have surrounded the Soviet Union with military bases, surrounded our allies with military bases, set up military bases literally around our country, and stationed your rocket weapons at them," the letter noted with accusation as well as accuracy. "... Your rockets are stationed in Britain and in Italy and pointed at us. Your rockets are stationed in Turkey . . . Turkey lies next to us. Our sentinels are pacing up and down watching each other. Do you believe that you have the right to demand security for your country and the removal of such weapons that you qualify as offensive, while not recognizing this right for us?"

The Russians now called for the removal of American missiles from Turkey in return for the removal of Russian missiles from Cuba. On the other hand; the Russians would agree never to invade Turkey (and this was an important concession considering their ancient longing for the Straits.)

It would seem that Kennedy could have accepted this second letter, even though it was less favorable than the first, for, as

Bobby conceded, "the fact was that the proposal the Russians made was not unreasonable and did not amount to a loss to the U.S. or to our NATO allies." Actually the Turkish-based missiles were obsolete and the President himself several months earlier had been angry when his State Department had not tried harder to talk the Turks into agreeing to their removal. Negotiations for a mutual pullback would have been well advised, for both the U.S. and Russia were extraordinarily reckless in permitting such fearsome weapons within the territories of volatile peoples where a few thousand troops under a neurotic major could capture them.

But Kennedy seems to have lost touch with reality for the moment (although in fairness it must be stated that most pro-Western leaders—such as Charles De Gaulle in France, Konrad Adenauer in Germany, and Harold Macmillan in England—were under equal delusions.) Possessed by some Paleolithic urge never to retreat under duress (which, of course, would result in irreparable loss of "face") the President indicated to Khrushchev that he absolutely refused to discuss the removal of the Turkish missiles. And so the largest invasion force since World War II massed for action in Florida—and, at the same time, Russian freighters again moved toward the blockade line.

Thus the game of "chicken" continued. It was certainly the most unbelievable, utterly irresponsible, quite shocking episode in three thousand years of diplomatic history. Many times war-makers and potential war-makers had jeopardized armies and cities. But never had anyone endangered all of humanity! Yet there they were, Kennedy and Khrushchev, threatening each other with nuclear war, each insisting that the other back down first—and for what purpose? The missiles in Turkey were obsolete and those in Cuba were unnecessary!

Yet the game went on. Castro, a petty-dictator, would not make the slightest effort to cool matters. He, who had once desired to put the welfare of his people above all, was now an infinitely greater danger to them than Batista with all his trigger-squeezing soldiers and sadistic police. When it was suggested that observers be sent to ascertain the type of rocketry and their exact danger to the United States, Castro snarled "whoever tries

to inspect Cuba must come in battle array." He was so inflamed with myopic anti-Yankeeism as well as bloated self-importance that he would not consider trading his prestige-building rocket-toys for a reasonable American pledge of non-intervention. And when on Saturday morning Castro permitted a SAM missile to explode an American U-2 reconnaissance plane, he must have known he was doing the very thing which would infuriate American public opinion and lead the President and the obviously strong faction urging war to conclude that the Cubans and Russians were preparing to do battle.

President Kennedy believed war to be likely. The Council was almost unanimous that the U-2 downing necessitated an in-force air retaliation on all Russo-Cuban SAM sites—the attack hour being early the next morning. But Kennedy, to his everlasting credit, refused to be stampeded into an action which would undoubtedly have forced the Russians to reply in kind. Thus on Saturday afternoon he directed Ted Sorensen and brother Bobby to draft a letter to Khrushchev calling on him to dismantle the missile sites—yet still not budging on the American missiles in Turkey. To make certain that the Russians realized the seriousness of the situation, Bobby informed the Russian Ambassador personally that he absolutely had to have a firm commitment by the very next morning!

Thus ended Saturday—a "day such as I have never known," sighed Kennedy's personal secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, who along with others in the know spent much of the time under "unbearable" tension listening for the wail of air raid sirens. Many of the President's top advisors went to bed that night not knowing whether they or their families would live to see another day. But in any event they believed (or so we must assume) that the death or horrible mutilation of themselves, their loved ones, and millions upon millions of human beings was preferable to the loss of face involved from Kennedy's removal of obsolete rockets from Turkey under Russian pressure. If this is an accurate statement, it was mankind's most ominous comment on the possibility of eliminating war.

Early Sunday morning Ted Sorensen flicked on his bedside radio. Being a political insider, there was little a newscaster could tell him that he didn't already know. But the radio was part of a ritual, so he listened. Suddenly Sorensen heard the most astounding announcement. Khrushchev had accepted the President's ultimatum! He had given the word directly to the international news services because he had dared not wait on the slower diplomatic channels.

Kennedy had won! "We were eyeball to eyeball," Dean Rusk gloated, "and the other fellow just blinked." Khrushchev had backed down (but the Soviet world position did not disintegrate—just as the U.S. position would not have altered significantly had Kennedy given way.) Nonetheless, the victory was sweet. Ted Sorensen on his way to the eleven A.M. Council meeting suddenly found "it was a beautiful Sunday morning in Washington."

The world had managed, by the slimmest of margins, to squeek past Armageddon—this time. Kennedy—by a combination of overwhelming force, artfully used threats, amazing patience, and sheer good luck—had obliged the Russians to bend his way. But he was shaken and sobered by the stakes of the game. "You can't have too many of those," he said of the Cuban showdown. "One major mistake either by Mr. Khrushchev or by us . . . can make this whole thing blow up."

Therefore Kennedy set forth on an effort to bring about a rapprochement between the U.S. and Russia. In a major foreign policy speech given in June, 1963, he called for Americans to re-examine their attitudes toward other nations so that they would not see "only a distorted and desperate view of the other side." He renounced the good versus evil notion which had tainted America's foreign relations from Wilson to Eisenhower. Communism obviously was here to stay, so why endanger millions of innocent lives by trying to end it? Somehow both sides must learn to live together. Paraphrasing, and infinitely improving on, Wilson and Roosevelt, President Kennedy called on his listeners to "make the world safe for diversity."

England's Manchester "Guardian" declared the speech "one of the great state papers of American history," and Khrushchev hailed it as "the best speech by any President since Roosevelt." Kennedy had learned from the Cuban confrontation the horrible follies that pride and the fear of losing face can bring. He realized he must think new thoughts about Cuba, Berlin, Laos, Vietnam and the other points of dispute around the world. Somehow he must drag diplomacy away from primitive "brinkmanship" to an era of true peaceful co-existence.

Six months later an assassin's cheap mail order rifle ended this new and promising approach in world affairs.

That was the real tragedy of Dallas.

PART IV.

The ERA OF THE NON-WAR WAR

The Locusts and the Elephant
Ho Chi Minh, the French, and
Eisenhower: Vietnam, Round I

Ho Chi Minh grew up a scrawny little lad in a minor village in northern Annam, central of Vietnam's three provinces. During his formative years in the 1890's he developed a strong feeling that the Vietnamese must unite against their French oppressors, for only a slight linguistic accent and meaningless provincial lines firm'd by the French separated the Annamese from the inhabitants of Tonkin to the north and the more easy-going people of Cochin China to the south.

The French had focused their attention on the little country a generation before Ho's birth, when during the 1850's the murder of a few Catholic missionaries infuriated the authorities in Paris. A small force seeking vengeance was dispatched and by 1867 Saigon and Cochin China (as well as Cambodia) had been easily conquered. Then, as if the Vietnamese had not been punished enough for the supposed humiliation to French honor by the treatment of the missionaries, the French turned north. In 1873, 175 Marines and a couple of gunboats were sufficient to take Hanoi; and thereafter most of Tonkin was forced to submit to squads of what the French ironically called "pacifiers." Next, the

weak Emperor of Annam, trembling in his palace at Hué, was forced to conclude a treaty that made this third section of Vietnam a French protectorate. A two year war between France and China, which claimed the area on the basis of nearly two thousand years of either actual occupation or tributary suzerainty acknowledged by the Vietnamese (even the country's name is Chinese for "distant south") resulted in the treaty of 1887, giving France undisputed control.

French rule was, therefore, new when Ho Chi Minh was growing up. Yet already it was intolerable. Because Vietnam, as primarily a rice-exporting country, had little place in French trade patterns, other means had to be found to justify French occupation and pay the horde of French freebooters who flocked into the area with dreams of making fortunes. For this purpose, exorbitant taxes were placed on the Vietnamese farmers, and when they could not meet their payments, they were forced to mortgage their lands to the all-powerful, French-dominated Bank of Indochina. From there the lands passed to French landlords, who eventually came to own the choicest farming areas—particularly in the south. Rents of 50%—even 70%—of annual crops were not uncommon. Often in order to escape outright starvation, husband and wife would sign indenture papers, whereby they served as virtual slaves for a period of five years on some French plantation.

Ho Chi Minh found the foreign rule detestable. And so at the age of twelve he was carrying revolutionary messages between villages for his conspiring elders. A year later he was ejected from the local French-run school for his nationalist activities. For eight more years he witnessed the arrogant subjection of his people. The Vietnamese men were called "boys" and had to remove their hats when a Frenchman approached. The French officials and landlords often beat—sometimes even murdered—Vietnamese nationals, but were let off by the French courts. And when an insurgency arose, French troops would think nothing of burning an entire village merely to be certain one rebel was removed. French-controlled opium houses flourished, and each adult Vietnamese had a liquor quota he must purchase from the French monopoly.

In 1911, when Ho was twenty-one, he signed on a French ship as a kitchen hand—for he knew he must leave his country if he would improve his lot. His travels took him to Africa, Europe, and the U.S. east coast. During World War I he was first a pastry cook in a London hotel, then made a brief visit to New York (where he learned English), and finally went to France, where he mingled with some of the nearly 100,000 Vietnamese who had been dragged from their homes, marked on the back or wrist with an indelible chemical, packed into foul ships, and sent off to aid France in her effort to make the world safe from the Prussian barbarians.

Was there no way Ho's people could rid themselves of the French? In desperation Ho joined the French Socialist Party. There he was handed Lenin's "Thesis on the National and Colonial Questions." Upon reading it, his eyes flooded with tears (according to his account). "What emotion, enthusiasm, clearsightedness, and confidence it instilled into me!" Although he was alone in his room, he shouted: "This is what we need, this is the path to our liberation!"

In 1920 Ho participated in the founding of the French Communist Party, whose activist ideals were more in accord with his feelings than the cautious tactics of the Socialists. Ho was soon high in the party ranks, becoming one of its experts on colonial matters. Yet his views were oriented far more toward the nationalistic goal of freeing his country from the French than the airy ideals of a world-wide revolt of the masses and the ensuing international Communist brotherhood. Indeed, throughout the 1920's and 1930's anticolonialism was the central theme in all his public statements at Communist Party congresses—this even though he studied in Moscow for a little over a year and at one time took out Russian citizenship. And one French writer, who knew Ho as well as any Westerner, even offers speculations that had France permitted the growth of any viable nationalist organization in Vietnam, Ho Chi Minh might well have placed his talents here rather than with the Communists.

Gradually Ho's eloquent articles and underground pamphlets

made his name known and respected among Vietnamese patriots. In 1925, while Ho was in China with a Russian delegation working with Chiang Kai-shek, he organized the League of Oppressed Peoples of Asia; and sent 200 revolutionary agents into Vietnam. The venture was a failure, however, and the French condemned Ho to death. Ho wisely remained in China, where in 1939 he formed the Vietminh, a coalition of nationalists, Socialists, and Communists. By December, 1940, the Vietminh was so strong that the French, even though they were then being encroached on by the Japanese, went to war against the Vietminh. The result was 6,000 Vietnamese either killed or wounded. Nonetheless, as World War II progressed and the Japanese moved into Vietnam in force, the Vietminh volunteered to help the French. But the French, fearful of the future, refused to provide the weapons necessary for the proposed guerilla operation.

During part of the war Ho was in a vile Kuomintang prison. "It was [there] that my teeth began to fall out," Ho told a western interviewer several years later. "I looked at myself once and then tried never to look again. I was skin on bones, and covered with rotten sores." But the frail little revolutionary was consumed with a passionate love of his country which neither hardship nor exile could conquer. Eventually he was operating with a band of guerillas in the mountains on Vietnam's northern border, where he made contact with American agents, who provided him with arms. (Ho reciprocated by rescuing downed American pilots.) The same week that Japan surrendered a Vietminh congress elected Ho president. And on August 19, 1945 the Vietminh government took office in Hanoi. While joy filled the nation, Ho proclaimed: "The decisive hour in the destiny of our people has struck." A Declaration of Independence was promulgated, beginning with the sentence (conscientiously copied from the American document:) "All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights..." and ending with the statement that Vietnam "has become free and independent."

But Ho knew the French would not willingly see their prestige shattered in Asia. Even though their rule in Vietnam had been a serious drain on the French treasury with no compensatory

advantage in trade (the British with no administrative expense at all enjoyed more of the country's meager commerce), the French refused to grant the country of 34 million (only 6 million less than France herself) its independence. Notwithstanding the fact that the French economy had been almost leveled by the fearsome devastation of the war, prestige and the rousing shibboleth of national honor seemed to demand that the exhausted country dispatch an army to put down the revolt.

In this matter Ho had no support from Russia, for Stalin at Potsdam, completely abandoning his supposed Communist brother, had agreed to permit the British to occupy the southern portion of Vietnam until the French arrived, with Chiang (not Mao) to perform the same task in the north. Accordingly, the British, burying once and for all that pesky phrase of the once-vaunted Atlantic Charter which promised "the right of all peoples to chose the form of government under which they lived," evicted the Vietminh officials from Saigon and the rest of Cochin China—helped in this operation by many of the 70,000 Japanese troops who yet remained in Indo-China.

Soon the French Foreign Legion arrived, and, aided with \$160,000,000 worth of American vehicles and equipment, began reclamping its hold on the protesting country. Ho Chi Minh, not only spurned by Russia but by his supposed friends in the French Communist Party (which he himself had helped to found and which now had become one of the largest parties in France) saw that he must postpone his dream of a free nation—at least temporarily. "We apparently stand quite alone," he said sadly. "We shall have to depend on ourselves." Thus when a French fleet appeared off Haiphong in February, 1946, rather than fight, Ho agreed to negotiate. Accordingly on March 6th he signed an agreement whereby Vietnam would join the French Union, but would have its own government with jurisdiction over domestic affairs. In addition, French troops were to be received "in a friendly fashion" throughout the country. And, finally, although Vietnam remained temporarily divided into three provinces, the matter of unification was to be decided by a referendum, with France firmly committed to abiding by the decision. All in all,

the agreement represented a fair solution to the problems at hand.

It appears, however, that the French had no intention of allowing a referendum, particularly in the south (Cochin China) which, with its vast rice fields, was the area in which the majority of French commercial interests were concentrated. In addition, the loss of South Vietnam would imperil French rule in the rest of Indo-China (Laos and Cambodia.) Although these regions had almost no value (the population of Cambodia was only 5 million and that of tiny Laos was barely over one and a half million,) they loomed large on French maps and even larger in French pride. Therefore, Ho learned at conferences he attended in France during July and August, 1946, that the promised referendum had been shoved off to some vague time when in French estimation peace was completely restored. Meanwhile the French set up a puppet government of their own in Saigon.

The final break came in November when the French bombarded Haiphong in retaliation for the murder of some French soldiers. Six thousand Vietnamese civilians were killed outright or trampled to death in the panic which ensued. The Vietminh countered in December with a day of terror in Hanoi when all French and Eurasian men, women, and children were brutally murdered. Now, with ample martyrs on both sides, the war, which Ho was to call that of a locust fighting an elephant, began in full fury.

Right from the beginning the unpopular French elephant was in serious trouble. Although the French fought Ho's elusive locust forces with 150,000 highly-trained, heavily equipped soldiers—more than a quarter of the entire French army—Ho's men captured the loyalty of the majority of the Vietnamese peasants, to whom they usually behaved in exemplary fashion. "Help the people in their daily work. . . ," went Ho's orders to his men. "Teach the population the national script and elementary hygiene. . . . Study the customs of each region so as to create an atmosphere of sympathy. . . . Show to the people that you are correct, diligent, and disciplined." Thus, by 1949 Ho controlled the greater portion of Vietnamese territory (with the French strong only in the cities).

Nevertheless, the French still could have concluded a face-saving peace. As early as April, 1947, Ho had offered to negotiate but had been rebuffed by the French demand that he first surrender all his arms! Ho still did not join the Red Bloc (nor had Russia on her part championed his cause) and it is possible that had France countered with a legitimate offer Ho would have led his nation into the French Union even at this late date. But the French did not bend and with the arrival of the victorious Communist Chinese on Ho's northern border in December, 1949, the situation completely altered.

Mao's forces provided the Vietminh with large supplies of first rate American equipment, which they had captured from Chiang. Now Ho slashed at the French with such effectiveness that by October, 1950, all that remained was a small holding around Hanoi and a larger one around Saigon. The war was, in effect, over.

Then, however, the scale began to tip slightly in the French direction. When first Red China, then Russia, recognized Ho in January, 1950 (a belated four years after he declared his independence) Secretary of State Dean Acheson saw the move as part of some masterplot of international Communism. A week later the Truman administration recognized the French puppet, play-boy Emperor Bao Dai, one time protégé of the Japanese. Then in May, 1950, Acheson, completely discounting Stalin's obvious disinterest in Vietnam or Ho's lifetime determination to free his country of any foreign rule (including Russian or Chinese) confidently stated that Vietnam was now obviously "dominated by Soviet imperialism." Therefore Acheson began economic and military aid to France and the feeble Bao Dai government so that they could "pursue their peaceful and democratic development."

When the Korean War began in June, Truman, with almost no investigation of the facts, immediately assumed that Ho Chi Minh was another of Stalin's underlings. For this reason Truman declared Vietnam, which had hitherto been outside the U.S. defense perimeter, as vital to American security. A military mis-

sion of 35 men was dispatched and equipment shipments were so increased that within two years the United States was paying nearly half the cost of France's imperialistic war!

That a first class power with billions of dollars available for defense should stumble into Vietnam with a nearly total ignorance of the situation is almost unbelievable. Truman's consulate staff in Vietnam employed a mere seven Americans—none of whom spoke Vietnamese. The State Department had less than half a file drawer of information on Indo-China, and there was little means of gathering more (except from the hardly unbiased French) since not only did nary a single American university have an expert on Vietnam but nowhere in the entire nation was there a school teaching the language to persons who might have translated Ho's ample descriptions of the brutal French regime or his own anger at the lack of support from the Communist world. Truman only knew that Mao was furnishing the Vietminh with arms and advisors (although even this later-proved fact was not certain at this stage.) And so, lurching into the fog, Truman initiated U.S. participation in the Vietnam war.

With American financial and logistic aid, the French tried to regain the offensive. The climax came when they erected a major fortress at Dien Bien Phu, in the northwestern portion of Vietnam. The plan was to lure the Vietminh into a pitched battle in the open, where the French were certain their proven European tactics would win the day. Ho and his ace commander, Vo Nguyen Giap, decided to accept the gauntlet and on March 13, 1954 the climactic battle began.

Right from the start it became clear that the French strategy was not brilliant. They had placed 17,000 of their best troops far out in an exposed position where they could be supplied only by air. Yet the French had barely 420 planes in all of Indo-China, and the Vietminh soon made a daring foray through the sewer system at the Haiphong air base to destroy 38 of these vital planes on the ground! The French had blandly assumed that the Vietminh had almost no artillery, but Giap brought up some

excellent American guns, obligingly sold him by some of Chiang's corrupt generals, and Mao provided more—along with Chinese artillery experts. Soon the French were not only outnumbered by four to one, but actually outgunned. The vital landing strip was blasted apart, and the garrison's supplies dwindled to the few that the small French air force could parachute in. It became clear that unless the gigantic American air force entered the conflict, it was only a matter of time until Ho and Giap would win a great victory.

The Eisenhower administration, headed by that bellicose crusader, John Foster Dulles, was psychologically and financially committed to the French cause. With American funds now accounting for eighty percent of the war, some justification, other than the support of an imperialistic regime, had to be discovered. Eisenhower began talking of a "domino effect"—whereby the French defeat would automatically result in the Communist overthrow of all the nearby states: Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, and Malaysia.

Dulles agreed with Ike that the backwater country was of "transcendent importance." Dulles called Vietnam the "rice bowl which helps to feed the densely populated region that extends from India to Japan"—intimating that if Ho took over he would be able to harass the pro-American or neutralist nations around him by refusing to trade his all-important rice (although actually the Vietnamese rice totaled only a minuscule 1.4 percent of the world supply)! Dulles further proclaimed that "the area had great strategic value," being "astride the most direct and best developed sea and air routes between the Pacific and South Asia"—a fabrication which would have astonished the old-time British empire-makers, who correctly made Singapore, guarding the much-used Malacca narrows, the keystone of their Asian enterprises. Actually there is no better indication of Indo-China's lack of strategic value than the fact that no European power bothered to conquer it until the very end of the three hundred year imperialistic era.

As for the domino effect, Dulles and Eisenhower were here basing their estimation on three highly questionable suppositions. First, they believed the Russians were bent on world conquest

and were using Vietnam, as they had Korea, as an opening wedge to pry apart all of Southeast Asia. Yet, as we have seen, the Russians had kept remarkably free from the Korean struggle; and, as for Vietnam, not only had their aid been minimal, particularly as compared with that of the Americans, but they had not even given Ho Chi Minh diplomatic recognition until four years after he had declared his independence.

Secondly, Dulles and Eisenhower believed that even if Russia were quiet, Red China, her Asian stooge, was actively engaging in an attempt to conquer all of Asia. In Chapter Thirteen we have examined the valuelessness to China of taking over the starving, poverty-blighted nations of Asia and the negligible effect this take-over would have on American security (on the contrary, it might have been *best* for American security if China wasted her limited resources trying to establish and maintain an empire in Asia.) Furthermore, it should have been obvious to the American government that had Mao actually wanted to send his legions southward only atomic bombs, not a quavering pro-American Vietnamese government, would have been able to stop him.

Thirdly, the two Americans equated Ho's strictly nationalistic desire to overthrow a single oppressive regime with a blind adherence to some international conspiracy for world domination. Yet any impartial examination of Ho's writings would have revealed his sincere abhorrence of the French rule, which began long before he converted to Communism at the age of thirty. It would also have revealed Ho's total lack of commitment to "liberate" any neighbor—except Laos, which, after all, was closely aligned in race, customs, and hatred of French abuse.

There can be little doubt that Dulles' and Eisenhower's predilection for France was a subconscious identification with the French as representatives of the West—with its supposedly superior civilization. In scorning, then defeating, the French, Ho was somehow casting aspersions at all that was best in the West, including the fighting ability of the white race. The United States government, as head of the western coalition, could not let these insults go unavenged. Thus, inverting all logic, Dulles called Ho, fighting on his own native soil, an aggressor—and the French,

fighting more than seven thousand miles from their country, defenders of the free world!

When on March 20, 1954 the French Chief of Staff informed the Eisenhower administration that Indo-China would be lost unless the United States intervened militarily in the shortest possible time at Dien Bien Phu, the National Security Council was called into a hurried meeting. Here Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, and Vice President Richard Nixon joined with Dulles in agreeing that Vietnam must not be unified under Ho's leadership. A pair of aircraft carriers cruising in the South China Sea, ostensibly for training operations, was readied for a massive air strike to relieve the French bastion—and bases as far distant as the Philippines were to be made available for further air support. So close were Dulles and Eisenhower to entering the war that they were stopped only by the refusal of a high level Congressional delegation (called to a secret meeting by Dulles on April 3rd) to sanction the strike without first securing the approval, and possible military commitments, of our allies—particularly Great Britain. Foremost among the Congressional footdraggers was Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.

The British, not succumbing to Dulles' near-hysteria, could not be convinced that they must support American adventurism in the Far East—even though the Secretary of State presented his case directly in London. Although later in the year Dulles came up with SEATO, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, it was a loose alliance which obligated each of its eight members (including Great Britain and France as well as Thailand, Pakistan, and the Philippines) to merely act "in accordance with its constitutional processes" if there was Communist aggression in Southeast Asia. A special sentence, however, specified that Indo-China was of particular concern—and it was this which later American diplomats were to somehow transform into an American *obligation* to come to the aid of South Vietnam.

But SEATO did not seem to be very important in 1954, since by the time Dulles hammered the organization into existence Dien Bien Phu had fallen, France had thrown in the towel (after

losing \$7 billion and 100,000 men) and an agreement had already been signed at Geneva whereby the French would leave Vietnam.

A knowledge of the Geneva Agreement of 1954 is essential in understanding the events which were to follow. Although Ho Chi Minh had entered the negotiations as a victor, the Russian and Chinese delegations, headed by top-echelon diplomats V. M. Molotov and Chou En-lai, persuaded the Vietnamese to accept far less territory than they had occupied, and, in addition, to relinquish claims on Laos and Cambodia. Furthermore, Ho agreed to remove his 90,000 troops, on the verge of complete victory in the south, to above the 17th parallel—a temporary, quite artificial line which went through the center of Annam.

Ho's representatives accepted these restrictions in the assurance that a national government would be elected once the French were gone. In the matter of elections the Geneva Agreement was most explicit: "general elections shall be held in July, 1956, under the supervision of an international commission." There was no hedging on the matter. To set up the machinery for the elections "consultations will be held on the subject between the competent representative authorities of the two zones from July 20, 1955 onward." The Agreement was, thus, closely defined, and even the final comment of Bedell Smith (heading the American delegation after Dulles had stomped out earlier in the negotiations) stated that, although the United States would not sign the document, his nation "reiterates its traditional position that peoples are entitled to determine their own future and that it will not join in an arrangement which would hinder this."

Once again, as in 1946, it would appear that hostilities in Vietnam were over.

Ho Chi Minh and Johnson: Vietnam, Round II

Tom Dooley, a handsome and idealistic young Navy doctor, arrived in Vietnam around the signing of the 1954 Geneva Agreement. The Agreement had permitted the free passage of peoples between the 17th parallel, and, although Ho's southern army of 90,000 along with 60,000 more pro-Communist southern Vietnamese had moved north, the main traffic flowed down from Ho's domain. Tom Dooley, trying to aid some of the nearly 900,000 (out of North Vietnam's 20 million population) who fled from Ho's rule, was aghast at the dimensions of the refugee tide. His sympathy went out to these men, women, and children who had abandoned all their possessions and now, nearly destitute, jammed into leaky boats or stumbled down muddy paths in order to escape Communism. Dooley could not contain himself as he put his feelings down on paper. We brought the refugees "help and love," he wrote in his instant best-seller *Deliver Us From Evil*.

Dooley's book viewed the 17th parallel as the "rim of Hell" separating free Vietnam from the northern abode of bloodthirsty, power-hungry madmen. It stated with conviction that Ho had been a "Moscow-trained puppet from the start" and that he and his "demons of Communism" held the north in a "strangling grip." Dooley became such a folk hero that a later poll found him one of the ten most admired Americans. And U.S. correspondents, stimulated by the newly roused public interest, hurried to see for themselves the pitiful refugees. "Battered and shunted

about by the war," ran the subheading of a representative magazine article (this for *Look*) "they are too weary to resist the Reds without us." Deep feelings of humanitarianism welled up in the public consciousness, accompanied by a corresponding hatred for the inhuman northern Communists.

Yet unbeknownst to the general public, it was being misled by segments of the CIA, the military establishment, and certain pressure groups, particularly a Catholic lobby headed by Cardinal Francis Spellman. The Cardinal had an understandable concern for the refugees, for they were nearly all Catholics, many of whom had fought with the French against the predominantly Buddhist or atheist Vietminh. Spellman (ably abetted by protestant Richard Nixon) convinced President Eisenhower that America must support a Catholic-dominated South Vietnamese regime that was in many ways as repressive as that of the Communist North. Thus Ike raised the number of American advisors to nearly 1,000.

The ruler of South Vietnam was a hitherto obscure politician, Ngo Dinh Diem, who had spent the most dangerous years of the struggle for independence safely abroad. Diem was a strong-willed, uncompromising man who disguised his craving for power by elevating his cause to the side of God. "This is no ordinary war which we fight," he was to proclaim. "The Communists deny the very existence of God. . . . They preach sheer materialism, and would reduce man to the level of the beast." Diem was an ardent Catholic, having passed a long period in a Belgian monastery. In 1950, while Ho was fighting in the jungles, Diem was meditating in the American Maryknoll seminaries, one of which was under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Spellman. Through the Cardinal, Diem was introduced to Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who in turn recommended him to Senator John F. Kennedy. Both Americans became early supporters of Diem. Thus when the French-supported Emperor Bao Dai formed what was supposed to be an interim government (until the promised Geneva elections,) Diem, due mainly to his highly-placed American backing, was made Premier.

Eisenhower should have been able to see he was taking an extremely shaky gamble by committing American prestige to such

a person as Diem, for it was obvious as early as Diem's ruthless prosecution of certain religious sects in the spring of 1955 that he was far more interested in establishing an autocratic rule than any flirtation with democracy.

Soon Diem was doling out top jobs to his three brothers, one of whose wives (the beautiful but hated Mme. Nhu) spoke of the need to "extirpate" all of the "scabby sheep" who opposed Diem's rule. To add to the distastefulness of Diem was the fact that he insisted on placing Catholic officers and administrators in the highest positions—to the anger of the Buddhists who comprised eighty percent of South Vietnam's population. Had there been any doubt of Diem's craving for personal power, they should have been dispelled by October, 1955, when Diem, deciding to get rid of Emperor Bao Dai, staged a blatantly rigged election whereby he received 98.2 percent of the vote—"very nearly a Communist figure," commented an observer in Saigon where 605,000 Diem tallies were counted with only 450,000 registered voters.

In the meantime Ho Chi Minh had been impatiently waiting for consultations concerning the Geneva Agreement elections, which even American experts predicted would reveal his overwhelming popularity in the country as a whole. They were supposed to begin in July, 1955. But Diem refused, saying that he would not be bound by an agreement he had not signed. More than that, Diem cut off commerce with the North (which was dependent on the South for much of its rice supply)—thereby forcing Ho to turn to other sources, particularly Red China, in order to make good his deficit.

It grew amply clear to Ho that Diem was building up a regime (with ever-increasing American aid) which aimed at contesting the unification promised at Geneva, for Diem's secret police was being organized by a growing American advisory mission—headed at this point by fifty-four Michigan State University experts (whose recruitment had been pushed by Vice President Nixon). Although Ho did not call out his guerrilla forces, which he had deactivated the previous year, he did denounce "the

dark scheme of permanently dividing our country," and it was clear that he would not accept the 17th parallel as anything except the temporary line which the Geneva accord had assumed it to be.

But the Eisenhower administration went ahead. By July, 1956, Nixon was boasting to the first Constituent Assembly of South Vietnam that "the militant march of Communism has been halted." The U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group (which had first made its appearance a year earlier) speeded up the training of the South Vietnamese army. And Diem, now feeling secure with his secret police and American-equipped army, began speaking about "liberating" the North. At this time, to further cement his rule, Diem abolished village elections and substituted his own appointees as headmen.

Some observers thought Ho should have attempted a forceful unification of Vietnam when the 1956 elections were not held—for he was militarily and politically far stronger than Diem (whose unpopular rule, based on a fraudulent election, was actually illegal)—and, in addition, Ho had the weight of a solemn covenant signed by nearly all the world's major powers on his side. But Ho hesitated—one reason being that he was unsupported by Russia, who was advocating a United Nations administration of North and of South Vietnam. Another reason was that Ho thought Diem would eventually hang himself and then he could take over without incurring the armed intervention of the United States. In view of later events, it might have been well had Ho Chi Minh been a more rash man and snatched up the 14 million largely sympathetic South Vietnamese, thereby leaving the country, and most of Southeast Asia, to enjoy "the obscurity it so richly deserves"—to quote from John Kenneth Galbraith, former U.S. Ambassador to India.

But Eisenhower now felt that the prestige of his administration was involved—even though he had no more than 1,000 men there. Diem was invited to pay a state visit to the U.S. in 1957, where he was met at the airport by the President himself—who later made public a statement in which he informed the nation that a Communist movement against South Vietnam "would be considered as endangering peace and stability" of America—al-

though just how the backward, non-industrial country could pose a threat to the most powerful nation in the world was not spelled out. Nevertheless, by this statement Eisenhower left himself (and to some extent the presidents who were to follow) little other choice in Vietnam besides to support whatever southern politician or general happened to be in power or to abjectly "run up the white flag before the world and start running from Communism," as Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen would so challengingly put it.

Emotions now started running high. Ho Chi Minh, at last forsaking the promises of Geneva, reactivated his guerrillas. They struck with vicious effectiveness. By 1959 local Vietcong units had assassinated up to 4,000 town and village officials (most of whom had been Diem's hirelings). By the end of the year some of Ho's regular army units were actively aiding the southern Vietcong—although, according to a U.S. "White Paper," their weapons were largely leftover French ones. (The Chinese were evidently still keeping a wary distance and the Russians were actually urging peaceful co-existence.) Nevertheless the guerrillas found so little resistance from Diem's well-armed but unmotivated troops that by 1960 they controlled 70 percent of rural South Vietnam.

When John Kennedy became President early in 1961, the situation was rapidly deteriorating. Soon the Joint Chiefs were calling for American troop landings in Thailand and Laos, with the use of tactical nuclear weapons not only in these areas, but against China and Russia if they moved large numbers of troops into the zones of American operations! Although Kennedy, withstanding his pugnacious military warlords, pledged no combat troops, he responded much more favorably to Diem's plea for more matériel and more advisors. Thus, by early in 1962 Kennedy had jumped the number of American personnel in Vietnam to 4,000—a figure which would rocket to 15,500 before death removed him from the scene a year and a half later.

But even with so much American aid, the Diem government was increasingly unable to stand up before the Vietcong, which

even by the U.S. "White Paper" figures was comprised of at least 80 percent native southerners. Internally, too, the situation grew worse as the Buddhist population in the cities (Diem's only real strongholds) rose in rebellion. The climax came in the summer of 1963 when some Buddhist priests actually burned themselves to death in protest against Diem's prosecution. Although Madam Nhu callously referred to the burnings as a "barbecue show," even her father, the Ambassador to Washington, resigned in protest against Diem's excessive, Catholic-oriented dictatorship.

By the autumn of 1963 Kennedy, having had enough of Diem, gave his tacit approval to the growing forces which wished to overthrow him. Kennedy had had his fill of Vietnam, too, which, according to Schlesinger, he appeared to realize was his great failure in foreign policy. In line with his widespread re-examination of America's role overseas after the Cuban crisis, Kennedy began considering the toning down of his commitment in Vietnam—going so far as to promise a few days before his assassination that 1,000 advisors would be withdrawn within three weeks.

Thus so close may have been the way out.

The bullets which rang out in Dallas on November 22, 1963 brought into power a man far different from the youthful, imaginative Kennedy. As Lyndon Johnson eased his ungainly Texas frame onto the still-warm throne, his public image could hardly have been worse; for as Senate Majority Leader he had the reputation of being an unscrupulous wheeler-dealer. His "secret and sinuous arts" enabled him to dominate the Senate by the subtle cajolery, vociferous threats, whispered promises, and artful bluffs that were part of the famous Johnson system. His rule had been nearly absolute—and even the Republican President Eisenhower had been forced to submit many of his Congressional programs (not too unwillingly, if reports are true) to the hands of the wiley Democratic chieftain.

But beneath his Medici-facade, Johnson was a sincere man devoted to the task of improving his country. His early career

had been intertwined with that of his great ideal, Franklin Roosevelt. The heady fervor of the early New Deal never left the big-boned Texan, within whose complicated personality the desire to help others was merged with the need for approval of the masses. For, despite his love of manipulation, Lyndon Johnson sought power more as a means to secure love and adulation than for its own sake.

Lyndon Johnson was born in the rocky hill country near Austin in 1908. Politics was in his blood, both his father and grandfather had served in the state legislature. His father had formed a friendship with Sam Rayburn, soon to vault into the upper circle of the Democratic Party's liberal wing. But, although the Johnson family had good connections, times were hard during the Depression and before Lyndon graduated from a small teachers college in southwest Texas, he had to drop out for almost a year to recoup his funds. Teaching in a steamy classroom jammed with destitute Mexican-American children, Johnson saw the face of poverty and prejudice at close range. Not too long after he graduated from college in 1930, he obtained (through Rayburn's sponsorship) Texas directorship of the New Deal's vaunted National Youth Administration. Johnson's quick-paced mind and restless cascade of energy soon made his lean form familiar to leaders all over the state as he palavered them into providing jobs and scholarships for 30,000 needy youths.

Work and activity were necessary elixirs to the young man. Obstacles were there to be conquered. He must be forever on the move, making his beneficent will felt among the people, controlling events so that the masses would look up to him as a knight errant in their cause. Like a comet on its course, he would not be denied. And when fair Claudia Taylor ("Lawd," her Negro nurse had rhapsodized, "she's purty as a little lady bird") flitted into his vision, Lyndon netted her—and two months later a somewhat dazed Lady Bird had agreed to become Mrs. Johnson. ("Sometimes Lyndon simply takes your breath away," she gasped.)

In 1936 Johnson, then age 28, decided to enter politics. In order to win the Democratic primary (which also meant the election), Johnson used \$10,000 gladly offered by Lady Bird from

her inheritance. Against six other candidates, Johnson was given little chance. But the doubters didn't know the depth of Johnson's desire to reach Washington. "I can see him now," recalled his campaign manager, "up and down the streets, a long, skinny thing, his hand stretched out and saying, 'I'm Lyndon Johnson. Now, I think . . .'" Campaigning as a strongly New Deal candidate at a time when the initial brilliance of Roosevelt's reform attempts was fast dimming, Johnson became a sort of barometer for the nation. The President himself was so concerned about the hard-fought primary that he even gave Johnson a boost by riding with him on a special train through Texas. On election eve Johnson went into the hospital, stricken by appendicitis and frazzled by exhaustion. But it was worth it, for victory was his. How sweet was the acclamation of the people! It was a sensation he would want to experience again and again!

As a Representative in Washington, Johnson found the President to be a great help. Due to Roosevelt's influence, Johnson was made a member of the important Naval Affairs Committee. Johnson voted New Deal, and Roosevelt saw to it that Johnson's district got a goodly share of federal funds. In 1941 Johnson became Roosevelt's choice for the Senate, but now, for the first and only time, Johnson lost—although by a slim margin of barely over 1,000 votes which included a questionable last minute shift.

Returning to the House, Johnson became the first member to go into uniform after the Pearl Harbor disaster. Roosevelt dispatched him on an inspection tour of the Pacific. But it was not as plush a duty as it sounded, for Lieutenant Commander Johnson's patrol plane was hit by Japanese zeros while performing a dangerous reconnaissance mission over New Guinea. Nonetheless his military stint was short, and, after Roosevelt ordered all Congressmen on active duty back to Washington, Johnson reassumed his House post—to which he had been reelected in 1942. It was at this time that Johnson, aided again by Lady Bird's inheritance, purchased a down-and-nearly-out radio station in Austin and turned it into a highly profitable TV outlet which within nine years parlayed the original \$17,500 into almost

\$500,000. Thereby was laid the foundation for Johnson's expansion into land, cattle, and banking—which soon made him a millionaire.

Had the luxurious life been one of Lyndon's goals, he could easily have retired from the hurly-burly political arena. But Johnson's ego needed constant replenishing—and there was so much that he believed he could do for the nation. Therefore in 1948 he made a second try for the Senate. He campaigned day and night, and when the primary returns came in, Johnson had won—although his microscopic margin of 87 votes (out of nearly one million) seemed suspect due to the 201 suspiciously tardy tallies that had filtered in from an offbeat little precinct near the Mexican border. An injunction was issued to prevent Johnson's name from being placed on the ballot, but, with powerful support from the Truman administration, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black stayed the order and Johnson ultimately squeaked into the Senate.

As a senator, Johnson's hunger for leadership asserted itself. He buttered up senators above him, formed cabals with his peers, and dominated through the sheer force of his personality those beneath him. By January, 1955, he was the Majority Leader, at age forty-six the youngest in the chamber's long history!

As Majority Leader he led the Senate on what has been called "four of the most productive and fruitful years of its history." Although a serious heart attack temporarily slowed him early in his reign, he refused to quit now that the glory was his. Cementing his rule by his considerable influence over committee assignments, as well as his control of the Senate Democratic Campaign fund, he virtually ran the Senate to a degree that gave him far more power, at least in domestic affairs, than the disorganized, ill-led bigwigs of the Eisenhower administration. It was no surprise, therefore, when in 1960 Lyndon Johnson decided to try for the Democratic Presidential nomination. The wonderment came when, after John Kennedy captured the prize, Johnson relinquished his mighty Senate post for the Vice Presidential spot—an office which John Garner, Roosevelt's disgusted Veep, had dismissed as not being "worth a pitcher of warm spit." What other reason could there have been for Johnson's decision except

that the Vice President got his name in the history books, the ultimate of fame. Certainly he could not let himself believe that death would remove the young and vigorous Kennedy—for that was too much a long shot.

Johnson quickly found that Garner was right about the Vice Presidency. After Kennedy shaded Nixon, the New Frontiersmen, headed by brother Bobby, took over and Johnson was left in dreary isolation. He took his medicine manfully, though, never complaining. But his proud, energetic personality began to turn in upon itself. He brooded, became silent, even in the top level meetings to which Kennedy insisted he be invited. His sudden demise brought snickers to many: "What ever happened to Lyndon?" was the lead-in to a joke, the retort being "Lyndon who?"

In order to give his Vice President something to do, Kennedy sent him on a record eleven jaunts outside the United States, the most important as far as the future being his trip to Asia in May, 1961. Leaders of six Asian nations greeted Johnson with all the pomp, ceremony, and flattery which a top representative of the richest country in the world deserved. Massive crowds flocked around him, cheering wildly; and Johnson, at six foot three towering over them like a minor god, often emerged from his limousine to mingle happily with the admiring yellow and tan natives. To President Ngo Dinh Diem he magnificently promised a bounty of additional American aid. To Chiang Kai-shek he offered condescending assurances that the United States loved its friends and expected to stand behind them. To Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India he commiserated about the evils of poverty, then offered a lengthy explanation of how he had brought the first electricity to Texas' Pedernales Valley. In Pakistan he made friends with a humble camel driver, and later had him as his guest in the United States.

Johnson returned home bitten by Asian-fever. With his unquenchable need for approval of the masses, he viewed Asia as a new field in which to extend his personality. There was so much to be done: electricity, education, health programs, rice production. American know-how could make the area blossom. And what he wouldn't give to see a TVA type of enterprise harnessing the

flood-prone Mekong River, where twenty-five million people lived in fear and destitution!

After Johnson assumed the presidency, the withdrawal of some troops from Vietnam as envisioned by Kennedy was quietly bypassed. Yet Johnson was not the warlike monster that later critics unfairly painted him. Ngo Dinh Diem had been removed early in November, 1963, and Johnson had reason to expect that the clique of generals at the top, some of whom were Buddhist, would provide the half-nation with a fair government that would enable it to turn back the Communists and permit Johnson to remove his military advisors. The President was mainly concerned with domestic programs at this point. Vietnam was expected to be a minor irritant which could gradually be toned down. Indeed, so convinced was Johnson that American involvement would diminish that he ordered McNamara to greatly reduce Defense Department spending. At the same time he speeded a bill through Congress which substantially reduced the Federal income tax rate—a virtually unheard of deed in this age of soaring governmental expenses, and one which clearly shows his disinterest in expanding America's role overseas.

However, the same month that Johnson began his Defense Department cutback, the Vietcong made a serious and provocative error. Mistakenly believing the United States could be terrorized out of Vietnam, in February of 1964 the war was carried directly against the American advisors. As leaflets began circulating which read "Two Americans a day," an explosive was placed in an American movie house, killing two and wounding fifty-one persons. At this time Johnson appointed (upon McNamara's urging) a committee to develop a list of bombing targets in North Vietnam, to be hit if and when he chose to retaliate. A roused Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, started calling the conflict a "gangster war . . . of terror and aggression," and American spy ships were ordered to hover off North Vietnam's coast. Others of the President's advisors, including Clark Clifford, McGeorge Bundy, and Abe Fortas, began voicing the need of an increased American role in Vietnam.

Now Ho Chi Minh made a foolish move which played into the war hawks' hands. Irritated by Johnson's spy ships, on August 2nd, 1964, Ho sent three torpedo boats skimming across the Gulf of Tonkin against the U.S. destroyer *Maddox*. Although all three PT's were either sunk or damaged, two nights later Ho tried again (or was "provoked" into trying, as both Senators Wayne Morse and J. William Fulbright would later say in view of the fact that the American warships had not only openly penetrated the 12 mile offshore boundary claimed by Ho, but done so near the very point where South Vietnamese ships had recently bombarded some islands). Nevertheless, Johnson used the incident to hurriedly push through Congress the fateful Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, which he would later claim gave him all the authority needed to escalate the American role in the war. Even before the Resolution received its overwhelming Congressional endorsement American planes had blasted to bits Ho's PT bases—the bombs' dull reverberations being heard by Chinese border guards just thirty-five miles away.

Why did Johnson begin the bombing of North Vietnam, which was obviously an act of war? Certainly one reason was that he honestly felt that the retaliatory attack was a measure to secure respect for the American flag in Asia. (Later, in a gush of sincere patriotism, Johnson would say: "the most beautiful vision that these eyes ever beheld was the flag of my country in a foreign land.") But just as important, if not more so, was the fact that Johnson was then in the midst of a campaign where Senator Barry Goldwater, the Republican presidential candidate, was pushing hard his denunciation of the administration's "timidity before Communism." It appears that Johnson, most eager to be elected on his own rather than on the coat-tails of Kennedy, used the Tonkin air strike to show the public that he was not a patsy.

Yet, even with the Tonkin raid, Johnson did not regard the situation in Vietnam as overly grave. In order to quiet the vast majority of the voters, who were adamantly against large-scale involvement in Asia, he assured them in his most folksy manner that "we are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to what Asian boys ought to be doing for

themselves." But it was political quackery, for even while permitting the Democrats to characterize Goldwater as an irresponsible war fanatic, he had already decided on full scale bombing of North Vietnam to begin "early in the new year [1965]" (this according to the super secret Pentagon Papers obtained by the *New York Times* and printed in its sensational expose of June, 1971.) Nevertheless, the statement helped carry him to the greatest electoral victory ever, topping even those of his ideal, Franklin Roosevelt.

On election eve, 1964, Johnson confided: "it seems to me tonight . . . that I have spent my whole life getting ready for this moment." Yet in one of history's supreme ironies, the prize was to bring him humiliation, heartache, and one of the most staggering falls from public respect ever recorded in American annals.

But in the autumn of 1964 there was still a narrow chance for Johnson to make a not too ungraceful exit from Vietnam. Although Johnson had cautiously raised the American advisor force to 21,000, there had been only around 200 deaths—and certainly an evacuation now could not be viewed as a major American defeat. Most Asians could see little difference between the repressions of Ho in the North and those of the squabbling would-be-greats who fought each other for the seat of top dog in the South. And the presence of U.S. troops in what most Asians viewed as a purely domestic conflict did seem to support Ho's charges of American imperialism. Therefore, American prestige was suffering as much (possibly more) by remaining as by withdrawing. Furthermore, Ho, by suggesting secret peace discussions with American representatives (possibly under the auspices of U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations), was making an effort to help Johnson save face should he decide to withdraw.

To the public Johnson appeared to minimize foreign affairs just after his election. His primary desire seemed to be the construction of a Great Society in America, and to this purpose he shoved through Congress such far-reaching legislation as Medicare for the aged, federal aid to schools, a major housing act, a voting

rights act for Negroes, and, in addition, liberalized the immigration laws, created a Cabinet-level Department of Housing and Urban Development to study and ameliorate the distressing situation in the cities, and worked for clean air and rural beautification that was a start in the fight against environmental pollution. He had stated: "I do not want to be the President who built empires, or sought grandeur, or extended dominion. I want to be the President who educated young children to the wonders of their world . . . helped feed the hungry . . . helped the poor . . . protected the right of every citizen to vote . . . helped to end hatred." He, above all, wanted to be the President "who helped to end war among the brothers of this earth."

But it seems to be an unfortunate characteristic among leaders that their lofty ideals are rudely shunted aside when a challenge to their own prestige is offered. We have seen Wilson react to the German submarine sinkings as if he had been personally attacked; Roosevelt react to the Japanese encroachments in China as if his honor as defender of the weak had been flaunted; Truman and Kennedy react to pressure in such non-vital areas as Korea and Cuba as if they had to fight or suffer unbearable humiliation. Always the war-makers sought to justify their gut-reactions by placing them on the higher plane of national security before an aggressor who wished to rule the world.

And Lyndon Johnson was no different when Ho Chi Minh seemingly threw down the gauntlet at Pleiku, where a surprise attack on February 6, 1965 left eight Americans dead and 108 wounded.

Johnson, apparently viewing this almost as an insult to his own virility, stormed into a hastily assembled National Security Council meeting. "I've had enough of this!" he roared. The next morning forty-nine American bombers streaked off for North Vietnam. Within weeks the first crew-cut American combat troops ("advisors" no longer) stomped onto South Vietnam's tropical soil.

By mid-year the number of Americans involved had leaped to 53,000 and more troops were flooding in daily. Johnson tried to soothe criticism by stating that he was merely insuring the Geneva Agreement, which he said provided for an independent South

Vietnam. In addition, he had an obligation to defend South Vietnam by U.S. adherence to the SEATO Pact. Furthermore, the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution made his action completely constitutional. Although none of these premises were true, when a leader believes his honor is at stake no fabrication appears too far-fetched.

Even now, however, Johnson did not want large-scale warfare. He hoped that the bombing and tremendous influx of American troops would bring Ho to the conference table—where he assumed Ho would be forced to agree to an independent South Vietnam. And polls clearly demonstrated that 60 percent of the American public approved of Johnson's tactics.

But just as Tonkin Bay and Pleiku had firmed Johnson's determination to proceed at all costs, so did the blatant American intervention determine Ho to resist to his utmost.

Ho's unreasonable reaction in the face of what was obviously preponderant American firepower, left Johnson frustrated and confused. He was skilled in domestic wrangling, where his art of persuasion and pressure invariably enabled him to have his way. But Ho Chi Minh was not a Congressman who could be bent like a willow sapling. He was an oak-framed old man whose entire seventy-five years had been spent fighting for a unified nation free from colonial domination. He was, indeed, quite beyond reason. He would permit his country to be devastated and would virtually condemn hundreds of thousands of his countrymen to death (by 1970, 680,000 North Vietnamese boys—or a staggering 20 percent of the tiny nation's manpower—would be dead). And all so that his unification dream could come true! Any reasonable man would have seen that it was not worth it.

Johnson was baffled that Ho would allow such a holocaust to visit his nation—a nation which he professed to love. Yet with Ho, as with Johnson himself, honor and pride far outweighed the cost in human lives and material destruction. Thus when Johnson offered an olive branch in April, 1965 (whereby he proposed a U.S.-funded Mekong TVA and the release of part of the U.S. food surplus to North Vietnam if only Ho would guarantee the independence of South Vietnam), the answer from Hanoi was a ridiculing of the President for imagining that the

Vietnamese would sell their unity for his soiled dollars.

Nevertheless, the bewildered President tried other roads to bring peace. In the winter of 1965-66 he halted the bombing and dispatched top diplomats around the world in an attempt to find a basis for negotiations. But Ho would not consider the pro-American or neutralist offers to mediate. Russia, likewise wished to tone the fighting down, but she had little influence in Hanoi, where her military aid of barely over \$100 million (compared with more than \$1 billion given Egypt!) did not include such needed items as SAM-3 anti-aircraft missiles to contest American control of the skies, fast PT boats to challenge the American fleet, nor ground-to-ground missiles which could have blasted the extremely vulnerable American air and troop bases in the South. And so Johnson was forced to continue to increase his involvement in order to bring about his desired ends by military means.

As American war casualties mounted toward 100,000, unrest flared among student groups, whose members might soon be called into the Service. To them the honor of Lyndon Johnson, Robert McNamara, or Dean Rusk meant little as compared to their own lives. There was no purpose to the war, they shouted—let Ho have South Vietnam! If America's NATO allies were so unconcerned that they would send no boys to Vietnam, why should Johnson force his young countrymen to defend it?

The discontent rose in Congress, too. Early in 1966, with the U.S. troop count at 180,000 and still climbing, J. William Fulbright, head of the important Senate Foreign Relations Committee, began nationally televised hearings as to the necessity for the Vietnam war. Former State Department expert George Kennan testified that "Vietnam is not a region of major military and industrial importance," and Fulbright himself questioned whether Vietnam was not mainly "a commitment to American pride." By May even McNamara was doubting the war—although he had been influential in bringing about Johnson's involvement.

There is no better example of the extremely personal nature of the war than the maneuverings which occurred in February, 1967, and which were described by British Prime Minister Harold Wilson in his Memoirs, excerpted by *Life* magazine in mid

1971. According to Wilson, Aleksei Kosygin, the Russian Premier, was as anxious as he to end the hostilities in Vietnam. Journeying to London during the bombing-shooting pause which annually marked the Vietnamese New Year, Kosygin indicated to Wilson that he was in direct contact with Ho Chi Minh, who had previously indicated a willingness to negotiate. Wilson, on the other hand, was not only close to the American Ambassador, David Bruce, but had a hot line connection with Johnson at the White House. Johnson, too, was interested in deceleration. His terms, as communicated through Bruce, were that he would discontinue bombing the North as well as reinforcing American troops if Ho would at the same time promise not to infiltrate men into the South. In order to save Ho's face, the Americans would announce their decision in public while Ho could keep his promise secret.

Kosygin, in the best sincerity, prepared to forward the proposal through Russian channels to Hanoi. Such was the air of confidence in London, that Ambassador Bruce happily confided to Wilson: "I think you've made it. This is going to be the biggest diplomatic coup of this century."

But at the last moment Johnson could not permit Ho to one-up him. A call from the White House alerted the British to a change in the American proposition. Soon a new text came over the teleprinter. No longer could the proud President stomach Ho's verbal victory. Now the conditions demanded that the North Vietnamese announce to the world within nine hours (later extended to fifteen) that they would immediately stop their infiltration. After they had publicly eaten crow, Johnson would munificently terminate the bombing.

Wilson recalled that not only were the Americans present (which presumably included Ambassador Bruce) "staggered" by the alteration, which would obviously be unsuitable for a man of Ho's temperament, but Wilson himself was "furious" at having been made a fool of by a President who thought more of his ego than the lives of thousands and the peril to world peace. Ho did not have the time, nor probably the inclination, to answer what both Wilson and Kosygin considered an uncalled for Johnson ultimatum—and exactly fifteen hours later American bombers

were again blasting North Vietnamese towns and roadways.

As the war groaned on during 1967, Johnson may have wished he had not torpedoed the truce that had been within his grasp. His support within the nation began to plummet among the disenchanted multitudes who saw ever increasing numbers of American youth plucked from their homes and herded off to invade steamy jungles half a universe away. Student antagonism, in particular, turned serious, especially during "Stop-the-Draft Week" (October 16-22) when up to 100,000 demonstrators laid siege to the Pentagon. Then in January, 1968, came the Vietcong's vicious Tet Offensive. Although the attack eventually failed, twenty-six provincial capitals were bombarded, and Saigon was in such distress that the American Embassy itself was under gunfire. This lowered Johnson's stature to such an extent that a Gallup poll of March, 1968, revealed nearly two thirds of the country did not approve of his presidency. At the same time Democratic Senator Eugene McCarthy's near victory in the New Hampshire primary revealed that the President might not even be able to obtain the Democratic renomination for the November contest! The April primary in Wisconsin loomed up as a further Johnson disaster, as 8,000 students canvassed the state against him. McNamara had resigned and his successor, former-hawk Clark Clifford, informed Johnson that even though 530,000 American soldiers now fought in Vietnam, the army was requesting another quarter million—and neither Clifford nor the generals were optimistic that the additional men would bring success! Johnson's industrial supporters, too, grew increasingly opposed to further escalation—for, even though they stood to gain by the increased war orders, they were uneasy about the price controls that would have to be imposed for the extra \$12 billion needed for the added war effort.

And so Johnson was caught. He couldn't escalate in order to insure the victory needed to bring back his popularity. Neither could he leave the situation the stalemate that it was. Nor could he turn tail and run, for his pride, and that of the nation as a whole, would not stand for such abject surrender before a fourth rate nation. To Johnson, as to Woodrow Wilson a half century earlier, came the realization that although he had done

everything in his power to achieve his goal (a goal for which the fickle public had originally supported him), it was futile.

On March 31, 1968 the weary, discouraged President appeared on national television. His face was cleaved with lines. The skin sagged around his cheeks. His voice was flat as he drawled on for thirty-five minutes. Then, at the very end of the speech, came the surprise that no one had expected. He paused slightly while he glanced at Lady Bird seated nearby. Then he continued: "I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party for another term as your President."

A senseless war, which could have been stopped a half dozen times, had claimed another victim.

The knell rang out. The Johnson era was over—to be replaced by that of the peace candidate, Republican Richard Nixon, one of the important architects of the Vietnam involvement. It was one of history's oddest twists.

Epilogue: A Comment on the Nixon Era: Vietnam, Cambodia, the Middle East, and the future

As the decade of the seventies opened, war continued to plague nations and interest their leaders. On April 30, 1971 Richard Nixon went on television before a tense America. There was a worried hush in homes across the nation as a grim-faced President appeared on the screen. Everyone knew the subject was Cambodia, whose seven million inhabitants seemed about to be overrun by North Vietnamese and Vietcong Communists.

The speech moved ahead slowly. Nixon told how the Communists were trying to encircle Cambodia's capital. Then he confided that the military junta which had overthrown Prince Sihanouk just twelve days earlier had requested assistance from the United States. The President had three options he said: 1) to do nothing, which he believed would pose an unacceptable risk to the U.S. troops remaining in neighboring South Vietnam after he had withdrawn the 150,000 he had recently promised; 2) to provide military equipment and supplies to Cambodia, which he believed could not be effectively utilized by the poorly-trained Cambodian army; or 3) to send American air and ground forces to aid Cambodia.

By this time the gist of his speech was clear. As millions of Americans listened intently, the President announced: "Tonight American and South Vietnamese units will attack . . ."

It was a clearcut, precise Presidential decision made against

the advice of both his Secretary of State, William Rogers, and his Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird. Congress was almost entirely bypassed, for Congressional leaders were informed of the extension of the Indo-Chinese war only minutes before the President made his television announcement. Senator Edward Kennedy might rage "This is madness," and Senator Vance Hartke might fume "The President's action in sending U.S. troops into Cambodia amounts to a declaration of war against the Senate," but in the new fast-moving era there could be no time for the traditional methods which maintained at least a partial check on the actions of a president.

Yet Mr. Nixon was undoubtedly sincere in his belief that quick action was imperative not only to save Cambodia but to preserve American status in Asia. He would not permit an American "humiliation" (he used the word several times in his speech) in Indo-China, and he stated with feeling that he "would rather be a one-term President and do what I believe is right than to be a two-term President at the cost of seeing America become a second-rate power and to see this nation accept the first defeat in its proud 190-year history."

But despite Nixon's concern with the typical war-maker's duty to maintain status and avoid humiliation, and despite his foray into Cambodia and his later support of a short-lived South Vietnamese thrust into Laos, his obvious determination to ultimately reduce American presence in South Vietnam places him at the present outside the war-making class.

Meanwhile in other nations leaders continued to play their personal war games with little regard for the benefit of the countries with whose interests they were supposedly entrusted. We have seen how Ho Chi Minh and Fidel Castro subjected their peoples to either real or potential devastation far greater than any gains their foreign or domestic policies might harvest. Mao Tse-tung also gambled with fire as he indulged in some needless raids against Russia in the Amur River area, the purpose of which was to pry loose from his competitor in world Communism some

frigid and worthless territory which had once been under the vague suzerainty of the ancient Chinese Emperors. But, as anyone could have foretold, the Russians would not so easily give up their Asian conquests, and the only result of Mao's foolish venture was the placement of a quarter million of the Kremlin's best troops on his border and the very real threat of an atom bomb strike against China itself.

The Russian leaders, too, were indulging in some very curious ventures. Even while a straining Russian economy labored to provide the military sinew to keep up the arms race with the U.S. as well as to maintain hegemony in such quavering satellites as Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Hungary, Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin, the successors to the flamboyant Khrushchev, were extending Russian commitments into the Middle East.

There seems to be no purpose for this venture except for reasons of prestige, since Russia does not need the region's oil (the Arabs' only major export), for she sometimes has a surplus herself. Furthermore, even should Russia get control of the Arabian oil, she would lose more than she would gain by trying to support the Arab population while shutting off West Europe's oil supply for political purposes, since the Arab governments are far more dependent on the money received from exports than are the Europeans on Middle East oil (and recent drilling in the North Sea, Nigeria, and Alaska, as well as favorable surveys in Malaysia and Indonesia indicate that Western Europe might eventually be free entirely from any dependency whatsoever on Arabian oil). As for the worth of controlling the once-essential Suez Canal, many modern tankers are already far too large for that antiquated waterway. And even to bolster any native Communists would seem to be beyond Russia's chances, for the Moslems are so traditionally anti-Communist that the party has been outlawed in every Arab state!

There is some questioning of Russian foreign policy even within Russia itself (which, in order to keep on a military par with the U.S., must spend 25 percent of its gross national product on weaponry—compared with America's 10 percent). In April, 1970, *Newsweek* magazine printed a letter by three Russian

scientists (headed by Andrei Sakharov, the father of the Soviet H-Bomb) in which they accurately remarked that Soviet foreign policy "had the character of excessive messianic ambition." The scientists questioned whether it was "always realistic for us to strive to extend our influence in places far from our borders." And they wondered whether or not Soviet interests were served by devoting such large amounts of money and resources to the non-productive materials of war when the Soviet economy was so stagnant that she ranked 21st in per capita gross national produce—the same position she had held 50 years earlier! Yet Brezhnev and Kosygin blindly fed their egos by squandering their nation's limited assets to gain valueless influence in the Middle East—bringing the total funds thus wasted to \$3 billion by the time Sakharov's letter was made public.

As for the Middle East, the senseless Arab-Israeli hostilities continued. Again sentiments rather than logic, or even self-interest, dominated the actions of both sides. There can be no denying that the Jews (aided by President Truman) must bear the blame for starting the sorry affair, for, although the Jews had suffered horribly as a result of Nazi brutality during the Second World War, there is no reason they should have been allowed to feed their pridefully nationalistic hunger by being permitted to settle in Palestine, which not only already had a maximum population of Arab inhabitants but was so tiny that only a small fraction of world Jewry could settle there.

But once the deed was done the Arabs refused to accept the fact that might had once again made right. Beaten and humiliated after an attempt in 1967 to destroy Israel, Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser, begged the Russians to refit his army so that the war could continue ("There was a time when I wrote a letter every week to Brezhnev," Nasser admitted in an interview.) The Holy War against Israel became as much a part of an Arab politician's lingo as Yankee-baiting to a Latin American seeking votes. Thus the very military victories that the Israelis thought would assure their existence, were such sore points to the Arabs that no peace was possible. Wounded pride was many times more important as a cause of war than any vague economic, sociological

or racial motive. It was a feeling that Americans should have been able to understand, for when a U.S. correspondent asked Nasser why he didn't negotiate after the Israelis had beaten him so completely, the Egyptian shot back: "Why didn't the United States negotiate after Pearl Harbor?"

And so the world moves toward the twenty-first century. Ignorant armies still clash on darkling plains. Bugles still sound glorious charges. Victories are won after unimagined sacrifices. But as quickly as glory blazons in the sky, it fades like a brilliant sunset; to be followed by a chill, dark night where new phantoms threaten the leaders' status. Nixon, Brezhnev, Mao, and their associates, adversaries, and successors play the diplomatic chess game with vigor and with cunning. Yet in the end it is a sport "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The wars continue and the victories are ever illusory.

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